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## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AUTHOR OF "VATHEK."

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THE "Author of Vathek" is no more. Another of the writers left to us who had attained a lasting reputation in English literature, to quote his own expression on the death of the archbishop-confessor of Portugal, "has been summoned to the presence of Him, before whom no flesh living shall be justified." His literary career was protracted—no less than fifty-eight years elapsing between the appearance of the "Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters," and the "Visit to Alcobaça." His mind was vigorous, his spirits were good, and he displayed his wonted activity of body nearly to the last. He declared to the present writer, in his seventy-sixth year, that he never felt a minute's *ennui* in his life. To this the great variety of his mental resources, as well as his bodily temperament, which would never permit him to remain inactive, greatly contributed. He was the most accomplished man of his time; his reading was perhaps the most extensive. Besides the classical languages of antiquity, he spoke five modern European tongues, writing three of them with great elegance. He read the Persian and Arabic, was an excellent designer with the pencil, and a perfect master of the science of music. The last he was taught by Mozart, to whom he was so attached, that when the great musician settled in Vienna, he made a visit to that capital, as he said himself, "that he might once more see his old master."

Coming early into the possession of a large fortune, and considerable landed property, both in England and Jamaica—of which latter island, his great-great-grandfather had been lieutenant-governor and commander of the forces, and his grandfather, president of the council—he did not neglect the cultivation of his literary taste. Lords Chatham and Camden, the friends of his father, the celebrated chief magistrate of London, were consulted upon the subject of his education. His acquirements show that their advice was not neglected; his sublime tale of "Vathek" written in early life was proof of this. His splendid buildings at Fonthill long attracted public attention from their cost and magnitude. There was the *prestige* of vastness about all his conceptions. When he sold and quitted Fonthill, he was scarcely known to be in Bath, before a beautiful tower, planned in the purest taste, suddenly appeared on the summit of the highest eminence in the vicinity. Half an extensive hillside was enclosed.

Massy stone portals uprose here and there as if by magic, their creation being the employment of his leisure hours to superintend. He thus expended large sums with mechanics and work-people, while he preserved his health by devoting a portion of his time to employment in the open air; this he considered an essential to a sanatory existence.

I became acquainted with the "Author of Vathek," about nine years before his decease, being at the time resident temporarily in Bath. When about to leave that place, I felt desirous to enter the tower so conspicuous upon Lansdown. Fonthill, with its departed magnificence, naturally awakened my curiosity in regard to the new edifice. About the same time, the "Sketches" of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, appeared together with a new French edition of the most sublime and powerfully written tale of any English author, the long far-famed "Vathek."

Leading his life of accustomed seclusion, the "Author of Vathek" was only known in Bath as the mysterious haughty gentleman who lived in Lansdown Crescent. Some there were who thought he passed his time in working incantations, like his own Caliph. Surmises were current about a brood of dwarfs that vegetated in an apartment built over the archway connecting his two houses. The vulgar, poor and rich alike, gave a sort of half credit to cabalistical monstrosities invoked in that apartment. In a place of fashionable dissipation, picture-galleries, a noble library, fine gardens, and the resources of intellect, to say nothing of a large domain of hillside, were no accountable means of passing time without a participation in the reigning frivolities of the hour; astrology, and the supernatural vocation of the Giaour, were indispensable to make up the imaginary deficiency. The *per contra* arguments were the presence of the "Author of Vathek" at the floral shows in the city and vicinity before the crowd attended, his intercourse with a few intellectual and professional men, and his being sometimes seen riding through the streets on a cream-coloured Arabian, in place of the mystical Alborac of the prophet—not unfrequently in company with the Duke of Hamilton.

In the west-end of London, the "Author of Vathek," was better known than in Bath, at such times as he visited his house in Park-lane. He might then be seen calling of a morning upon a few old friends; entering a bookseller's shop—for with "the trade" he dealt largely; or talking, in his depository of pictures for sale, to some respectable dealer. Every one who trafficked in first-rate paintings knew him well. They have assured me that they never offered him any fine work of art, of which he could not tell them the exact value. Sometimes they tendered him a rarity for no other purpose than to ascertain its real worth. If he offered a price for a picture he never gave more, but if the offer were declined, he uniformly abandoned the purchase. If what he sought to purchase were really good, he was not niggardly in his tender, though the sum was his ultimatum.

A friend of mine has seen him, after he turned his eighty-second year, ride through Hyde Park, along the Edgware-road, as far as West End, pull up his horse near that rural spot opposite the entrance to what was once his father's villa, and appear lost in thought—in association, perhaps, with bygone years. Farther on, half way up the hill to Hampstead, he was more than once observed, a year or two ago, to stop and gaze over the far-spread landscape beneath, at the hues of sunset,

perhaps recalling the lines of Dante which he told me he had often quoted on the same occasion in the southern countries of Europe, beginning "Era gia l'ora," and concluding with the beautiful reference to the village chimes in Catholic lands—

Che paja 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

Equally strangers with those who gossiped at the York House, or others who so shrewdly conjectured the existence of a dwarfish Abracadabra in the city of Bladud, as to the eccentricities of the "Author of Vathek," and being about to leave the place, I had naturally a wish to see the tower. The ingenious architect employed in its erection, was the individual to whom I applied for that object. He informed me that he once had permission to issue tickets for the purpose himself, but for reasons which he felt to be perfectly satisfactory, the permission had been withdrawn:—still he had only to ask for a ticket, and he should receive it as a matter of course.

In a day or two after I had thus expressed my wish, I received, not without considerable surprise, a note from the architect, to the following purport:

"Mr. Beckford has given directions for his carriage to convey you to Lansdown Tower. Afterwards, he himself will show you his house and paintings. If you will apprise me by letter whether Monday or Tuesday will suit I will arrange accordingly."

I resided at Lincombe, on the southern side of the city; Lansdown is upon the northern. The tower stands upon the summit, so far back from the brow of the hill, that it cannot be seen from the streets, which are too immediately under the height—an elevation of eight hundred feet. It was not more than a couple of miles from my residence—an easy walk. The tender of the carriage was therefore as unexpected and unaccountable, as civility of any kind from one who lived so retired, and who was deemed the most reserved man in England—total stranger as I was. No matter; I accepted the offer with a suitable acknowledgment, fixing the time as I was requested to do. An elegant, yellow-bodied chariot drove to my door. I passed through the city to Lansdown by Milsom-street and York Buildings. Some who saw me were as much at a loss to account for my appearance in the equipage as I was myself. It became a wonder—a conjecture—unsolvable during that day among the gossips.

On reaching the entrance to the grounds on the left-hand side upon the hill summit, I found that not the potent influence of Carathis with her enchantments, could have procured me a more facile entrance to the tower of the Caliph, than I found here—to a site barred and banned as report gave out, to the general curiosity. I sent home the carriage and servants, that I might walk to the Crescent through the private grounds. The outer gate closed upon me. I approached the handsome structure erected by the imaginative Author of "Vathek"—by him who had constructed a far more enduring edifice, the product of unperishable genius:—

"Before that work the iron and stone tower vanish—time will leave

no wreck of *them*," thought I; "though time may possess the talisman that gives ruin entrance here, the tower of the Caliph carries the enduring stamp of immortality."

At the door I found domestics ready to answer every question. The architect joined me as I entered the structure which was the talk of every body, and is really so ornamental an object. Many denominated it a foolish thing, for the foremost of all reasons of authority with John Bull—that the money might have been laid out to more profit!

I found the cabinets unlocked, the book-cases flung wide open, the mysteries of the beautiful tower displayed as freely for my inspection as if the costly objects had been my own property. There were two or three rooms filled with books, and articles of *virtù* arranged with the utmost taste. Vases, busts, statues, rich porcelain, exquisite paintings, too, were disposed with sober judgment—nothing was overdone. In the angles of the two principal rooms elegant vessels of China or crystal, were placed with bouquets of freshly-gathered flowers, imparting delicious fragrance around—a thing with which Mr. Beckford never dispensed, while flowers were procurable. I examined several of the books which were the better editions of the ancient classics, with the best French, Italian, and English authors. These were designed for use should the owner feel inclined to remain and breakfast after an early morning visit to the hill. There were a kitchen beneath and pantries with every convenience for a *déjeuner* or *refresco*. One long, narrow room was fitted up as an oratory. It was lit by small domes in the roof, which the architect had so contrived as to throw down a soft, subdued, harmonious light, upon marble figures of the Virgin and Child at the end, opposite the entrance. The repose which reigned in the room, through the soothing effect of the light, was peculiarly impressive.

"That is the true light of devotion," Mr. Beckford afterwards observed to me. "It is an excitement in itself to solemn thoughts and prayer—the dim religious light of the sanctuary. It was that light which they intended to pervade the old cathedrals. The Bath abbey-church is of the later Gothic—too light for such an effect."

The property in the tower was worth from twenty to thirty thousand pounds. I heard subsequently, that three or four years afterwards this property was removed, with the view of furnishing the tower in a plainer manner. There was one piece of *verd antique* supporting a vase of flowers, worth at least a thousand pounds. An attempt had been made to break into this charming retreat during the night. Though great efforts were exerted, the strength of the workmanship resisted the thieves so long, that they were forced to decamp without attaining their end. The intelligence was communicated to Mr. Beckford by the architect, who was somewhat flurried as he gave the information. The observation in reply was characteristic of the owner, who early in the morning was flinging bread to a brood of turkeys at the back of his house.

"The tower has been broken into by thieves, sir."

"Have they carried off any thing—is much injury done?" inquired Mr. Beckford, calmly.

"There is nothing gone," was the reply, "but they have done great injury to the building—they very nearly attained their object."

"Mr. G——, Mr. G——, do not be so excited—don't show so much

emotion. Where will you, and I, and the tower be in a few years? A hundred pounds will set all right again, I dare say—don't be excited."

We ascended to the room at the top of the tower. This room is within the lantern. The last is principally of cast iron, copied from the Choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens, resting upon a square base formed by the walls of the tower. The tower up to the lantern gracefully diminishes from the foundation; it is about a hundred and thirty feet high.

The appearance of hill-top after hill-top on the Somersetshire side of the Avon, unmasked to the eye during the ascent, had a novel and beautiful effect. On every side the view was striking. All the southern shore of the Avon, opposite Bath, was visible. In the north-west direction, the sight, after ranging over the barren table-land of the down, unadorned with a single tree, was arrested by the solitary monument of Sir Beville Granville, who fell in the battle of Lansdown. The view naturally tinctured with melancholy, was still more saddened by the monument and its associations.

The tower of Fonthill Abbey was visible from thence before it fell. Mr. Beckford was the only individual who could see it was no more in the field of view without a telescope. He missed his former property, the day after it fell, before the news had reached Bath.

At seventy-five his activity was so great, he could mount rapidly to the top of the tower without halting—no small exertion for many who were fifteen or twenty years younger. The windows in the lantern were of plate-glass, moving in perpendicular grooves. The wind at that elevation being exceedingly violent, great strength of material was required. The curtains of the room were crimson. Warm air from below was conveyed by heated tubes to the lantern, that the damp might not be injurious to the woodwork.

I descended, and passed out of the tower into a shrubbery, kept with strict adherence to the wildness of nature. No trim walks—no nicely-edged borders were there, the paths being such only as were worn by the passengers' feet. Choice flowers grew amid heaps of stone, from which they appeared to spring naturally. The aspect being warm, and the spot sheltered, many plants flourished well there that would scarcely vegetate upon another site. I noticed a small marble monument, designed for the place of interment of a favourite dog. The animal, from its advanced age, was thought to be nearly approaching its end; it had been remarkably fond of the master who thus anticipated a memorial of its burying-place.

My guide through the shrubbery and to the house, as I descended Lansdown, was Mr. Beckford's gardener, a few years younger than his master. He had planted Fonthill. The hedges were not clipped, nor the parterres laid out in fantastic figures. He told me that his master overlooked every operation himself—there was not a plant or flower there with which he was unacquainted. I entered, on leaving the shrubbery, a garden, the surface of which was sunk far beneath the surrounding level, parallel with the high road, from which it was separated by a lofty wall. This garden was judiciously formed in an ancient stone quarry. Every tree and plant flourished there luxuriantly. From this garden I emerged upon the turf (since planted), and continuing to descend, was at last stopped

by a massy portal, resembling the entrance to the castle of some giant Bluebeard. Having gone through this I came into a second garden filled with fruit-trees. Nectarines and peaches strewed the walks—the year having been a plentiful one of fruit. Crossing this second garden, I found myself close to the arch which Mr. Beckford had built for connecting two houses, and in a few moments I was at the door of his mansion in Lansdown Crescent. It cannot be supposed I was destitute of curiosity to discover the cause of the attention with which I had been so honoured, nor a whit less curious to have an interview with the "Author of Vathek"—one of whom the world had spoken so much and knew so little.

My attendants escorted me to the door, knocked and went their way. It was opened by the porter, who was a dwarf, apparently middle-aged, stout, but not remarkably short for one of his race. The origin of the story about dwarf inhabitants of the mansion was thus cleared up. A second servant led the way up a spacious staircase to the drawing-room floor, announced my name, and retired. I observed that the staircase and landing-place were hung as thickly with fine paintings as they could be suspended. There was a full length of Mr. Beckford's father, who died in 1770, and the original portrait of himself, engraved and published in his account of Alcobaça and Batalha, both by Reynolds.

I saw in a moment that the arch from house to house was a continuation of the drawing-room floor, which extended it to nearly double the original size. The entire length was occupied as a library, and filled—literally crammed with books in fine condition. There was nothing showy, at the same time that every thing bore the impress of perfect good taste; the hangings, furniture, tables, all were handsome, nothing extravagant. The windows were of plate-glass; on the elegant library-tables were numerous handsome bound volumes. I walked towards the further end of the room, from whence Mr. Beckford, then in his seventy-fourth year, but in appearance some years younger, came to meet me. I bowed, he returned the salutation. I thanked him for the unexpected honour that I, a stranger, had received at his hands. He smiled, welcomed me with the affability and air of a finished gentleman of the old school, inquired how I liked the tower, whether I had examined the books, some of which were rare editions, and what I thought of it as a place of study. I replied that my time had been too short to look into more than one or two of the voluminous collection deposited there—that in those I did look at I saw his notes—that I was too anxious to avail myself of the invitation to his mansion, and a personal interview, to lose a moment in a secondary and distant object. I had noticed an edition of Wilkes's Letters, and some works belonging to the earlier years of the reign of George III., a period about which I had always felt a peculiar interest, as the prelude to the disposition of things that in subsequent years involved England in a succession of evils. Mr. Beckford replied that it was a period of great interest to himself on many accounts; he thought he had all the publications of that time.

In person he was scarcely above the middle height, slender, but well formed, with features indicating great intellectual power. His eyes were wonderfully acute, his apprehension exceedingly quick, his enunciation rather more rapid than that of the average of speakers in general. His constitution had not, according to his own account, been strong. In early

life he had been unable in consequence to remain in parliament, though he had sat both for Wells and Hindon. By activity, temperance, and care, more than all by spending as much time as possible in the open air, with plenty of exercise, he had rendered himself comparatively hale. He was dressed in a green coat with cloth buttons, a buff striped waistcoat, breeches of the same kind of cloth as the coat, and brown topboots, the fine cotton stockings appearing over them, in the fashion of a gentleman thirty or forty years ago. I never saw him in any other costume when indoors. To return to my interview.

Upon again acknowledging my sense of the kindness so unexpectedly shown me, without being able to discover wherefore I had been so treated, Mr. Beckford replied that he knew my name well. "Though I see few persons, I know all that passes connected with literature or art," looking towards an ample table, upon which lay several periodical works. "There," he continued, pointing to a book-case, "is a volume of which you are the author. But I have engaged to be your Cicerone; do me the favour to sit, and I will show you some of the curious works in my possession."

I sat down, not without a desire to examine the treasures in the multitudinous collection around me; a vain wish that it would have taken long to gratify: upon the Spanish and Portuguese chronicles alone I could have bestowed a month. Mr. Beckford set before me an eastern MS., the substance of which appeared to be a species of leather. It had once belonged to Shah Aulum, at Delhi. There were painted upon it what seemed to be portrait resemblances of the great men of the Mogul empire, with various ceremonies. The lines in the execution of these portraits could not have been retouched, and must therefore have required a practised hand and wonderful skill to delineate. Affable and easy in manner, in the way of the old school, the owner entered into explanations which have escaped my memory, from the small interest I took in a subject with which I was so little familiar. It was not so with my desire to examine the other works contained there, which I hope will be preserved in Hamilton Palace,—never dispersed.

"I am fond of the East," said Mr. Beckford.

I replied, I should have thought as much from his tale of "Vathek." It was one of the works which had delighted me from my youth—the most striking and imaginative I ever read. Mr. Beckford seemed to forget he had volunteered to be Cicerone. Neither of us rose from our chairs to the book-cases. His conversation was exceedingly interesting. I lamented I knew nothing of Eastern literature, endeavouring to return to the subject of "Vathek."

"I thought of the Tower of the Caliph just now," I remarked, "while I was upon Lansdown, fancying the youthful idea carried on through later life—the towers in 'Vathek,' at Fonthill, and here, lead to such a conclusion."

"No," he replied, "I have extraordinary sight; God rarely gives men such eyes. I am partial to glancing over a wide horizon—it delights me to sweep far along an extended landscape. I must elevate myself to do this, even on Lansdown. The tower at Fonthill was as necessary an appendage to such a structure as it would have been to a real abbey. I love building, planting, gardening—whatever will keep me employed in the open air. I like to be among workmen. I never kept less at one

time than a hundred when at Fonthill. Wishing to have something besides a study on the summit of the hill where the view is so extensive, I determined upon erecting the tower."

"It was a conclusion from the advantageous site then?" I observed.

"It was—every body is deceived in judging of the motives of others, though your conclusion was natural."

"The Tower of the Caliph is so prominent in 'Vathek' that I am not the only person who labours under the mistake. 'Vathek' made a great sensation when it appeared?" I continued, wishing to obtain all the information possible about a favourite book.

"You will hardly believe how closely I was able to apply myself to study when young. I wrote 'Vathek' when I was barely twenty-two years of age. I wrote it at one sitting, in French. It cost me three days and two nights of hard labour. I never took off my clothes the whole time. This severe application made me very ill."

"Your mind must have been ardent, and deeply imbued with the literature of the East?"

"I revelled day and night in that sort of reading for a good while—I preferred it to the classics, and began it as a relief from their dryness. I was a much better Latin than Greek scholar—the Greek and Latin were set tasks. I began Persian of my own accord."

"The 'Hall of Eblis,' Byron praises highly for its sublimity."

"Byron several times complimented me upon that story."

"I never read a description in the Eastern writings, through translation of course, that contains any thing like the 'Hall of Eblis,'" I observed.

"You could hardly find any thing like it there, for that was my own. Old Fonthill had a very ample, lofty, loud echoing hall, one of the largest in the kingdom. Numerous doors led from it into different parts of the house, through dim, winding passages. It was from that I introduced the hall—the idea of the 'Hall of Eblis' being generated by my own. My imagination magnified and coloured it with the Eastern character. All the females in 'Vathek' were portraits of those in the domestic establishment of old Fonthill, their fancied good or ill qualities exaggerated to suit my purpose."

"I have heard that Sir Walter Scott copied most of his characters and landscape descriptions from such as really existed," I remarked.

"I did something of the sort by accident in 'Vathek'—it was the impulse of my own mind—but I had to elevate, exaggerate, and orientalize every thing. I was soaring on the Arabian bird roc, among genii and enchantments, not moving among men. I have the French edition of 'Vathek' recently printed—pray accept a copy."

I thanked him, remarking that the 'Hall of Eblis' itself was equalled, in my view, if not surpassed by the sublime description of the descent thither—the rapidity of the steps, their continued acceleration until the sensation was that of falling from a precipice.

"I forget. Have the goodness to show me the passage," said Mr. Beckford.

I turned to it. "Comme ils se hâtaient avec une ardente impatience, leurs pas s'accélérèrent à un point qu'ils semblaient tomber rapidement dans un précipice, plutôt que marcher."

"It did not strike me before," said the author; "that the description is obscure, as it affects the cause of acceleration. There is sublimity in mys-

tery, they say—it is not bad. Do you know Sir William Ouseley told me long ago that what I have called the "watch-towers" built upon the terrace of the palace of Istakar, were in reality columns now or recently in existence. A column would have been more appropriately consecrated to a star than a watch-tower."

I inquired whether the three episodes of "Vathek" were still in existence, remarking how strongly Byron had expressed his desire to see them —the histories of Alasi and Firouz, of Prince Barkiarokh, of Kalilah and Zulkais, who were shut up in the palace of subterranean fire.

He replied that he had destroyed one of these histories, because he thought it would be deemed too wild, but that the other two might some day see the light. I had written of "Vathek" as the author's first literary performance.

"You were wrong," said he, "in calling 'Vathek' my first literary production. You suppose also that I translated it from the French original. I wrote the 'Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters' before I wrote 'Vathek.' The translator of 'Vathek' I do not know—it was tolerably well done."

I here remarked that it missed some of the author's quaintnesses. The translator had rendered for example the passage "Bababalouk, who, in capacity of purveyor, had acquitted himself with applause, as to peacocks and turtles, lost no time in consigning some dozens to the spit." The translation should be "Bababalouk, who had not overlooked the fatness of the peacocks and turtle doves, lost no time," &c.

"There may be more instances of the same kind," replied Mr. Beckford, "but as a whole it has not done me injustice."

No sketch or plan of "Vathek" appears to have been made; it was struck off from the author's mind *currente calamo*. I never read the "Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters," I remarked.

"It is a laughable book. The editor of the *Quarterly Review* seems to have read it. He says he is 'not aware under what circumstances it was given to the world.' I will tell you how it originated. Do you know the editor of the *Quarterly?*"

I replied that I had a slight knowledge of him—I considered him one of the ablest of our living writers—a very accomplished man, though I did not pay the same compliment to some of his contributors, I deemed his novels superior to those of any other writer of the day. Mr. Beckford thought Mr. Lockhart's novels were not properly appreciated. "How should they," said he, "when little but rubbish is current? The *Quarterly* complimented me on this work, which I threw off as a sort of *jeu d'esprit*. It is true enough, as the reviewer states, that I designed to hit the criticisms and memoirs upon Dutch painters. How could I fail to do so with such an opportunity—their fooleries and trash so very obvious! I will explain the origin of the 'Memoirs.' The housekeeper at old Fonthill, as is customary, used to get her fee by exhibiting the pictures to those who came to see the building. Once or twice I overheard her give the most extraordinary names to different artists. I wondered how such nonsense could enter the brain of woman. More than this, in her conceit she would at times expatiate upon excellencies of which the picture before her had no trace. The temptation was irresistible, in my humour. I was but seventeen. My pen was quickly in hand composing the 'Memoirs.' In future the housekeeper had a printed guide in aid of her de-

scriptions. She caught up my phrases; the fictitious names of the wives too, whom I had given to my imaginary painters, were soon learned in addition; her descriptions became more picturesque, her language more graphic than ever!"

"To the visiters of old Fonthill?"

"Yes, to the sight-seeing people. Mine was the text-book, whoever exhibited the paintings. The book was soon on the tongues of all the domestics. Many were the quotations current upon the merits of Og of Basan, and Watersouchy of Amsterdam. Before a picture of Rubens or Murillo there was often a charming dissertation upon the pencil of the Herr Sucrewasser of Vienna, or that great Italian artist Blunderbussiana, of Venice. I used to listen unobserved until I was ready to kill myself with laughing, at the authorities quoted to the squires and farmers of Wilts, who took all for gospel. It was the most ridiculous thing in effect that you can conceive. Between sixty and seventy years ago people did not know so much of the fine arts as they do now. Not but that they have much still to learn."

"There are excellent hits in the 'Memoirs,' according to the *Quarterly*," I observed; "but it required the result of observation and experience to satirize so keenly the follies of the Dutch biographers."

"Great pains had been bestowed upon my education. I was living amidst a fine collection of works of art, under competent tutors. I was studious and diligent from inclination. I was fond of reading whatever came in my way. After my classical studies were finished, and while I worked hard at Persian, I read French and English biography of all sorts."

"You visited France at an early age?"

"Before I was eighteen I had mingled in French society. I was introduced in Paris to Voltaire, who died the same year. On taking leave of him, he placed his hand upon my head, 'There, young Englishman,' said he, 'I give you the blessing of a very old man!' Voltaire was a mere skeleton—a living anatomy—his countenance I shall never forget. I travelled southward, and in the same year visited the Grande Chartreuse."

"There are some verses of yours in the Album there," I observed, "though not in the account of your visit recently published."*

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* These verses are yet to be found in the Album of the fathers. Gray's celebrated lines, beginning "O tu, severi Religio loci," dated 1741, precede them but a little way.

*Inscribed in the Album of the Grande Chartreuse.*

To orisons the midnight bell
Had toll'd each silent inmate from his cell;
The hour was come to muse or pray,
Or work mysterious rites that shun the day!
My steps some whispering influence led
Up to yon pine-clad mountain's gloomy head.
Hollow and deep the gust did blow
And torrents dash into the vales below!
The summit high at length attain'd,
A moonlight chequer'd darkness round me reign'd,
As fearful to my searching eye
A shadowy form glanced near, then flitted by!
Anon before my face it stood—
A bearded figure, pale, in pensive mood—

"I had forgotten them. They are not very poetical, I suppose. There never was a finer field for poetry—a more striking scene. I have a vivid recollection of its grand solitudes. The brethren too were excellent people—not one now survives whom I saw—death has swept them all away."

I expressed my apprehension that I was trespassing upon his leisure. He assured me I was not, and then observed, "You wrote a criticism upon my 'Italy, Spain, and Portugal.' I knew it was yours. If you had read my thoughts—if you could have understood beforehand the springs that moved me in my observations, you could not have struck upon them more surely. I feel I am indebted to you for your remarks. The moment your wishes were made known to me about the tower, I requested my carriage might be offered you, with every facility I could afford for your gratification, as far as my means of satisfying your curiosity extended. My 'sketches' were drawn up from notes very inefficient in themselves; but my memory supplied what was wanting."

I thanked him, and reverting to the "Sketches in Italy," observed that I knew perfectly every minute object described in the first six chapters of the second volume.

"Then tell me," said he, "if you think the description faithful." I replied in the affirmative—that some objects were so accurately delineated, I was at home instantly in the scene of my boyhood. The stone pyramid, the scent of wall-flowers, the grove of tall elms, Arwenick,

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Cold horror thrill'd me till it spoke
And accents faint the charm—held silence broke:—
"Long, traveller, ere this region near,
Say, did not whisperings strange arrest thine ear?
My summons they to bid thee come
Where sole the friend of nature loves to roam.
Seven ages past, this drear abode,
To solitude I sanctified and God!
'Twas here by love of wisdom brought,
Her truest lore self-knowledge first I sought:
Devoted here my worldly wealth,
To win my chosen sons immortal health!
Mid these black woods and mountains steep,
Mid the wild horrors of yon desert deep,
Mid yawning caverns, watery dells,
Mid long sequestered aisles and peaceful cells,
No passions fell distract the mind,
To silence, nature, and herself resigned.
In these still mansions who shall bide,
'Tis mine with Heaven's appointment to decide.
But hither I invite not all,
Some want the will to come and some the call—
But all, mark now my parting voice,
Led or by chance, necessity, or choice—
(Oh—with our genius fear to sport!)
Sage lessons here may learn of high import.
Know silence is the nurse of truth!—
Know temperance long retards the flight of youth!—
Learn hence how penitence and prayer,
Man's fallen race may happier worlds prepare!—
Show mild demeanour, void of art,
And bear amidst the world the Hermit-heart!
Farewell! may Bruno's words prevail!"
He said, and sunk into the misty vale!

*June* 8, 1778. WILLIAM BECKFORD.

once the seat of the Killegrews—Trefusis—the vast brakes of furze scenting the air with the perfume of violets—the primroses and violets in bloom the first week in March—the soft blue sky, the calm sea, and the fishing-boats—his picture was familiar to me at once—"and more," I added, "you were walking to and fro frequently, before the very door where I was then a toddling infant."

"That is singular," said he; "and by accident, after more than half a century, we approximate again in Lansdown Crescent! Human destiny is a puzzle—how blind we are to the course of our coming existence. What are become of my Portuguese friends whom I was then going to see? Death has taken them all! There is that busy little despot Miguel—you know whose son he is?"

I replied in the negative.

"The reputed of young Don Pedro, Marquis of Marialva, whose father was my friend. Don Pedro, remarkable enough, was web-footed. You may have read and inferred something from a passage in my Alcobaça and Batalha, where I ran a race, at the desire of the Infanta, Princess of Brazil, with two of her maids of honour."

"Was the Portuguese court remarkably dissolute?"

"Not more so than other courts were at that time. There was great goodness of heart in some of the nobility and ecclesiastics; but they were an indolent, luxurious race. The country people were excellent, tainted with few vices; the character of the Lisbon *canaille* abominable—the most flagrant vices were common in the towns. The ignorance of all classes, too, was deplorable. The Prior of St. Vincent's, my friend, was an ecclesiastic of great learning and accomplishments—an excellent man. There were few his equals in Portugal. But the beauty of nature there—it was a heaven upon earth—I long more than ever for such a climate here."

I arose and took leave; the day was drawing rapidly on. Mr. Beckford came to the head of the staircase, pointing out the subjects of some of the paintings, as I, descending, wished him good morning. He requested that before I left Bath, I would call upon him, without ceremony, as often as I felt inclined—that he would always be at home to me between twelve and two.

His custom, in fine weather, was to rise early, ride to the tower, walk back and breakfast, and then read until a little before noon, generally making pencil notes in the margin of the book—transact business with his steward afterwards, until two o'clock continue to read or write, and then if the weather was fine, ride out for exercise. He was never idle. When planting or building, he passed the larger part of the day where the work was proceeding. A professional friend of mine found him out in his grounds alone one day, about a year ago, busily employed cutting up thistles. He sometimes expressed contempt by a sarcastic look peculiar to himself. Few could utter more cutting things than the author of "Vathek." The utterance was accompanied with a caustic expression of countenance that made them tell with double effect.

I did not fail to make use of the general invitation I had received. Upon my next call, I found the author of "Vathek" in a sitting-room on the entrance-floor of his house. He was seated at an upright grand piano, of remarkably fine tone. The instrument was placed at the further end of the room from the window, which faced the south against

a curtain of fine scarlet cloth, hung very full along the wall, and suspended near the ceiling by rings to a bright metal rod. On inquiring the purpose of this curtain, Mr. Beckford told me that it was to prevent the wall behind from deflecting the sound of the instrument. He rose on my entrance, and before I had taken a seat, requested me to look at the St. Catherine of Raphael, hanging over the fire-place. This picture is now in the National Gallery.* Turning the key in the lock of the plate-glass frame placed before it for the sake of preservation, but from its reflection, injurious to a perfect view of the painting, he asked, "Is not that beautiful?"

I replied, I thought it very fine, but that Raphael seemed as partial to *embonpoint* in his females as Rubens was.

"No," said Mr. Beckford, "the women of Raphael are Italian in grace—they look round, firm, and well-formed; the ladies of Rubens are Flemish or Dutch, flaccid and oysterish, as if they had been fattened in their own quags or salt-marshes."

There were a number of fine pictures in this apartment, but their owner drew my attention to the St. Catherine alone, saying, he had attempted to write some verses upon it, and failed. He was too old to write poetry. I said it was an inspiring theme. "Try it," he replied.

"There has been a paragraph," he observed, as he drew his chair to the opposite side of the table, taking a seat by his book and pencil, his common companions indoors, *vis à vis* to where I sat. "There has been a paragraph in the *Times*, which states that Fonthill cost me a million. The love of the world for any thing but the truth, is as great as ever—can you credit such an absurdity? Now I will tell you what it did cost to a shilling."

He rang the bell, and desired his steward might be sent to him. The servant returned, and announced that the steward was not within.

"No matter," said Mr. Beckford, "as the *Times* reckons wholesale, I can tell you to within a thousand pounds—that will do. My whole outlay on Fonthill was 273,000*l.*, some hundreds over that sum it may be, no more. This was scattered over sixteen or eighteen years in the expenditure. The old house at Fonthill was in a low and unhealthy spot, which was the reason of my changing to the new building."

"The fall of the tower was an unfortunate accident," I observed.

"I apprehended it. I feared that some day I should be crushed like a lobster in my shell. They had neglected to secure the foundation; the foreman hinted that the tower was very insecure. Good heaven!" said I, "what is to be done? Cannot any means be adopted to render it safe—we might buttress up the foundation in some way? The answer was 'No, nothing but taking down and rebuilding it from the foundation will do.' This was unwelcome news. The tower was more than two hundred and sixty feet high. I was housed in the new building. It was a source of continual apprehension to me. I was like Damocles with the sword over his head. Perhaps the immediate cause of the fall was something that had gone on within, that imparted a shock a few hours, or it may be a day before it took place. The architects were not only negligent, but obstinate. They would balustrade the bottom of the open window, or rather cloister, at the top of the octagon room on one

* The sum of 5000 guineas was paid for it to Mr. Beckford by government.

side of the passage—a thing very unsuited to a gothic edifice. That room was a hundred and twenty feet high. This annoyed me a good deal. One day I went up with a new pair of these kind of boots on, and planting my back firmly against the inner side of the passage, I kicked with all my might against the top of the ballustrade again and again. Soon loosening the stones, down they went a hundred feet, crash upon the floor beneath, covering the furniture with broken rubbish. The balustrade was then replaced with shields and more suitable designs. I gave them a lesson."

"It must have caused you much pain to quit such a building, and find it so soon dilapidated," I observed.

"Not so much as you might think. I can bend to fortune. I have philosophy enough not to cry like a child about a plaything. The chancellor took away from me by a decree, in the course of what lawyers call justice, two large estates that had been sixty and more years in my family. You may imagine their importance when I tell you that there were fifteen hundred* slaves upon them. This decree, too, the chancellor accompanied with the reflection that 'Mr. Beckford had plenty of property left.' That was my reason for quitting Fonthill. I was sorry to throw many poor people out of employ, and to stay further improvements, but I had no choice—living there would have been too expensive."

Finding Mr. Beckford so affable and communicative, I asked whether it was true that he had built the wall round Fonthill in a year. It was seven or eight miles in extent, I believe, and twelve feet high. He replied that the contract ran for a year, but on the contractor representing that he should be ruined if bound to the original day of completion, he had a month or six weeks more conceded to him, in which time the wall was completed.

"Some persons say," he continued, "that I built the wall before I began the house, to cut myself wholly off from mankind. Why, I had always one, sometimes two hundred workmen with me. I built the wall because I would not have my grounds intruded upon by sportsmen. In vain were they warned off. Your country gentlemen will transport a pauper for taking a few twigs from a hedge, which they will break down without ceremony. They will take no denial when they go hooting in their red jackets, to excruciate to death a poor hare. I found remonstrances vain, so I built the wall to exclude them. I never suffer an animal to be killed but through necessity. Early in life I gave up shooting because I consider we have no right to murder animals for sport. I am fond of animals. The birds in the plantations of Fonthill seemed to know me—they continued their songs as I rode close to them—the very hares grew bold. It was exactly what I wished."

"A story has been circulated that some one came in over the wall, and mistaking the master for the gardener, was shown the grounds, and was at night desired to find his way out as he got in."

"I will tell you the origin of that story. Vulgar curiosity was so excited by the edifice I was constructing, but more by the falsehoods told of myself, that even 'gentlemen' disguised themselves in workmen's dresses, and got in to see what was doing. It was not pleasant, being

* I incline to think I am correct here, though the number seems great.

among the workmen continually, to be looked in the face all day long by intrusive people who had no business there. I never refused strangers at proper seasons, the satisfaction of their curiosity. The circumstance to which you allude has foundation in fact. I was coming out of the hall, going towards the plantations, when a stranger addressed me.

"'Can I see Fonthill?'

"'It is not shown.'

"'Might I see the gardens then? You can show them, I dare say?'

"I thought I would follow out the joke, as the stranger was of gentlemanly address. I led him into the gardens, showed him the grounds, and lastly took him to the house. Here, I imagined, he began to suspect I was not what I pretended. I know not to this day who he was—but I thought him one of the pleasantest men I had ever conversed with—deeply read, sensible, and perfectly well bred. When I had shown him the principal apartments, I knew that dinner was serving up. I begged him to walk with me into a room he had not seen, and instantly led the way to the dinner-table, telling him of his mistake, of which there was by this time little need. I would take no denial; he dined with me. We conversed on a variety of subjects—he was at home in all. When he rose to go away, I rung for a servant, as it was dark, thanking him for his society. I asked if he had any conveyance. He only expressed a wish to be shown the way to the park gate. We parted, and I never saw him more. As to my treating one of the most agreeable strangers I ever saw in my life with rudeness—one who had eaten my salt—it was impossible. I hope I am a gentleman."

I remarked that such misrepresentations arose from ignorance of his mode of living.

"Why distort facts? we must oppose received opinion in nothing if we would be unobserved and free of misrepresentation—our associations must be every body's—we must tacitly assent to falsehoods and frauds. People live now by each other's example altogether. A sort of universalism governs—we act, think, dream in the mass. Soon no single voice will be listened to—there will be no solitary searcher after truth in any thing. What the many do or dream will be the law. Past truths have been the result of individual efforts alone—no great truths have ever been discovered by masses of people—it is fair to suppose they never will. Great truths are the result of knowledge and reflection in minds highly gifted."

"Or universal experience goes for nothing if your remark be not correct," I observed.

"Speaking of the people," said Mr. Beckford, "I should have been happy to serve them had it been in my power. I belong, as my father did, to the popular side."

"Your name could never have been agreeable to the court; yet I saw in an old court magazine for 1782, an account of your going down the country-dance at St. James's with Miss North, on the Queen's birthday," I rejoined.

"I remember it. I was in my twenty-second year—the year before my marriage. In 1780, two years before that, a week after Lord George Gordon's riots in the city, I went to court with some of my opposition friends, who said if we did not go, the king would declare we were all leagued with Lord George. We went to keep up appearances on that

occasion. I was too young to be an object of antipathy, or to take any part in politics, during my father's life. Was not his reply to the king bold?"

I replied that I had several times read it with admiration. "Did he, (Mr. Beckford), not think that the public were much deceived in the character of George III.? Lord Chatham had characterised him as capable of the grossest duplicity."

"He was destitute of feeling, too," said Mr. Beckford. "I went to the levee after Gordon's riot, as I have observed. The military had just fired upon the mob—a necessary step to put a stop to lawless plunder and violence. I entered as the king had come out of his closet, the officer who commanded the troops being immediately before me. As soon as the king saw him, he said, 'You peppered them well, I hope—peppered them well—peppered them well!' in his loud way. Every body looked—the levity of the remark struck the officer. Firing even upon lawless mobs was then considered to be justified only by self-evident necessity. 'I hope your majesty's troops will always do their duty,' was the answer, drily returned, with a gravity which feelings less obtuse than the king's must have felt to be a tacit reproof, as many were killed."

"Lord North's correspondence, recently published, shifts the prolongation of the American war upon the king," I added

"It clears North of all but weakness in suffering the king to sacrifice him to the royal obstinacy. Yet the royal declaration, not long before its sincerity, so unhappily for the king, was brought to the test, that he would lay down his crown before he would acknowledge American independence, might have deceived ministers more gifted with penetration than Lord North. I have no doubt Pitt was driven into the war with France. The abandonment of his early principles that as a minister made him so popular, the violent measures he pursued, and his swamping the House of Lords with new creations, was the king's determination, he being the instrument."

"He might have resigned."

"Pitt loved power—he was proud—but he had not the pride of his father, who, a courtier in manners and fond of power too, would not have suffered the king to rob him of his self-respect. His ambition was more honourable."

"I have often thought there was more meaning in Pitt's dying exclamation than every body understood," I observed.

"It is not improbable—Pitt was my companion in our minority. He was a year older than I am. I used to visit for days together at Burton Pynsent."

"Lord Chatham, I believe, took great pains with Pitt's education?"

"I remember," said Mr. Beckford, "he was very particular about the words he used in conversation. I arrived once at Lord Chatham's, when William Pitt had been absent on a visit, but was hourly expected home. I was in the apartment with the father when his son came in. 'I hope you have spent your time agreeably, William?' said the earl. 'Most delectably,' replied William Pitt. Lord Chatham put on one of his stern looks—sternly, indeed, with his eagle features he could look when he pleased. 'Delectably, sir? Never let me hear you utter that affected word again. Delectably, sir!'"

*(To be continued.)*

# LIGHTS AND SHADES;

## OR, THE LIFE OF A

# GENTLEMAN ON HALF-PAY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

## No. I.

What money have you got about you, Master Mathew?

SHAKSPEARE.

I am Detached to Bally-Sallagh—Local Sketches—Introduction to Mr. Ryan, the Sub-Sheriff—Law of Debtor and Creditor in Connaught.

It was a mild, dark, windy day, in the first week of April, when, after a morning muster of my "charge of foot," I set out for Loughnacurragh, to kill a creel of trouts, could I but persuade them to shake off their general torpidity, and rise at sundry seductive-looking flies, which I had recently imported from the metropolis. The "lonely tarn" to which I directed my steps, was a huge pond of leaden-coloured water, situated in the centre of a barren moor. From a rocky knoll, half-a-mile distant, a few runlets trickled down the hill, and creeping through the morass, united with the dark waters of the Lough; while on the other side a drowsy dyke went twisting through the bog, and carried off the surplus supplies which occasionally came down in torrents from the neighbouring high grounds.

It was a place and water, however, to which neither the angler nor the artist would resort, as it afforded little on which to exercise painting or piscatorial skill. The scenery was wild and sterile, but without any traits of savage grandeur to redeem it; while the Lough was fringed with reeds, and to be enabled to cast a fly beyond them, it was necessary to wade knee-deep through mud, having the tenacity of bird-lime. No caution could save the fisherman from loss; and on my last visit, I had left a casting-line behind me to festoon the reeds, and a shoe as a votive offering to the Kelpie.

Every body knows that a trout is capricious as a woman, and to woo is not to win, unless both be taken "in the humour." You may induce a sprightly, golden-tinted denizen of a sparkling stream, to shorten his siesta beside stone or alder-root, and spring like a voltigeur at the tinselled fly; but, unless half-famished, the lazy, leaden-coloured tarn-trout remains immoveable and impassive to temptation—rejects the charmer's art, charm he ever so wisely. On this occasion I found it so, and after paddling through sedge and mud two mortal hours, I quitted this worthless pool for ever, leaving in exchange for a brace of sooty-backed, ill-shapen fishes, a new shoe, a score of flies, and "the curse of Cromwell," superadded as a parting compliment.

After I had cleared the moor, and performed ablution in the first clear rivulet I met with, purified from half-a-stone of mud, I marched lightly towards my quarters. It was still early in the day, and I took a circuitous route home by the low road, anxious to abridge the long, dull evening, to be passed in a congregation of mud cabins called a town,

beautified by a broken-windowed edifice named the chapel, and a ricketty, ruinous, three-storied house, roofed with gray flags, and for miles around forcing its tall, thin, shapeless chimneys on the eye. In this deserted-looking mansion, the gentle reader is respectfully informed that a drummer and fifer, two sergeants, thirty-six rank and file, a consumptive subaltern, and his very humble servant, were domiciled, to uphold the crown and dignity, and annihilate illicit whiskey, and the fabricators of the same.

At a half-mile distance from Ballysallagh*—as this agreeable retirement was truthfully denominated—two private dwelling places might be seen. The thatched building was the priest's, the slated one the tithe-proctor's. Three guagers had located themselves in a public-house not a stone's cast from our sentry-box—their business, to suppress distillation—our's, to answer their "writ of assistance," and protect them in the execution of a most unpopular duty.

The excisemen were very civil—and excepting that their requisitions were made generally at night, and the worse the weather, the more favourable for the surprise of malefactors, we got on agreeably enough. Of course, the only liquor we indulged in was the *veritable* mountain dew; and a marvellous keg, presented to us on our arrival at Ballysallagh, actually turned out a widow's cruise. Whenever a hollow sound from the vessel announced a consumption in its contents, by some undiscoverable accident, the sentry, while walking "his lonely round," would stumble over a full cask—but who the devil left it there could never be detected. Generally, on these mysterious occasions, a guager would be seen by some straggling soldier, flitting round a corner of the building; but as it would have been useless to attempt to solve what seemed an impenetrable mystery, the midnight deodant, on the following morning, was deposited in the widow's cruise.

The occupant of the slated house was the proctor—one of those abominated nuisances, who, like "middle-men," were at once the curse and the detestation of the peasantry. The fellow was a heartless scoundrel, and the favourite *employé* of a wholesale farmer of tithes—for his master, a vulgar, illiterate, overgrown, and deformed brute, leased parishes by the dozen, and ground thousands annually from the wretched serfs. The countenance and character of the functionary of this tithe leviathan, were in keeping, and both of the worst description. The people abhorred and feared him. No wonder, then, that he had been fired at returning from a fair, and his peat-stack been burned on the bog. Consequently he preferred a slated house to a thatched one; never ventured after sunset out of doors; and if you met him in noontide on the high-road, the brass knobs of a brace of holster pistols might be seen peeping from the pockets of his *cota more*,† indicating that the honest tithe-proctor was not exactly on a bed of roses.

The most exalted personage of this pleasant community remains to be described—to wit, Father Theodore Dempsey; and of Father Thady, as the peasantry designated their spiritual director, I must give a personal sketch.

The priest was a stout, middle-sized, mild-tempered, old man, with

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* In Irish, *Balla* means "a town," and *sallagh*, "dirty."

† *Cota more*, anglice, a great-coat.

silver hair, and an inclination to obesity; but he was vigorous beyond his years, which were said to border upon four-score. His dress was such as the Irish priesthood wore formerly, before they became Catholic rectors, and returned members to Parliament by the dozen. The lower extremities of Father Thady were encased in Connemara hose, and his "continuations" were corduroy; a dusky black-coat, broad-brimmed hat, and a wig—whether hair, tow, or wool, would have been difficult to determine completed the costume of this antiquated churchman.

In those happy days, a poor priest would have been considered a curiosity. His wants were few, and the liberality of the flock was untaxed and voluntary. The thousand and one little presents offered throughout the year, were more than sufficient to supply the commissariat of his reverence; and hence, the fees received, were unrequired, and laid aside, hoarded during life, and partitioned after death among his relations. But Father Thady was poor. His parish was mountainous and unproductive. He had brought up two orphan nieces, and both married badly. He had sent one nephew to Maynooth, but he eloped, and enlisted in the 5th royal Irish dragoons. He had set up another in a country shop, but he ran off within the year, leaving the village baker without a wife, and his uncle security for a hundred pounds. All these calamities had almost broken the poor priest's heart. As to property, that was gone—christening and marriage money, offerings and oblations, all had disappeared—and of all the probationers in purgatory, whose sufferings Father Thady had abridged, not one solitary token of these sinners' gratitude could have been discovered in the old man's treasury. On that blessed morning when my detachment marched into barracks in Ballysallagh, if public report might be trusted, Father Thady was not worth a *scultogue.**

But why all this rigmarole about an old priest, and his nieces and nephews? Patience, gentle reader. Every man, Jack Falstaff says, knows best how to buckle his own belt; and if you are to be delectated by my reminiscences, you must let me tell my story my own way.

I said that I took the lower road, and had I known localities better, I would have stuck to the higher one. The low road was three miles about, and as the measurement was Irish, the English reader may safely set it down at five. Shortly after I had entered on my new route, I was overtaken and passed by a stout-looking gentleman, seated "alone in his glory," in an ill-appointed gig. As he came up, above the rattle of axles innocent of grease, I overheard him lilting snatches of an old ballad; and as he trotted past, he threw a furtive but searching glance behind, and I caught the burden of his ditty.

Arrah! Thady, ye gander,
Ye'er like a highlander,
For want of your breeches—
Ah! ye divil, go list—
Take a gun in your fist,
And don't be mending old ditches
Without any breeches.

Well, there was nothing offensive in this. My corduroys were unexceptionable, and "my withers all unwrung." On went the gig-driver—but an accident occurred that introduced me to his acquaintance.

* A Connaught coin—value undetermined.

He was mounting a small single arch which spanned a streamlet, not deep enough at present to bathe a lap-dog in, but in winter, at times, rolling a volume of black and angry water which came tumbling from the adjacent hills. In topping this sudden ascent, a trace gave way. The driver pulled up, consigned the designer of the bridge and the harness-maker to perdition, grunted out, in Irish and English, divers imprecations against both, and leisurely essayed to attempt a descent from his vehicle in order to refit the damage. He was both short-winded and corpulent, and before he could commence operations, I had replaced the trace, and put him once more in marching order.

"Particularly obliged to you, sir," said the stranger, with a bow; "not aware of to whom I am under obligations—face quite unknown—although with those of the —— gentry I am tolerably well acquainted. May I inquire to whom am I indebted for this civility?"

I told him briefly.

"Ah! then you are quartered there,"—and he pointed to the staring chimneys of the barrack—"and if Connaught were riddled, you could find nothing that would match Ballysallagh."

"You seem acquainted," I replied, "with the pleasant spot in which I am located at present."

"Indeed I am," returned the gig-driver; "and I may add that there are few places within the Bailywick with which I am not tolerably familiar. But will you step up, take a seat beside me, and I'll set you down at your barrack as we pass."

"Willingly," I replied, and hopping into the vehicle, I deposited my person beside that of the obliging proprietor.

I looked at him attentively. He was a stout, clumsy, short-necked personage, with a mischievous gray eye and rubicund complexion. His teeth were good, his countenance far from disagreeable, while the expression of the face was comic, and the manner original and most amusing.

"Captain ——," he said, "you are a bold man. You have just now done what half the fire-eaters in the country would have been mortally afraid to do."

"I am really not aware of the act of heroism I have performed," I replied; "have the kindness to explain it."

"You have seated yourself at the side of the representative of royalty—put yourself within short reach of the arm of the law—and—"

"You are not the hangman, I hope."

"No, faith," returned the red-nosed stranger, "but we operate occasionally together, for I am the *sub-sheriff*."

"The sub-sheriff?"

"Don't be uneasy, I have nothing against you at present."

"Against me?"

"Oh! your name's not in the office at all. May-be a good time's coming, and we shall be better acquainted. Every gentleman is liable to a pull-up. One has his name across a stamp or two—another has taught his tailor book-keeping—"

"Taught his tailor book-keeping!" I ejaculated.

"Don't enter on the subject if its disagreeable. I don't want an introduction, as I suppose you are quite able to break him yourself. But, talking of cloth, I have a great regard for your's, for once I wore that honourable livery myself."

"Indeed! And may I inquire what calamity robbed our gracious lord the king of so gallant a defender?"

"Well then," returned the sub-sheriff, "as doctors say of diseases, the causes were complicated. I entered the militia on account of a woman, and retired from the service on account of a horse."

"Singular causes indeed."

"Plain enough when understood," observed the stranger.

"Possibly I can guess the first. You were 'crossed in love,' as chambermaids call it, and in despair took to soldiering."

"Not exactly," returned the deputy representative of majesty, "but it was too great sensibility on my part that caused the misfortune after all. We have three miles to drive, and if you please I will tell you the particulars."

I bowed, and the stout gentleman proceeded.

"My aunt Dogherty was a pattern for women, and a better Catholic never kept Lent. She never missed mass if she could help it, and she was a Carmelite into the bargain. Well, she died one summer evening, and the next night I went over to the wake. As I came in Father Peter Hopkins was just taking a pinch off the plate.* 'Mary Dogherty,' says he, looking her full in the face, 'if iver woman went to heaven from the parish of Islandeady direct it's ye'rself is she; and now at this blessed hour ye'r puttin the evenin in, snug and warm with Saint Peter.' Well, the wake was very crowded, and the evening very close, and Nancy Callaghan, my cousin, terribly overcome with heat and sorrow—so we agreed to go out to the garden, and cry comfortably in the summer-house with nothing to disturb us.

"Well, the ould Carmelite was buried, and went to glory without delay. Time passed over, and I was slowly recovering from my affliction. One fine morning, six months afterwards, my father gave me a wink to follow him. He headed to the barn, and I was with him in a jiffy.

"'Jack, ye villain of the world,' says he, pleasantly commencing the conversation, 'what's this I hear about your cousin?'

"'What cousin?' says I, innocently.

"'Arrah! how ignorant ye are? Who else but Nancy Callaghan.'

"I stared at him in surprise.

"'Oh, ye thief,' says he, 'do ye mind the night your aunt was waked?'

"'Divil a one me,' says I, 'can remember any thing about it, for grief was fairly murdering me.'

"'*Mona sin dioual!*' replied my father, 'if ye don't spoil a market, why we'll put a nick in the post.'

"'Arrah! The Lord forbid I should be hanged, if it was only on account of the family.'

"'Well,' says he, somewhat softened, 'we must plaister the misfortune over as well as we can. You must cut your stick, and let your mother take Biddy to saa, and swear there's nothing the matter with her but a dropsy. I hear the sheriff did not lave a cloot behind him at Mount Browne last Monday. Take half a score of weathers (wedders) with ye, try your luck, and maybe the colonel would give you a commission in the militia.'

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*At an Irish wake a plate is placed upon the breast of the deceased, and the snuff or salt which it contains bespeak the wealth or poverty of the departed.

"Away I went, and, faith, I hit the time to fortune. The colonel's have-a-care* was coming back with am empty cart, without being able to obtain credit for a kidney, and in two days afterwards the house was to be full of company, and nothing in the larder. A bargain was soon concluded. Peter Corcoran had just died of a whiskey fever, greatly regretted by the regiment. I got his ensigncy and the colonel kept the sheep."

"An excellent arrangement on both sides," I observed, "but did you not find it difficult 'to make tongue and buckle meet;' or, in plain English, to live upon your pay?"

"Not the least," responded the sub-sheriff, "and yet I hunted twice a-week, sate late at mess, did every thing as well as every body else, and spent three hundred a-year."

"The old fellow came down handsomely," I remarked.

"Oh, to the old fellow, as ye call him, I was never indebted for a *carlycew* beyond the fare of the mail coach that brought me to the regiment—I dealt in horseflesh."

"Oh, bought and sold."

"Not exactly."

"What then?"

The sub-sheriff lowered his voice, and looked at me for a moment.

"I may as well tell you at once as kill you with curiosity, I suppose. Dealing was not the order of the day, *we stole*—

"Stole!"

The red-nosed stranger gave an assenting nod.

"Bah!" I said, "you are laughing at me."

"I wish you had a tithe of the stolen horses that passed through my hands in the stable of Ballysallagh. But horse-stealing and a commission now-a-days would be objected to. In ninety-eight it did well enough."

"I cannot comprehend the association—you must enlighten me."

"I'll easily do that," returned the sub-sheriff. "You must remember that at that blessed period which I allude to, the world was a happy one. All helter-skelter, all hurry-skurry—this day a man was worth a thousand pounds, to-morrow he could not muster turnpike money for a walking-stick. One brother was a colonel of rebels, another captain of yeomanry,—and all then was managed like a fox-hunt—short, sharp, and decisive. The devils caught on both sides were not kept long in suspense. The rebels piked theirs upon the hill—and we hanged ours in the market-place—but they had no sense of justice at all, while we, if we hanged the wrong man, always endeavoured to make out the right one afterwards. There was little security for life, and none at all for property. The yeomen took sheep and cattle, but horses were handier for us, and for six months in that line I did a rattling business."

"Pleasant and profitable, no doubt."

"Both combined," said the sub-sheriff. "But there never was a man prosperous that others would not jump up and oppose him. The colonel tried his hand at it, and his want of common honesty proved my downfall."

"How distressing!" I observed.

"As I told you, my horses were removed with delicacy, but the colonel

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* *Anglice*—a steward.

plundered without discretion. When adopting a horse I always gave preference to a Romanist or Quaker—safe people to do business with. The one you had only to call a rebel, and he was too happy to escape with life—the other, being a man of peace, submitted without a murmur. But the colonel was clumsy in his mode of business; to him rebel and royalist were the same—and every fish that came to his net was in season. He had no idea of stealing like a gentleman—and consequently, we were blown at last.

"'Jack,' says he one morning, 'you must 'cut your lucky' and be off. That chestnut horse traced to me I have plaistered upon you. No matter; all's for the best; and do you take the blame. I'll be sheriff next year, and you shall be the sub.' He kept his word for once in his life—I got into office—and I have contrived to hold it these twenty years."

"In your official situation, how much of life has been revealed to you!"

"You may say that. If you wish to know what life is in Ireland before and behind the curtain, inquire of the priest and the sheriff."

"Then yours must be a pleasant and a profitable office, Mr. Ryan?"

"Not much pleasure, and no dignity at all—I am only a sort of upper hangman. There's another fellow of my own name, and to distinguish us, they call me *Shaun Crughadore.** It was once a profitable business, but the world's changed—my best customers are gone—and men who never paid a debt in the course of their life, have got a general discharge—by paying the debt of nature."

"Business was better twenty years ago?"

"Better!" exclaimed the red-nosed functionary. "When I began the trade, the devil a second house I met with in a morning's ride, but I could make a call in and no matter whether I had a writ in my pocket or not, as they were always expecting them, the thing was just the same. I mind one day I was returning from a road-sessions, and the devil a writ I had with me, good or bad, for I had forgot my pocket-book on the table. Well, as I was passing Dick Grady's, I thought I would make a call. I rode into the yard, and when a fellow spied me he bolted into the house, and as the window was open, I heard what was passed.

"'Oh, murder!' says the helper, '*Shaun Crughadore's* in the yard.'

"'May the divil welcome him!' says the master; 'there's trouble comin when he's at hand. But, bad luck to him! we must be civil,' and out he comes. 'Jack, my darlin', but I'm delighted to see you.'

"'Are ye?' says I, with a wink—as much as to say 'don't be overjoyed until ye know my errand.'

"'Won't ye alight and refresh yerself?' says he.

"'I don't care,' says I, 'if I stop and feed the horse.' So in we goes.

"'Take yer drink, *Shaun astore*,' says Dick, 'and don't talk of business at present. I hear they're badly off about ye—slip that five-pound into the poor-box next Sunday.'

"I put the bank-notes into my pocket quietly. 'Arrah then, Dick, dear, since ye're so charitable, we'll let things stand as they are for a month or two.'

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* *Anglice*—John the Hangman.

"Well, my next visit was to Ned Kirwan's, a mile or two farther on. The moment I was seen riding down the avenue there was a general alarm. Ned cut out of the back-door, and took the bog like a grayhound, and when I lighted down I was smuggled into the parlour. Presently in comes Mrs. Kirwan, locks the door upon us, and plumps down upon her knees to ask for mercy.

"'Oh, murder! Mr. Ryan,' says she, 'ye have children yerself, and you wouldn't be the ruin of poor Biddy.'

"'Me ruin poor Biddy,' says I, 'arrah, the devil a such notion's in my head.'

"'Ye don't know my manin,' says she. 'There's a half-witted sort of a militia officer courtin' our little girl in the front parlour, and we have persuaded him she'll have a fortune at her father's death; but if you drive us till after the marriage, why we'll be destroyed tee-totally. The devil as much money's in the house at present as would buy a breakfast; but, God bless ye, take a couple of bullocks, and give us time till after the fair of Foxford.'

"For fear of spoiling Biddy's match with the *ommadawn** they had humbugged, I agreed, and retired under a shower of blessings richer by two bullocks and five pounds—and of all days in the year, I was on that one as harmless as a travelling *boccagh*.† But see, isn't that ould Father Thady turning down the road. There was a time when he would have been afraid to have met me, but as the old fellow was considered not worth powder and shot, the writ was never renewed, and is out of date these four years. Who knows but I'll knock a trifle out of his reverence for all that?"

My curiosity was excited: the sub-sheriff bundled out of the gig with an alacrity that surprised me. I followed—and the horse was committed to the care of two peasants we had encountered accidentally.

We walked forward to meet the priest. As far as evil spirits went, Father Thady had the character of being a game man, and it was affirmed that he did not value his satanic majesty a *traneeine*. Every man is best in his vocation, and although Thady had cleared two haunted houses of the devil, and cared for neither "white spirits or gray," in the course of my life I never witnessed such mortal alarm as the poor priest betrayed, when he unexpectedly encountered the sub-sheriff. The latter, in military parlance, took the initiative.

"Arrah! ye unfortunate ould man—what sins have ye committed that drove ye this mornin' in my way?"

"Oh, murder, murder!" was the response; "I'm fairly ruined, I suppose. Arrah—Mr. Ryan, jewel—ye might spare me for this once?"

"Spare ye!" returned the upper hangman, indignantly; "there's ingratitude—haven't I kept out of your way these four years."

"Oh! the gates of glory be open to ye, but ye have—but just this once," continued the old man, imploringly.

"Arrah, do ye want to ruin me—don't ye see it's impossible. Is it let ye go in the presence of them two bailiffs, come down special from Dublin."

"Oh! then," said the old man, with a groan, "there's nothing for it but to rot in jail—och, *willis thrue!* Bad luck attend that thief of a nephew that brought his poor uncle to this!"

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* *Anglice*—Idiot. † A lame beggarman.

"Amen!" responded the sub-sheriff; "but you'll want to take a trifle of duds with you, to make yerself comfortable in prison?"

"Oh, murder! and must I go to jail?"

"Arrah, the divil a help for it," returned Mr. Ryan, "but sorra one of me will let you walk; I'll give ye a lift in the gig. But what can ye do? if half was paid down, I might get ye time for the remainder."

"If I could muster ten pound its the outside," returned the churchman.

"Ten pound—is it jokin' ye are, Father Thady? and the debt above a hundred."

"Step up to the house," said the priest, "step up—every *scurrick* I'm worth in the world I'll give rather than go to jail."

"Well, God sees I pity you," said the tender-hearted functionary of the law. "I'll just send the bailiffs out of the way to get a drink, and if the captain will drive the gig to the barracks, I'll be there presently myself."

A trifling gratuity was given to the peasants, who trotted off. I mounted the gig—drove to Ballysallagh—and left *Shaun Crughadore* to arrange matters with Father Thady.

Mr. Ryan was absent about an hour. The sentry directed him to my room, and after he had deposited a sooty bag upon the table, he drew a chair forward, and filled himself a glass of whiskey and cold water.

"Well, how did you settle matters with the priest?"

"Oh, poor man! I took what he offered, and made him happy for life, by assuring him I would never inquire for the balance," was the reply. "Here is the money in the leg of an old stocking, pulled out of a hole in the chimney."

So saying, he turned the contents out upon the table—a score of Spanish dollars, and several handsful of tenpenny and fivepenny pieces, then the silver currency in Ireland. Many of the coins were discoloured even to blackness, and proved how long the old man must have been engaged in accumulating the little hoard.

I looked at Mr. Ryan.

"Have you no conscientious compunctions—no contrition for plundering the church?"

"Conscience!" he repeated; "did you ever know a sub-sheriff to have any? I have made the old man happy at his escape from an imaginary jail—of what use was this money while stuck in a cranny of a chimney? I'll put it into circulation—and that's a public benefit."

"You won't put it in the poor-box, like Mr. Kirwan's five pounds."

"It will be consigned to the same box, no doubt; but my gig is at the door.—I hear you are to be immediately relieved, and when you return to head-quarters, you'll find yourself within an hour's ride of mine. When time hangs idly on your hands, come to me—I'll give you *cead fealteagh*, and the experience of half a century. No man has seen life in light and shadow more extensively than myself. I have had beauty kneeling at my feet—pride stooping abjectly to ask a favour—a peer has been beholden to me for the very bed he lay on—and a countess only used her carriage at my sufferance. Rest assured, that in this world

none know the secret passages of private life, but—the priest and the sheriff."

Mr. Ryan lifted the old stocking from the table—placed it behind him in the gig—squeezed my hand—and left Ballysallagh at an easy trot. I thought of what I had heard and what I had seen that morning, and I determined to cultivate an intimacy with my new acquaintance.

I did so: and heard from *Shaun Crughadore* some singular disclosures. They were delivered to me without the seal of confidence, and as unreservedly shall they hereafter be communicated to the gentle reader.

W. H. M.

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## UNPOSSESSED POSSESSIONS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Whose are Windsor and Hampton, the pride of the land,
With their treasures and trophies so varied and grand?
The Queen's, you reply.
Deuce a bit! you and I
Thro' their gates, twice a week, making privileged way,
Tread their gilded saloons,
View their portraits, cartoons,
And, like Crusoe, are monarchs of all we survey.

And whose are our noble's magnificent homes,
With their galleries, gardens, their statues and domes?
His grace's? my lord's?
Ay, in law and in words.
But in fact they are our's, for the master, poor wight!
Gladly leaving their view
To the visiting crew,
Keeps a dear exhibition for other's delight.

And whose are the stag-haunted parks, the domains,
The woods and the waters, the hills and the plains?
Yours and mine, for our eyes
Daily make them our prize;
What more have their owners?—The care and the cost!
Alas! for the great,
Whose treasures and state,
Unprized when possess'd, are regretted when lost.

When I float on the Thames, or am whisk'd o'er the roads
To the numerous royal and noble abodes,
Whose delights I may share,
Without ownership's care,
With what pity the titled and rich I regard,
And exultingly cry,
Oh! how happy am I,
To be only a poor unpatrician bard!

# ARABELLA;

## OR, THE MORAL OF "THE PARTIE FINE."

When the news came to Wagstaff that he had made a public appearance in the *New Monthly Magazine*, he affected to be in great wrath that his peccadilloes should have been laid bare to the whole nation; and was for sacrificing the individual who had held him up to ridicule. Luckily, that person was out of town for some days, so his anger had time to cool if it were real; but the truth must be told, that Lancelot Wagstaff was in heart quite delighted at being shown up for a *séducteur*, and has ordered some new waistcoats, and affects to talk very big about the French play, and has been growing a tuft to his chin ever since. Mrs. Wagstaff still continues at Bognor. Poor soul! *She* will never know whose was the portrait which figured last month in this Miscellany under the pseudonym of Wagstaff: it is only the coincidence of the new waistcoats and the sudden growth of that tuft that can by any possibility betray him.

Some critics have hinted that the scene described was immoral. So it was, there's not a doubt of it; but so is a great deal of life immoral: so are many of Hogarth's pictures immoral, if you don't choose to see their moral tendency;—nor indeed are critics to be very much blamed for not perceiving the moral of the brief tract called the Partie Fine, seeing, as it were, that it was not yet in sight. No: it was purposely kept back, as a surprise for the June number of the Magazine. This is going to be the moral paper: and I hope to goodness that Mr. Colburn's editor will not refuse it, or I shall be set down, in spite of myself, as a writer of a questionable tendency. I solemnly demand the insertion of this paper, in order to set a well-meaning man right with a public he respects. Yes, ladies, you yourselves, if you peruse these few, these very few pages, will say, "Well, although he shocked us, the man *is* a moral man after all." He is, indeed he is. Don't believe the critics who say the contrary.

The former history described to you the conduct of Wagstaff abroad. Ah, ladies! you little knew that it was preparatory to showing the monster up when *at home*. You would not have understood the wretch had you not received this previous insight into his character. If *this* be not morality, I know not what is.

Those people who at the club and elsewhere are acquainted with Mr. W., declare he is the most generous and agreeable creature that ever turned out of the city. He arrives, his jolly face beaming with good-humour. He has a good word for every body, and every man a good word for him. Some Bachelor says, "Wag, my boy, there is a white-bait party at Greenwich; will you be one?" He hesitates. "I promised Mrs. Wagstaff to be home to dinner," says he; and when he says *that*, you may be sure he will go. If you propose to him a game of billiards in the afternoon, he will play till dinner, and make the most ludicrous jokes about his poor wife waiting till his return. If you ask him to smoke cigars, he will do so till morning, and goes home with a story to Mrs. W., which the poor soul receives with a desperate credulity.

Once she used to sit up for him; but to continue that practise would have killed her. She goes to bed now, and Wagstaff reels in when he likes.

He is not ill-humoured. Far from it. He never says an unkind word to the children, or to the cook, or to the boy who blacks his boots, or to his wife. She wishes he would. He comes down stairs exactly three minutes before office time. He has his tea and his newspaper in bed. His eldest daughter brings the paper in, and his poor wife appears with the tea. He has a kind word for both, and scrubs the little girl's fresh cheek with his bristly beard, and laughs at the joke, and professes a prodigious interest in her lessons, and in knowing whether Miss Wiggles, the governess, is satisfied with her; and before she finishes her answer, he is deep in the folios of the *Times*, and does not care one farthing piece what the little girl says. He has promised to take the child to Astley's any time these four years. She could hardly speak when he promised it. She is a fine tall lass, and can read and write now: and though it was so long ago, has never forgotten the promise about Astley's.

When he is away from home, Wagstaff talks about his family with great affection. In the long, long days when he is away, their mother, God help her! is telling them what a good man their papa is—how kind and generous—and how busy he is—what a pity! he is obliged to work so hard and stay away from home! Poor creature, poor creature! Sure Heaven will pardon her these lies if any lies are pardonable. Whenever he says he will walk with her, Arabella dresses herself in the gown he likes, and puts on her pink bonnet, and is ready to the very minute you may be sure. How often is it that *he* is ready at the minute? How many scores and scores of times has he left the heart-sick girl?—not forgetting her in the least—but engaged elsewhere with a game of billiards, or a jolly friend and a cigar—and perhaps wishing rather to be at home all the time—but he is *so* goodnatured, such a capital fellow! Whenever he keeps his appointment—Heaven help us! she brightens up as if it were Paradise coming to her. She looks with a triumphant air at the servant who opens the door, and round about at the neighbours' windows as if she would have all the world know that she is walking with her husband. Every now and then as she walks (it is but twice or thrice in a year, for Wagstaff has his business on week-days, and never gets up till one of a Sunday). Every now and then as she walks with him, the delighted creature gives a skip, and squeezes his arm, and looks up in his face, she is so happy. And so is he too, for he is as goodnatured a fellow as ever breathed—and he resolves to take her out the very next Sunday—only he doesn't. Every one of these walk-days are noted down in the poor soul's little Calendar of Home as saint's days. She talks of them quite fondly; and there is not one of her female friends whom she won't visit for weeks after, and to whom she will not be sure to find some pretext for recounting the wonderful walk.

Mon dieu, ladies—all the time I was describing that affair at Durognon's, those odious French women, and their chatter, and their ogling, and their champagne, I was thinking of Arabella far away in the distance and alone—I declare, upon my honour, she was never out of my thoughts for a single minute. *She* was the moral of the Partie Fine—the simple, white-robed, spotless, meek-eyed angel of a wife—thinking about her husband—and he among the tawdry good-for-nothings, yonder! Fizz!

there goes the first champagne cork, Mr. Wagstaff is making a tender speech to Madame Virginie.

At that moment Arabella is upstairs in the nursery, where the same moon is shining in, and putting her youngest boy to bed.

Bang! there goes the second cork. Virginie screams—Fitzsimons roars with laughter—Wagstaff hob-nobs with the old lady, who gives a wink and a nod. They are taking away the fish and putting down the *entrées.*

At that moment Arabella has her second child between her knees (the little one is asleep with its thumb in its mouth, and the elder even is beginning to rub her eyes over her favourite fairy tale, though she has read it many scores of times). Arabella has the child between her knees, and just as Wag is clinking his glass with the old lady in London, his wife at Bognor says something to the child, who says after her.

"*Dod bless my dear papa:*" and presently he is in bed too, and sleeps as soundly as his little sister.

And so it is that these pure blessings are sent—yearning after that fellow over his cups. Suppose they reach him? Why, the spotless things must blush and go out again from the company in which they find him. The drinking goes on, the jokes and fun get faster and faster. Arabella by this time has seen the eldest child asleep in her crib, and is looking out at the moon in silence as the children breathe round about her a soft chorus of slumber. Her mother is down stairs alone, reading "Blair's Sermons,"—a high-shouldered, hook-nosed, lean, moral woman. She wonders her daughter don't come down to tea—there is her cup quite cold, with the cream stagnant on the surface, and her work-basket by its side, with a pair of man's slippers nearly done, and one lazy scrawl from her husband, four lines only, and ten days old. But Arabella keeps away thinking, thinking, and preferring to be alone. The girl has a sweet soft heart, and little sympathy with the mother's coarse, rigid, strong-minded nature. The only time they quarrel is, when the old lady calls her son-in-law a brute: *then* the young one fires up and defends her own like a little Amazon.

What is this secret of love? How does it spring? How is it that no neglect can kill it? In truth, its origin and endurance are alike, utterly absurd and unreasonable. What secret power was it that made this delicate-minded young creature; who had been bred up upon the purest doctrines of the sainted Mrs. Chapone; who had never thought about love; who, simple soul, had been utterly absorbed in her little daily duties, her pianoforte practice, her French lesson, her use-of-the-globes, her canary bird, and her Mangnall's questions—what, I say is it, that makes this delicate girl all of a sudden expand into a passion of love for a young sugar-baker, simply because she meets him three times riding a gray mare on Clapham Common, and afterwards (the sly rogue!) on half-a-dozen occasions at her aunt's at tea? What is it that makes her feel that that young sugar-baker is the fatal man with whom her existence is bound up: go through fire and water to marry him: love him in spite of neglect and indifference: adore him so absurdly, that a half-hour's kindness from him more than balances a month's brutality! O, mystery of woman's heart! I declare all this lies in the moral of the *Partie Fine.*

Wagstaff, so splendid with his dinners and so generous on himself, is not so generous at home. He pays the bills with only a few oaths; but somehow he leaves his wife without money. He will give it to any body rather than to her: a fact of which he himself is, very likely, unaware at this minute, or of the timidity of his wife in asking for it. In order to avoid this asking, the poor girl goes through unheard of economies, and performs the most curious tricks of avarice. She dresses herself for nothing, and she dresses her children out of her own frocks. Certain dimities, caps, pinafores, and other fallals have gone through the family; and Arabella, though she sees ever such a pretty thing in a shop-window, will pass on with a sigh; whereas her Lancelot is a perfect devourer of waistcoats, and never sets his eyes on a flaring velvet that strikes his fancy, but you will be sure to behold him the next week swaggering about in the garment in Pall Mall. Women are ever practising these petty denials, about which the Lords of the Creation never think.

I will tell you what I once saw Arabella doing. She is a woman of very high breeding, and no inconsiderable share of family pride: well, one day on going to Wagstaff's house, who had invited a party of us to Blackwall, about a bet he had lost, I was, in the master's absence, ushered into the drawing-room, which is furnished very fine, and there sat the lady of the house at her work-table, with her child prattling at her knee.

I could not understand what made Mrs. Wagstaff blush so—look so entirely guilty of something or other—fidget, answer *à travers*, and receive an old friend in this strange and inhospitable way.

She, the descendant of the Smiths of Smithfield, of the Browns of Brown Hall, the proud daughter of the aristocracy, *was making a pair of trousers for her eldest son.* She huddled them away hastily under a pillow—but bah! we have keen eyes—and from under that pillow the buttons peeped out, and with those buttons the secret—they were white ducks—Wagstaff's white ducks—his wife was making them into white ducklings for little Fred.

The sight affected me. I should like to have cried, only it is unmanly; and to cry about a pair of little breeches!—I should like to have seized hold of Mrs. Wagstaff and hugged her to my heart: but she would have screamed, and rung for John to show me down stairs; so I disguised my feelings by treading on the tail of her spaniel dog, whose squealing caused a diversion.

But I shall never forget those breeches. What! Wagstaff is flaunting in a coat of Nugee's, and his son has that sweet, humble tailor. Wagstaff is preparing for Blackwall, and here is his wife plying her gentle needle. Wagstaff feasts off plate and frothing wine; and Arabella sits down to cold mutton in the nursery, with her little ones ranged about her. Wagstaff enjoys, Arabella suffers. He flings about his gold; and she tries to stave off evil days by little savings of meek pence. Wagstaff sins and she forgives—and trusts, and loves, and hopes on in spite of carelessness, and coldness, and neglect, and extravagance, and—and *Parties Fines.*

This is the moral of the last story. O, ye Wagstaffs of this world profit by it. O, ye gentle, meek angels of Arabellas, be meek and gentle still. If an angel can't reclaim a man, who can? And I live in hopes of hearing that by the means of that charming mediation, the odious Lancelot has become a reformed character. TITMARSH.

## ONE MORE SAVOY RAMBLE.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

Once more unto the *heights*, dear friends,
Once more.

THERE is but one way, as I think, by which the traveller who loves to spin long yarns concerning the fondly-remembered journeys he has taken —there is but one way by which he can repay the debt of gratitude he lies under to those who are so obliging as to listen to him, and that is, by making the said long yarns serve as a clew to lead safely up hill, and down dale, the steps of all such kind listeners as may be tempted by his tale to arouse themselves, gird up their loins, and follow his wanderings through the scenes he has described. It would be scarcely fair, however, to expect that the conscientious traveller should keep his grateful project of remuneration so steadily in view as never to pause for a moment, as he spins his clew, in order to indulge in a little gossip, not quite essential perhaps to the well doing of those who take him as a guide. In good truth, the temptation is too strong to be resisted; and it should be remembered that this very lingering over the scenes described, is so strong an indication of the pleasure which the mere recollection of them produces, that it may be safely received in evidence of their being worth the visiting. Bear with me then, patiently, gentle listener, although it is again of Savoy, beautiful, wild, historic, strong-featured Savoy, that I am about to talk, and to exercise your patience. I can assure you that I intend to be very useful in my gossip, not only pointing out to you sundry things that you would do well to see, but cautioning you against some others that you would do well to avoid, or if not exactly to avoid, at any rate to approach with caution. But before I come to these very useful particulars, let me utter a few more admonitory words of general remonstrance, to the multitude of travellers who leave home with the *idée fixe* of Rome in their heads, to a degree that seems to preclude the possibility of their receiving any other. Truly, dear countrymen and countrywomen, it is a lamentable thing that you should suffer yourselves to be borne along over such a country as this of Savoy, without pausing for a month, a week, or even a day, to see what nature has done for it. It is no excuse for you that you have the eternal city in view, for as reasonably when you get there might you shut your eyes as you go over the bridge of St. Angelo, because you set off from your hotel for the purpose of seeing St. Peters. Think better of it next time. There will be a next time—for how few are there who, having once taken courage to cross the stern barrier which divides the rest of the earth from its museum, its garden, its most venerable library, the tomb of its heroes, and the shrine of its saints—how few of them wend their homeward way without promising to their hearts that they will come again? Next time, therefore, use more wisdom, look more deliberately about you, and take care to remember all I am now going to say to you.

* * * * *

Of course we did not leave Annecy without making the beautifully

situated Château de Daing, or Daingt, an excuse for passing another delicious hour or two on its lake, the best manner of reaching it from Annecy being by a boat; but the château, save for its singularly beautifully position, is no longer so interesting to travellers as formerly. A few years ago its beautiful apartments were let singly, if required, together with all the other accommodations of a regular *pension*, to any one whose taste, leading them to such a resting place in this charming country for a few days, prefered the quiet retirement of such an abode to the certain noise and doubtful comforts of an hotel. But this is no longer the case. The mansion and grounds have become the property of a gentleman who resides there with his family. I mention this in order to fulfil my promise of being useful, as it may save from disappointment those who, reading in the guide-books that the beautiful Château de Daing has been opened as a *pension*, might arrange their plans accordingly. Annecy-le-vieux may be deemed worth climbing to by those who have time to spare, and who wish to look out upon the country from a tolerably elevated point of view; but it is to professed antiquaries only that I should point out this excursion as indispensable. From Annecy we proceeded in our pleasant, queer little carriage to Faverges, and after one of those particularly clean and comfortable coffee-and-milk breakfasts, which now and then occur on exploring expeditions, we walked up to its finely-placed castle. Horace Walpole warned me long ago, even in the days of my youth, against what he terms the "*issimo*" style of description, and questionless, the warning was a wholesome one; nevertheless, there are some things that it would be difficult to describe, save by the use of the superlative, and the view from the hill upon which the castle of Faverges stands is among them. As for the castle itself, it has greatly changed its character since it was the scene of knightly deeds and knightly splendour, having so greatly sunk in glory, and risen in utility, as to be converted from a warlike stronghold, into a manufactory of silks and satins.

I had been reading the evening before some pages of Monsieur Ménabréa's interesting volumes entitled "Les Alpes Historiques"—(we do, now and then, get sight of a new book, as well as of our beloved old legends), and had been much amused by his historic sketch of the gradual declension of feudal greatness and chivalric glory, and of the symptoms of both, which the dwellings of nobles built, or repaired, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, (castles though they were, "avec tours, fossés, pont-levis, créneaux, et machicoulis, vains simulaires d'une grandeur déchue") displayed. A step further towards our actual condition was made evident enough by inscriptions like the following, being conspicuously placed on the mansion which Réné Favre built at Proméry, near Annecy.

Pain, Paix, Peu.

And again,

Il n'y a autre noblesse,
Que celle que vertu laisse.

Both these, as well as various others in the same spirit, were from the pen of Claude Mermet, whose volume of "*poesies*" was published at Lyons in 1583. Another specimen is cited from the same hand, still more *modern* in its feeling.

Tu prétends estre gentil-homme
Par la faveur du parchemin :
Qu'un sot se trouve en ton chemin
Tu seras puis simplement homme.

This certainly shows an advanced "march of mind" for remote Savoy in the sixteenth century; and the old baronial castle of Faverges converted into a receptical for silk-looms, looks as if the march had gone steadily on. Shall we live to see the stout old walls of Caernarvon, Chepstow, Ragland, or Goodrich, converted to similar purposes? The effect of this metamorphosis on the mind is very striking. We had been told that we must not fail to mount to the castle of Faverges, for the purpose of looking at the magnificent view it commands, and we set off accordingly, despite a burning sun, to climb the steep height on which this nobly placed edifice stands. These mountain strongholds are so constantly placed on elevations difficult of access, that we have become perfectly well broken in to the toil of mounting to them; and however varied we may find, on examination, such portions of the old fabrics as remain standing, the process of looking for, and finding, the principal features of all such structures has become as familiar to us as the preliminary act of climbing. And so strongly marked do we always discover the enduring features of strength and power to be in all of them, and so forcibly does every object on such spots set the imagination upon recalling the deeds of daring and of dread that have been enacted thereon, that it is almost impossible not to fall again and again into waking dreams of feudal tyranny and chivalric valour, peopling the scene with warlike and picturesque figures of all sorts, and becoming every moment further and further removed in spirit from the very literally "working-day-world" propensities of the time present. Such being the habitual state of mind of castle-ruin hunters, it is not very difficult to imagine the sort of contrast produced upon their senses by beholding, as they at length master the last steep turning of the ascent on which the castle of Faverges is situated, a tame quadrangle of white-washed walls, perforated with abundance of little square windows, with looms visible through the open casements, and busy figures flitting to and fro, bearing about them every imaginable mark of the manufacturing activity of the nineteenth century.

"Can this be the castle of Faverges?" said I, somewhat wearied by the long ascent, and at least half-angry at finding that it had only brought me to a dirty-looking workshop.

"Yes, truly," replied my companion, "it must be the old castle, though strangely metamorphosed." And, on looking about a little, it was easy enough to trace some of the outworks, though not in a condition to redeem, in any degree, the undignified aspect of the umwhile fortress. Having finished this very unsatisfactory survey, I was preparing to follow the example of that king of France, who

Marched up the hill, and then marched down again;

but my companion suggested that it might be as well to advance a few steps farther, as it was probable, from the form of the hill we had mounted, that we should by doing so command an extensive view. And these few steps farther did indeed give us such a landscape to look down

upon, as speedily made me forget the want of "the quarry of old stones," amongst which I had expected to amuse myself;—wherefore I strongly advise all those who afford themselves, in travelling, sufficient time to look at what is worth seeing, to indulge in just such an hour of idleness as we enjoyed within the space of half-a-mile beyond the *ci-devant* castle of Faverges.

It surely is a merciful dispensation of Providence which causes the difference between one human being and another, in the sensations produced by the sight of new and beautiful scenery. What a horde of wanderers would all the nations of the earth become, did every body love the sight of new hills and valleys as I do! As to inns, hotels, caravansaries, and all such convenient inventions, they would become as much beyond the hope of the majority of ordinary mortals, as turtle soup and venison haunches surpass that of the guests of the table (*pas d'hôte*) of a union workhouse.

Inns and hotels! I doubt greatly if we should all find room enough to pitch our little canvass tents without finding ourselves occasionally such very near neighbours as to produce mutual inconvenience, by making the out-pourings of our respective picturesque raptures overheard by each other. Providentially, however, as I said before, Nature, with her usual characteristic benignity, has taken care that no such inconvenient crowding upon her favourite spots shall take place. The diversity between man and man respecting their susceptibility to harmony of sound, the enjoyment where it is, and the suffering where it is not, is not more strongly marked than the inequality, both of pleasure and pain, produced by what is lovely, or otherwise, in objects which influence us solely through the medium of the eye.

I remember hearing a very clever man, and one whose keenly observant philosophy, when employed upon the moral phenomena of the world, has made a most justly popular writer—I well remember his saying to me, that few things occasioned him a sharper annoyance than the being called upon to sympathize with the lovers of fine scenery.

"In passing either up or down any of the famous rivers," said he (and he was a great traveller), "which are the favourite resort of steamboats and hunters for the picturesque, I invariably insconce myself in the cabin, and by devoting myself immoveably either to reading or writing, continue to escape the horrible persecution of being asked every other minute 'Is it not beautiful?'"

Yet this person was as far the reverse of dull as Hyperion to a satyr. Let no one therefore—and trust me, all ye who kindle at a landscape, the advice is good—let no one, upon feeling his heart swell, and his spirit expand itself into an increased capability of happiness, at the sight of fine scenery, imagine that it is the result of superior intellectual organization. It is the result of no such thing, but simply and solely of that sort of justness of vision which detects harmony, or the want of it, both in the form and colour of every thing it looks upon. And this species of perfection in the sense has no more claim to intellectual superiority than has the gift inherent in some mortals, greatly over "other some," of discerning the quality of whatever is submitted to the sense of taste. It may often, moreover, be remarked—at least my own observation leads me to think so—that where the organization of one sense is

particularly perfect, that of the rest is very much so too. I have never known a painter who was not fond of music, or a musician who was not fond of painting; and I have known repeated instances in which both the one and the other have been applied to as the best amateur, and most unprejudiced authority, for the purpose of passing judgment upon the flavour of wines. I knew one painter, and a very clever one, who, being a great snuff taker, most scrupulously kept one nostril undefiled from the approach of the "titillating dust," that he might not lose or impair his power of enjoyment in sweet odours. But all this nicety of sense has nothing to do with intellect, *ergo*, a love of landscape may very modestly be spoken, nay, boasted of as a source of pleasure, without any assumption of intellectual superiority. When it does happen, however, that this fine material organization is united to superior intellectual capacity, the result is astoundingly brilliant. Listen to Milton when he employs his breathing thoughts and burning words in descriptions of the beauties or the harmonies either of nature or of art. But Milton was a scholar, and may be supposed to have found his wonderous mastery of expression in his learning. Let those who think so, turn to Shakspeare, and they will find that an exalted intellect, *fitted up* with a fine organization, will do quite as well with little or no learning (commonly so called) at all. Such is the human animal, when exhibited to us without accident, or unfavourable influence of any kind—and it is only the contemplation of such a specimen which can lessen the difficulty of comprehending the high station assigned him in creation; without this, one might sometimes be tempted to think, when looking a little curiously at the souls and bodies of those around us, that a place a *good deal* lower than the angels might do for them. But this burst of thankfulness for the blessings accruing from so many human beings staying at home, and leaving the high roads free for such as like better to go abroad, has carried me so far away from the beautiful bit of terrace ground behind the castle of Faverges, that I know not how to get back to it gracefully. There we lay, however, stretched at lazy length upon a grassy bank, looking down upon what seemed extent enough for half a world, wishing each other heartily joy of our wandering propensities, and sketching plans for future journeyings; and notwithstanding my consciousness of the great advantages we enjoy from some people remaining at home, I am benevolent enough to hope that of those who *do* follow my rambling example, some few may find themselves either on that spot, or some other near it, equally beautiful, and rejoice in the fate which brought them there as heartily as we did.

Our next stage was to Ugine, as dirty and as ugly a little town as can well be imagined, but placed in the midst of scenery so very beautiful, as to make one think that if it were possible to take lodgings for a week on the roof of one of the repulsive looking houses, instead of within it, the scheme might answer.

On the opposite side of the river Arly, is the prosperous little town of Beaufort, the original cradle of the two noble races, which have become native both to England and to France.

We reached the town formerly known as l'Hopital, but now very absurdly, and, as it sounds to my ears, barbarously, renamed Albertsville, which, as far as a name can do it, gives a sort of transatlantic newness to a place which ought to be redolent of old historic reminiscences with-

out end. It is becoming, however, a very busy and flourishing town, with clean-looking streets, good inns, and handsome houses. Nevertheless, we turned away from all those blessings (not, however, till after we had dined exceedingly well), and crossed the Arly to Conflans, the exquisitely picturesque crumbling old town, that still hangs. as it were, in fragments upon the steep rocks on the left-hand side of the river. And here again is one of those cases in which the post haste, "go-ahead" class of travellers pass by, and lose for ever one of the finest scenes that the eye can look upon. I greatly doubt if the justly celebrated North-terrace at Heidelburg must not yield the palm of beauty to the platform behind the old castle at Conflans. From under the shelter of one or two magnificent old trees, that seem to have been nourished for ages by miracle, so lofty and so bare is the bold rock on which they stand—from under the shelter of these noble trees we looked down upon the junction of the Arly with the Isere, the broad rich valley of the latter stretching away for many a mile in one direction—the smaller, narrower, ruder valley of the Doran in another—the town of l'Hopital on the opposite bank, and the whole framed in by majestic mountains, here clothed half-way up with forests of various foliage, there "horrent" with bristling crags, and awful by their tremendous precipices.

Again and again, and still again, did we slowly pace along the low wall which surrounds this glorious platform; and though it was a sad business to turn away and leave it, and that I pitied myself very much at the moment for the necessity which compelled me to it, I certainly pity those very greatly more who have never seen it at all; for it is quite a mistake that when you turn away from such spots as the terrace at Heidelberg, and the platform at Conflans, you lose them altogether. On the contrary, they are calculated to live upon the memory with a distinctness which enables you to recall them for ever.

Nothing could be much more strongly contrasted than the species of gratification to which we turned upon leaving the platform, and that which we had enjoyed while on it. In the view from this last named spot there is all the vigorous and eternal youth of everlasting nature, and the sensation it produces is a sort of triumphant gladness at being permitted to live and look upon it; but passing under the arch which leads from the old fortress to the town, you come upon the most complete epitome of human labour in decay that the eye can look upon. I was almost tempted to believe, as I looked at the crumbling walls, the sinking arches, the unspeakable air of desolation that pervaded every part of this rapidly perishing old stronghold, and its picturesque dependencies, that it had all been left without any effort at repair, from the day that it so reluctantly yielded to the battering of Francis the First, to the present hour. And, were we told that such was the fact, its condition would be easily understood, and little wonder, if any, excited by its not being in a still worse condition. But there *is* cause to wonder now. Why is it that, with a flourishing young-looking town at the distance of half a mile, where the appearance of active industry is so remarkable as to render it impossible to doubt the certainty of finding employment there—why is it that with this refuge before their eyes, the population of Conflans, amounting to above a thousand souls, still continues in dirt, in poverty, in ruin, and in wretchedness so evident and so revolting? Yet in spite of all this melancholy desolation, in spite even of the dirt and the

squalid wretchedness which meet the eye in every direction, there is a strange mysterious charm about the old place, which made us linger in it almost as unaccountably as the inhabitants themselves.

Never can I forget the aspect of the old church, or the circumstances which attended our entrance into it. The light was already failing when we reached the door, but we were neither of us disposed to pass the dingy tattered curtain which hung over it without lifting it up, and accordingly we did lift it up and walk in. The atmosphere was dim and dark, and that indescribable odour of mildew pervaded it, which seems to threaten health even while it suggests such enticing thoughts of picturesque desolation as to render retreat impossible. So on we went; and the next sensation we felt was considerably more alarming, and without any agreeable attraction at all, for the floor, which was of wood, creaked, cracked, and positively seemed giving way under our feet. Yet on we went still, for, dimly visible in the distance was a dark object, which there was not light enough to enable us to make out, but which we declared to each other we must examine before we returned again to the sweet fresh air without. So on we went, and came at last close, oh! very close to the object which had excited our curiosity, and then, notwithstanding the thickening gloom, we perceived with quite sufficient plainness that it was a coffin. It was of very decent blackness, but perfectly without decoration of any kind, and we perceived as we gazed at it that the lid, for the gratification either of affection or curiosity, was laid loosely on it, and might be removed at pleasure. It seemed not however to be our pleasure to remove it, for we both gazed on the narrow aperture left at the head without making any effort to increase it. *What* it was I felt at that moment I am really and sincerely unable to say. I do not however quite think that I expected the loose lid of the coffin to remove itself and startle me by the exhibition of the corpse beneath. Neither do I feel called upon to confess that I conceived there was any chance that the spirit of the departed would appear to chide us for our bold and somewhat irreverent approach to the relics he had so recently bequeathed to earth. But to speak honestly, telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I did not by any means feel comfortable. So I made a sort of stumbling step backwards, and then I fancied that I felt the floor decidedly giving way; and really, considering the condition of the planks of which it was formed, and the apparent weight of the coffin, the idea was by no means very preposterous; a fact which I recall and record with some satisfaction, inasmuch as it may help to explain the irregular pulsation of the heart, of which I confess I was conscious, without leaving me quite bare to the imputation of having been afraid of a ghost. There is much comfort in this.

On leaving this musty, mouldering, dark, dank, and most dismal edifice, we asked a miserable looking old man, in a sort of ecclesiastical but most particularly nasty garment, whom we encountered on the steps, whose body it was that was lying before the altar. "That of the priest of the parish," he replied. "He died yesterday, and will be buried to-morrow."

How deliciously sweet did the fresh air feel and smell! and how gaily did it seem to move and play around us as we turned away from this abode of death and desolation, in order to cross the pretty bridge over the Arly, which looked, with its air of steady usefulness, like a quiet friend stretching out a hand to lead us back again to light and life, and our very com-

fortable hotel in the unromantic but life-like town of Albertsville. Yet nevertheless, when we had got half across this friendly bridge, we could not advance a step farther till we had indulged for a few minutes in the contemplation of the beautiful twilight landscapes, up the stream and down the stream, which it commanded. Why should Lord Byron, when speaking of a lovely country, call its beauty a "fatal gift?" How can that gift be fatal which causes pleasure as pure as it is intense? It is surely quite a poetic illusion to fancy that any country ever became "the plunderer's common prey" on account of its picturesque scenery, and therefore I hold such gracious combinations of rock and forest, mountain and valley, bright herbage and running streams, as we gazed upon from this bridge over the Arly, as a very blessed gift indeed. Thankful am I for my share of it! I would not lose my memory of all the objects I looked upon during the evening of that bright 18th of September, 1843, notwithstanding its ghostly interlude, for more than I will say.

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I did not dream of the coffined priest of Conflans, but slept as soundly as those ought to sleep who intend to get up at five o'clock in the morning, and to start off again before breakfast in search of "fresh fields and pastures new." And at five o'clock we did get up, with the habitual punctuality which has so often enabled me and mine to go farther and see more within a given space of time than most people. I believe I have boasted rather often of this wakeful virtue already, but I do it without scruple; first, because it is not one of those magnificent virtues which require for its production any of the mental qualities which it looks like vanity to claim; and, secondly, because as a traveller, addressing travellers, I feel that it would be impossible to recommend any habit of equally important utility. Punctually then did we set off at five o'clock, intending to breakfast at St. Pierre d'Albigny, and afterwards to visit the ruined castle of Miolans,—to see which was, in truth, the principal object of the day, it being, both in an historical and picturesque point of view, one of the most remarkable objects in Savoy.

My English stay-at-home friends perhaps may be apt to think that five o'clock in the morning, on the 19th of September, must have been a moment more chilly than cheering for setting off upon an expedition in an open carriage. But they must permit me to tell them that they are altogether mistaken. Though Savoy has been called the twin sister of Switzerland, she is nevertheless first cousin to Italy; and any thing more delicious than the sweet fresh breath of her mountains at the splendid moment when the glorious sun of the south has climbed high enough to give them his first warm smile, it is beyond my power to imagine. No fog, no mist, no unfriendly exhalation of any kind, made us repent our having exchanged our beds for the high road. But what a high road it is! Now close beside the river, now high above it. At one moment "elevated, rapt," by catching a glance of some bare towering crag, that one feels certain must be the home of eagles; and the next enchanted by the sight of vineyards and bleating flocks and lowing herds, and every thing else that can suggest ideas of rural ease and plenty. It is, in truth, a most lovely land, and had it not the "fatal gift" of lying on the high road to Italy, and being therefore considered merely as so much envious intervening space which all travellers of taste ought to gallop over as rapidly as possible, it would long ago have been as much celebrated as its neighbours.

An hour or two of this bright exhilarating progress brought us to a

spot at which our driver stopped, and pointing with his whip to a towering rock to the right, still however at a considerable distance before us, but conspicuous from its elevation of nearly a thousand feet above the river, he said, "There stands the castle of Miolans." I have an inveterate habit, which is often, certainly, a very silly one, of wanting to get out of the carriage and walk the moment some particularly interesting object comes in sight; overlooking the very important fact that in nine cases out of ten the desired object would be much more quickly reached by my sitting still. However, upon this occasion it certainly seemed to be a matter of doubt whether we really should not be doing well to leave the carriage and take an exquisitely inviting upward path which the man told us, and told us truly, was the *shortest* road to Miolans, which moreover could not, he said, be reached in any direction by the carriage. The chief objection to our making the excursion from this point, instead of from St. Pierre d'Albigny, was the delay of our breakfast, a part of the day's duty for which our three or four hours' drive had already prepared us very effectually. But there were three reasons which, fasting though we were, decided us upon enduring this delay. The first was that it would enable the driver to bespeak the repast, and to have a room comfortably prepared for us. The second that the town of St. Pierre d'Albigny was at a much greater distance from the castle than the point at which we had stopped; and the third, that the labour of the ascent would be greatly more fatiguing when the sun was higher than at present. This last consideration decided the question; for, although it was certain that we should have to traverse the distance from the ruin to the town in either case, it was evident that it would be a much easier business to descend from the rock at nine o'clock, than ascend to it at eleven, and so we sent off the carriage, and began mounting the steep path that pointed direct to the iron-looking fortress we wished to reach. The *steep path!* Oh what a gentle phrase is here for the well nigh perpendicular acclivity which rose before us. There is a proverb, a Latin one if I mistake not, which says that a pleasant companion on a journey does very well in the place of a carriage. But if this be ever true in the case of a lady, *not young*, I am strongly of opinion that it cannot be so in mounting a path as nearly perpendicular as that which led us to the castle of Miolans, and that too before breakfast: for that *my* companion during the expedition I am describing was

All that *aged mothers* fancy when they love,

I am perfectly prepared to testify; nevertheless I am fain to confess that I should have been exceedingly well pleased to have been conveyed to the top by means of other limbs than my own. Not however that any thing in the shape of a carriage could have been dragged up it; but a donkey or a mule would have been a blessing past all price. I, am a tolerably good walker too, and very rarely complain of the steepness of an ascent, being for the most part quite willing to pay the tax of moderate fatigue for the *belvédére* which is its usual reward. But in this case our treacherous coachman, in order to avoid the having to take our carriage up the practicable road leading from the town of d'Albigny to the castle of Miolans, had recommended to us a track little fitted for any thing less agile than a mountain goat. The rock on which the fortress is built is itself a wonder, jutting boldly forth as it does from the mountain side,

and it cannot fail of producing feelings of admiration for the bold man who had the courage to fix upon such aspot for the construction of his stronghold, and the perseverance to convey materials to such an eagle's nest to complete it. Such being the position of this once celebrated state prison, to which a practicable road must have been originally made from the neighbouring town with considerable labour and difficulty—such being the nature of its position, let any one imagine what sort of work it must be to get up to it by means of a short zig-zag cut very nearly up the front of the cliff! This feat I had to perform before breakfast, and on a morning too already beginning to be "pretty considerably" hot; so that I certainly remember my approach to this renowned state prison with no great wish to reach it again in the same way. I consider it as a matter of conscience to describe this wild and beautiful path faithfully, because the entrance upon it is of a very beguiling character, looking gently upward with a tree or two arching over it very charmingly for a yard or two, and altogether tempting the unwary wanderer to leave the unpicturesque comfort of a carriage for a heavenward ramble, which will cost him however many "windy suspirations of forced breath" ere he reaches the end of it.

But having thus honourably and conscientiously performed my duty as a guide, and said quite enough to prevent the footsteps of dainty and delicate travellers from entering upon an enterprize which would be likely enough to prove any thing but agreeable to them, the same spirit of truth induces me to encourage those who are stout and stalwart, and light of foot withal, to pay no attention whatever to any word I have said against this said short cut to the castle of Miolans, for to all such it would prove delightful from the first step to the last. Even to me, fasting and fagged as I was, I never paused to take breath without being ready to acknowledge that the magnificent landscape, growing wider and wider at every step we took, was enough to repay a greater labour. At last we reached the bit of table land on which the fortress stands, and to this, by some means or other, I do most strongly advise all manner of persons to attain, who have eyes formed after the fashion alluded to some pages ago—that is to say, eyes gifted with the (not universal) power of knowing what is beautiful when they see it.

It is easy enough to account for the delight such eyes convey to their possessors on beholding a fine landscape, but whence arises that delight, if possible, more pungent still, produced by gazing on the iron strength of the dark towers of Miolans, so sternly gloomy, so universally desolate, so fearfully eloquent, even in decay—of hopeless suffering, and of violence beyond the reach of witness or control? I could easily enough fancy the spirit of Blue Beard, or of a thorough-bred ogre, thrown into a perfect ecstasy of delight at sight of those enormous towers, reared on the very edge of the unscalable rock, so aptly formed to sustain them, each one large enough to contain a hundred wives, dead or alive, or a larder of a thousand innocents, while every feature, from the dungeon keep to the portcullis, seems to speak alike of strength and of concealment. But why such peaceably-minded individuals as my companion and myself should look upon this stern, dark object with such exceeding satisfaction, I am a good deal at a loss to comprehend. Yet so it was. We sat down upon a beautiful morsel of soft turf, as green as if it had been growing upon the Emerald Isle instead of upon a rock in Savoy, and,

stranger still, we sat too under the shelter of a chesnut tree, as rich and flourishing as if it had been born and bred in Spain; and there I truly believe that we both of us as completely forgot that we had not breakfasted as if the vulgar necessities of eating and drinking made no part of our sublime natures. There we sat, and confessed to each other that the most glorious palace in the world, with all the grace of architecture, and all the splendour of royal occupation, would fail to delight us as we were then delighted by those black mouldering walls. The back ground against which they reared themselves was indeed as bright a field of heaven's own blue as ever was seen by an untravelled tramontane, and the rich expanse which seemed to stretch with a servile submission at its feet, as if bringing its subject treasures as an offering to its indomitable strength, was most marvellously fair to look upon. Yet it was not from all this beauty that it derived its charm. On the contrary, we should probably have been more enraptured still had the rock on which the splendid ruin stood overhung a raging ocean, or a cataract as horrifically grand as Niagara. I cannot remember, among all the multitude of ruins which I have visited, any collections of walls, arches, and buttresses in which there exists such various materials for exciting feelings of, not exactly terror, but a poetic approach to it, as the castle of Miolans. Yet it is probable that the strange effect I am attempting to describe was more the result of a foolish adventure which befel us there, than of the more usual aspect of the place; although no one, I presume, would venture to deny that the colour, form, and position of this portentous looking mass of stones have, when seen under the most ordinary circumstances, an air of gloomy severity which cannot be contemplated with indifference. This adventure was, as I have said, a foolish one, and if I recount it for the use and benefit of scramblers and climbers in general, and for those in particular who happen to visit the castle of Miolans, it ought to be received as a very magnanimous proof of benevolence.

After having sat on the green sward long enough to recover from the heat and fatigue of the ascent, we entered one of a nest of little cottages which seem to have grown up, it is difficult to guess how or why, behind the ruined fortress, and inquired of a woman whom we found there, if we could be admitted into the interior of the ruin, the unassisted access to which was prevented by an enormous gate of solid oak. The reply was more civil than satisfactory, as it informed us that we should be perfectly welcome to go in, but that her husband, who always kept the keys of the castle, was gone to the fair at Albigny, and that till he returned, all access to it was impossible. She added that we should be sure to see him back in about a couple of hours or so, and might sit down, if we pleased, during the interval.

Now before our embarrassment at hearing this can be justly appreciated, it would be necessary to comprehend both the vehemence of our wishes for breakfast, and likewise for seeing the interior of the ruin; both of which sensations, being in intensity considerably beyond the ordinary average of human emotions, cannot by any means be easily described. As to sitting down in the good woman's hot little cottage, that was not a part of the business likely to trouble us, as our thanks for the offer were easily returned; and without uttering any definitive decision about waiting, or not waiting, we moved off towards the ruin, to find out how far we could go, and how much we could see without the assist-

ance of the keys. It was impossible to have devised any project *less* likely to set our troubled spirits to rest, and prepare us for walking contentedly down the long gradual descent which led to Albigny and breakfast. Any thing more provocative to curiosity than the peeps we got by clambering up to loopholes, and applying our longing eyes to the huge keyhole of the gates, cannot well be imagined.

The most remarkable feature of this fine old building is the boldness with which the mighty towers which flank the side that fronts the valley, rise from the very extremest edge of the perpendicular rock. It is impossible to imagine a site more daring or more picturesque, and our peepings showed us exactly enough of this to convince us that it would be a very heart-breaking business indeed to depart without seeing more of it. But like all other keys used to lock up particular portions of ruined castles, those which were now jingling in the dissipated warder's pocket, through the fair at Albigny, were absolutely necessary for our admittance to the point which we were exactly most anxious to reach. My companion left me for a few moments in order to examine the crumbling walls in all directions, not without hope that their falling condition might at some point or other defy the necessity of keys, and thus give us the power of penetrating to the inner court by only paying the penalty of a scramble. In short space he returned.

"I think," said he, "that I could manage to get in without much difficulty, and so might you too, if you would trust to me, and not take fright lest I should let go your hand, and so suffer you to tumble over the precipice."

The truth is, and that my companion well knew, that the particular mode of destruction arising from falling over a precipice is the one, *par excellence*, for which I feel the least predilection, and for an extremely good reason, namely, that like cowardice, it makes one die many deaths instead of one, by means of the horrible vertigo which the mere sight of the danger is sure to occasion.

"I am quite willing to trust you," I replied, "and I cannot imagine there can be any danger of falling over the precipice, inasmuch as we cannot even see it before we are actually in the interior court."

"There certainly is no danger," said he, "if you will trust to me, and not think about the precipice. Come with me, and I will show you a place where we can easily get in."

I followed him accordingly, and after a few twistings and turnings among the old walls we reached a spot at the farther side of the building from that by which we had approached it, and found it looking more like a rich meadow than a bare rock, with good herbage, and abundance of fine chesnut-trees. We stood here, on the verge of a steep hill, and looked down from it on the distant valley below; nevertheless, there was nothing in the least degree approaching a precipice, for the majestic crag on which the castle stands is most singularly isolated, and looks as if it had been flung out from the grassy hill's side by the action of a volcano. I looked down very complacently over the sunny slope, and sagely observed that although it was very steep, I did not consider walking on the edge of it as at all dangerous; which pithy remark was elicited by my perceiving that having reached this edge, my companion was leading me back again along its extreme verge, though wherefore I knew not, for the stern black wall of one of the towers reared its impene-

trable surface before us, pierced by no visible ingress of any sort, save a window high above our heads.

"There is nothing very terrible," I repeated, "here; but how are we to get on? There does not appear to me to be a single inch to stand upon beyond the walls of this gigantic tower."

"Wait a moment," was the reply, and on we went to within a foot or two of the building. "Now then observe," said my companion, "it is evident that many a step has passed this way; do you not perceive three regular steps? These will take us in perfect safety to a breach by which we can enter as easily as by the great gates."

And as he spoke, he performed the feat he proposed, disappearing for an instant, and returning again immediately. It is by no means easy to describe the spot so as to render the proposed manœuvre intelligible; but the most important feature in it to my eyes, was a good thick bush of furze-brake or underwood, which effectually masked the horror of the precipice at the point where the footsteps were visible; and well knowing the trust-worthy arm I had to assist me, I boldly stepped forward, and in another moment, by the help of the said arm in making one somewhat steep upward step, I found myself precisely on the spot where we wished to be.

I will not now pause to describe any of the gratification which ensued from looking down from various "points of vantage," attained with no great difficulty or danger, upon the noble landscape below us, but proceed to tell what our condition was, when this pleasure having been enjoyed, was past and over.

"Now then!" said I, having looked about sufficiently to assure myself that I had left nothing very remarkable unseen, "now then, let us get out again, and gallop down the hill as fast as we can to breakfast."

And arm in arm we approached the place by which we had entered; but

Oh! the heavy change!

not indeed that in reality any change had taken place in the locality, for to the best of my knowledge and belief we had not displaced a single pebble by our entrance; nevertheless, the difference seemed to me as great as that between looking down an easy staircase, with every broad step carpeted, and inviting you to use it, and looking down the space occupied by the said commodious staircase, every step thereof being maliciously removed! But here again description fails me, and I can only say it was so, without being able to convey in words such a picture of the ground as to make this change conceivable. The most important describable point of difference was the absence of the bush which had been immediately before me when I had to make the first downward step. This may be understood by those who share my unhappy propensity to vertigo, but will, I suspect, be perfectly unintelligible to those who do not. It was, however, quite sufficient to make the operation of returning by the same way we came, a matter of total and complete impossibility to me. It was in vain that my stronger-headed companion pointed out to me the undeniable fact that the same morsel of level earth which had supported my feet as I came up, might support my feet as I came down. This was a point which I did not attempt to dispute with him, nevertheless it was utterly beyond my power to profit by the conviction he enforced, and in truth he knew my infirmity too well to urge

me very strongly, confessing that the first downward step which it was now necessary to take, in order to escape from this awful stronghold *did* certainly require a firm foot and steady head to perform it safely; and I had the great comfort of perceiving that he had evidently no inclination to attempt the adventure, unless it were entered upon with free will and unflinching courage on my part. But the perceiving this was pretty nearly my *only* comfort, for any thing more utterly helpless and forlorn than our situation can hardly be imagined. What was to be done next?

"Let us," said I, "go round the walls, and carefully examine every part of them; perhaps we may find some point at which it might be possible for me to climb over them."

"You forget their height on the other side," he replied. "So much rubbish from the ruins of the interior have fallen here, that it is likely enough we might find many points at which you might reach the top of the wall on this side—the difficulty will be how to get down on the other."

"But let us at least examine every part of the inclosure," said I. And we sat off accordingly, pausing at every spot that offered the slightest hope of affording a practicable exit, but finding ourselves obliged to abandon all in succession, from finding that however possible it might be to get up, it would be by far too desperate an undertaking to attempt getting down. Alas! how little did we then care for all the curious architectural intricacies that our minute examinations brought to view! Neither traces of little staircases in the thickness of the wall, nor the low-browed arches now filled up with rubbish, which, questionless, once led to awful dungeons; no, nor even the stumbling over the weed-covered rusty ring of an unmistakable trap-door, could move us further. Considerably lowered in strength both by fatigue and fasting, I felt what is commonly called nervous, which means that all my ordinary courage and power of exertion seemed perfectly gone, and I was so completely "a coward in my own esteem," that I felt before our search was ended as if it would be infinitely better to lie down and go to sleep, than give myself any farther trouble in seeking the means of either creeping or climbing out of the prison I had so unwisely got into.

Just as I had reached this very deplorable epoch in my existence, and while heavily hanging on my companion's arm, I was dragging my weary hopeless steps towards a dark angle of the building which we had not yet explored, we suddenly came upon a human being whom we seemed to startle, quite as much as he startled us. This odd-looking fellow-creature, whose presence, notwithstanding his very peculiar ugliness, we should have gladly welcomed if he would have let us, was a most ungainly-looking boy or dwarf, I really know not which, who, if the former, might from his size be about twelve or thirteen years of age. His occupation, considering the spot on which we found him, was queer enough. He was seated on the ground in a dark, dank corner of the ruin, with a villanously dirty fragment of linen upon his knees, into which he was counting what seemed to be a pretty large collection of copper, and small silver coins. I certainly started on seeing him; for the apparition was equally ugly and unexpected, becoming visible to us as we turned round the projecting corner of a tower; but my start was nothing in comparison to his. I shall not easily forget the look of dismay which

took possession of his hideous features as he caught sight of us; but he was upon his legs in a moment, and darting round another corner of the old walls, was out of sight with a degree of rapidity that seemed to m rather spiritlike and alarming. My companion, however, darted after him, hallooing to him lustily to stop, but it was all in vain. He was gone, vanished either into thin air or thick stone, for nothing else remained visible to our eyes, neither could we discern any possible means by which he could have made his exit. There was too much of disagreeable reality, however, in the dilemma in which we found ourselves to leave us any imagination to dream of sprites and hobgoblins, and having by the departure of this extraordinary-looking personage lost the hope of escape which his appearance within the walls of our prison had inspired, it occurred to us both at the same moment that we must find it again in the fact that *he* had certainly found means to get out, and therefore that we might do so likewise.

"Where he is gone we can follow," I exclaimed.

"I should hope so," replied my companion, "for sure am I that he has not climbed over the walls; he could not have done so without our seeing him."

This inference, from the position of the ground on which we stood seemed very clear; for the fugitive must have crossed an open space in some direction to have reached them. But what then had become of him? Nothing less than the accomplished science of the nineteenth century could have inspired the confidence we felt of his not being formed of less solid materials than flesh and blood. But as it was, this confidence was enough to make us deem it worth while to examine every crack and cranny of the massive barrier which enclosed us, in the hope of finding some neglected breach in it, which might serve our purpose.

"Sit you down here," said my companion, pointing to a fallen stone, conveniently backed by a fragment of masonry, which sheltered it from the brilliant sunshine, "sit you here and let me have a hunt."

This interval of rest was extremely welcome to me, and my patience under the delay that followed was by no means exhausted, when my fellow-prisoner returned to me. The moment I saw his face I was convinced that he had been successful, and in a manner from which he had evidently found amusement as well as release, for he was laughing. The adventure, nevertheless, did not appear to have ended altogether without danger, for he had his handkerchief wrapped about his hand, as it might have been had he received a sabre-cut thereon. His countenance, however, prevented any serious alarm.

"It is all right now," said he. "I made rather a hasty plunge into some brambles, and have got scratched a little, but I have broken a very respectable-looking sally-port through them now, so you have nothing to fear."

That I lost no time in following him may be easily believed; and having scrambled over a little rough ground, covered with fragments of masonry and rank weeds, I found myself in front of what appeared to me the very highest and most inaccessible wall of the whole enclosure. I looked up at it with dismay.

"You must look down and not up," said my guide; and thus instructed I did look down, but perceived nothing but an extremely

thickly tangled mass of brambles, which rose to the height of five or six feet against the wall.

"But I see no sally-port," said I.

"Patience," he replied; and taking my hand while he twisted round the corner of the bush, he placed me on the top of three or four very dilapidated steps, that appeared to terminate in a low arch, by no means inviting in appearance, for whatever was beyond it, though not in total darkness, was too obscure to be fairly judged of as a place of refuge. The top of the steps was still a good deal encumbered and partially concealed by brambles, but they had been sufficiently removed to leave a practicable exit.

"But where does that dark arch lead to?" said I.

"To breakfast," was the prompt reply; and on hearing it, I felt that neither darkness, nor dust, nor thickets, nor thorns could stop me, and boldly making the first downward plunge I presently found myself in what must once have been a reservoir for water, but it was now perfectly dry, and scrambling up again on the opposite side of it, we perceived that we were still within the original enclosure of the castle, though happily beyond the barrier intended to be kept sacred by the keys of the great gates. And, truth to say, no very heavy charge of carelessness lies against the guardian who, as it seems, so carefully keeps these keys in his pocket; for neither the entrance nor the exit which we had discovered for ourselves were of a nature sufficiently tempting to endanger his losing many sous by neglecting them. As to the exit, indeed, I think it must require necessity as sharp as our own to lead either to its discovery or its use; and as to the entrance I would assuredly recommend it to no one, young or old, male or female, who is not conscious of a head and a foot as steady and as firm as those of a chamois hunter.

As to the dirty little miser, to whom we probably owed the discovery of the friendly cistern, we saw him twice afterwards, once on the road, and once in the fair through which we subsequently passed in the carriage. Whether his riches had been accumulated by begging, stealing, or the long and careful hoarding of the wages of his youthful labour, we had no means of deciding, but of the three, the last seemed to us by much the least probable.

And did we not trot briskly and merrily down the beautiful though somewhat long road which led to St. Pierre d'Albigny? and did not the increased enjoyment both of rest and refreshment atone for the want of both? and is there any pleasure that can be enjoyed *au mieux* without previous privation? The moral of my tale is therefore twofold; first, never get into a prison if you can help it, without knowing how you can get out; secondly, never grumble at a long walk before breakfast when you are quite sure of getting good coffee and rolls at the end of it.

* * * * *

The whole drive from St. Pierre d'Albigny to Chambray, which occupied the latter part of this varied day, is most superb. We passed immediately under that tremendous Mont Grenier, a portion of which, in the thirteenth century, fell and destroyed a town and sixteen villages. The part of the rock from which this awful mass was precipitated may still be distinguished.

# FINISHING WITH A DINNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," &c.

Un malheur ne vient jamais seul.

OLD PROVERB.

## CHAP. I.

IN a retired village, some eighty miles from London, on the great northern road, lived one Raymond Fowler. In the immediate sphere of his duties his name was never heard. He was called simply "the Doctor," and when any body within sixteen miles of Sowerberry spoke of the doctor, every body knew that Raymond Fowler was the individual alluded to. He had, strictly speaking, a very *extensive* practice, although it could not be called a *very* profitable one; for what he earned by what he was pleased to denominate pharmas*hu*ticals, was sadly lessened by the wear and tear of vehicles and horse-flesh. He was the only medical man within twenty miles of Sowerberry, and the circuit within which his practice lay was a tract of hilly country, much of it uncultivated, and dotted here and there with a farm house, a church and parsonage, and a few labourers' cottages. The roads were mere nominal roads; they were only a series of cart-ruts, either over ploughed fields or over the downs, where, in order to assist travellers on dark nights, they were marked out by little heaps of chalk placed about twenty feet from each other on the green sward. In summer time his *iters*, as he always classically spoke of his journeys, were pleasant enough, but in winter it was almost impracticable to go from farm to farm on wheels, for the soil in the cultivated regions was a deep clay of so tenacious a character, that if a vehicle of any sort was once firmly fixed in it, the only chance the driver had of extricating it, was to take the horse out and ride off across country to the nearest farm, and beg the loan of a powerful team and a skilful waggoner.

From long practice Mr. Raymond Fowler knew the very day on which it was necessary for him to lay up his headed buggy for the winter. The harness was well cleaned and oiled, and put up in a dry cupboard about the beginning of November, and when he had rubbed the harness the doctor's servant rubbed his hands and smiled to think that that part of his duties was over until the March winds had hardened the surface of the country. The buggy—and such a buggy! its fashion would have thrown Long Acre into fits of laughter—was carefully cleaned and covered up, the coach-house locked to prevent the fowls roosting on its leather head and splash-board, and the key deposited in a place of safety. When that door was unlocked again, and the buggy made its appearance it was a signal to all the farmers to get their seed-barley ready; for they knew that the land was in a fit and proper state to receive it. When the buggy disappeared, and the coach-house door was locked again, woe be to that farmer who had not ploughed his land and sowed his wheats! he smoked a most melancholy pipe, for he knew that all further attempts to get upon the lands would be useless. Thus the doctor's buggy was regarded in the neighbourhood of Sowerberry as an agricultural barometer.

The figure of the doctor, although not handsome or symmetrical,

was fortunately admirably suited to the saddle. The weight was all above the horse, for when Mr. Fowler stood up he appeared to be about the average height of his species, and when he sat down he seemed to lose about two feet by so doing, his legs were so very long, and his back so very short. They—his legs—moreover, were bowed, and seemed made to fit the saddle-flaps, and the Crispin of Sowerberry had been obliged to have a pair of boot-trees made on purpose for his medical customer. These long legs were as remarkably thin as his arms and shoulders were thick and stout, and his head was remarkably large and thick too. He was a very queer looking man, and dressed himself in the garb of a respectable farmer of the day.

Mr. Raymond Fowler always rode a good horse. He was a judge of horseflesh, and bought every young horse that pleased his eyes, for it was a profitable plan to him. He broke them and rode them in his business, and when they were perfect he found a means of falling in with the hounds in the course of his *iters*, and as he was an excellent rider he soon led the field, and was always in at the death—of Charley, I mean, not of his patients—when they, his patients, were on the point of being run into by the King of Terrors he called in the parson, and never went near the house again until his services were needed by some other branches of the family.

When the doctor appeared in the field a grand struggle took place among the gentlemen who wanted a hunter. They forgot hounds and fox too, and chased the doctor. The man who got up first shouted out "How much?" "Eighty guineas," was the answer; "He's mine," closed the deal, for the doctor never asked more or less than he meant to take. As Mr. Raymond Fowler generally sold two or three young horses every season, and the buyers of them assigned them names allusive to the profession of the seller, the Sowerberry hunt contained an odd assortment of horse-titles. There was the Bay Doctor, the Black Doctor, the Gray Doctor, and, in short, doctors of every hue. There were Gallipots, Galens, Pill-boxes, Pestles, Mortars, Ointments, Plaisters, Blisters, Apoplexies, Epilepsies, Catalepsies, and many others which the reader's imagination will readily supply. The most famous of all of them was Squire Sowerberry-of-Sowerberry's Squirt. He had called him Syringe, as being more elegant, but his groom, who had been under-gardener, assured him that that was the name of a *tree*—the syringa being the nearest approach to syringe that he had ever heard—so his name was changed to Squirt, and he did not disgrace his name, for he went off as quick as a jet of water out of that little instrument, and kept it up to the end of the burst.

Mr. Raymond Fowler occupied the Vicarage House of Sowerberry. The vicar was non-resident, under the plea of the house being out of repair. This was not a false plea, for it was in such a condition that few men would have ventured to inhabit it but the doctor. He would not have done so had it not been in the very centre of the hunt and his practice, and, moreover, stood in the midst of some rich pastures, admirably suited for grazing young horses.

At the time when the little incident happened which I am about to relate, Mr. Raymond Fowler was about fifty-five years of age, hale and hearty, and in prosperous circumstances, for he was very close-fisted, and never indulged in any thing but his own excellent strong beer—which he said was the best thing to work upon,—except at the expense of some one

or other of his numerous patients. He was married to an industrious woman, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and had had a numerous family, but all of them had been taken from him save one—the youngest girl.

His establishment consisted of a drudge in female attire, who looked more like a man in disguise than a woman, from her enormous size, and a peculiarly redundant crop of hair which grew upon her chin and upper lip. She had lived many years with the family, and kept her master and mistress a little *in terrorem*. She did all the work that her mistress could not do, and that John, the groom and gardener, would not do. The only addition to these two individuals, who, I ought to mention it, quarrelled daily, and had quarrelled daily for many years, and were likely to continue quarrelling daily as long as they lived together, was the apprentice, or rather the succession of apprentices; for somehow or another Mr. Raymond Fowler's "young men" seldom stayed one twelvemonth with him. Whether it was that Mrs. Fowler interfered too much in the dispensing part of the business, and insisted on cheap substitutes being used instead of the dearer articles prescribed by her husband on some very momentous occasions, or that the accommodations and supplies were not deemed equivalent to the premium paid and to the youths' expectations I cannot say; I can only mention the fact, that before the expiration of a year Mr. Raymond Fowler had to refund part of the premium, or stand a law-suit, which he was too wise to do, after the first time, when he was *cast*, as the phrase is, and to advertise for another pupil; or, for I believe in those days the name was not deemed so vulgar as it is now—an apprentice.

Mr. Raymond Fowler was not a clever man by any means, indeed he was but one degree above a cow-leech or horse-doctor. The little he knew of his profession he knew practically. He despised theory, and as to all modern improvements he scorned them as innovations set on foot by assuming *ignorami*, as he called them. He knew nothing of the classics, although when he did talk, which was but seldom, for he had a trick of nodding or shaking his head, smiling or looking melancholy, which he thought excellent substitutes for spoken opinions on doubtful cases; I say, when he did talk, he tried to talk classically. How far his knowledge of Latin went may be judged of by this little fact. He one day received a note from a neighbouring parson, who apologized for any errors it might contain, upon the common plea of its having been written *currente calamo*.

"Order the horse, my dear, Parson Spinks has hurt himself," cried the doctor.

"How? what do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Fowler.

"Why, can't you see? Oh! I forget you don't know Latin. You see *currente calamo?* Well, that means that he has met with a calamity, that is, an accident, in running."

## Chap. II.

The reader will arrive at a juster estimate of the habits and opinions of Mr. Raymond Fowler from the following little dialogue than from any further description that I could give of him.

As he sat over a late breakfast with his wife, for he had but just been

released from attendance on a lady anti-Malthusian given, Phœbe, the drudge, entered and tossed a letter on the table in a very rude manner. Her temper had been soured by the unwillingness of the butter *to come* after she had been *churming* for some three hours.

"There's a letter, and it's one-and-eight."

"One-and-eight—what, twenty-pence? I won't take it in," said the doctor. "If I do may—"

"Very well; it's no consarn of mine," said Phœbe, snatching it out of his hand. "I'll give it posty again, and I hope it contains money, that's all."

"Stop, Phœbe, stop; Raymond, my dear, don't risk any loss for twenty-pence. What's the post-mark, Phœbe?" cried Mrs. Fowler.

"How can I tell as haven't opened the letter, and can't read. I'll go and ask posty," said Phœbe.

"It comes from Lunnun, and has got someut inside of it, he says, and that makes it double what it would have been."

Mr. Raymond Fowler took the letter, felt it carefully all over, squeezed the sides open, and endeavoured to peep into it. He could see nothing but what seemed to be a little note in a large cover. He examined the superscription, in hopes that the character of the writing might enable him to guess at the writer. The attempt was a failure. As he sat doubting whether he should take it in or not, her mistress had quietly given Phœbe one shilling and eightpence, and posty, as she called him, was already dismissed.

"Open it, my dear; that is the shortest way of discovering its contents."

"What! and have to pay twenty pence for what is perhaps only the latest price of drugs, and a solicitation for an order? Preposterous!"

"It is paid for, and therefore you had better open it."

"Mrs. F., Mrs. F., do you think I am suffering from a pecuniary plethora?"

"Open the letter, Mr. F., or give it to me."

The doctor put the letter under his plate and shook his head negatively. When he had finished his rasher and drank his tea, which he did very deliberately, in order, I am sorry to say it, to provoke his wife, he took the letter from under his plate, put on his spectacles, and wasted some ten minutes in inspecting the wafer, the post-mark, and the direction, over which was written "private and confidential."

"Very odd indeed; who can have any thing private and confidential to say to me?"

"Open the—"

"An incurable, perhaps, who has been improperly treated by the Londoners, and has heard of my fame."

"Don't be a donkey," said Phœbe, as she removed the breakfast things; "it's more likely a man as wants a horse physicked."

"*Do* open the —," said Mrs. F.

"Young woman, Phœbe, I mean, not you, Mrs. F., if you allow your irritability of temper to overpower your cerebral functions, you will come to an untimely death," said the doctor, gravely.

"Stuff! Mr. F.," said the wife.

"Ay, doctor's stuff—heugh!" said Phœbe, shuddering as if she had taken a senna draught, and had nothing to drive the taste away.

"When the delicate nerves of the cinciput and occiput are—" began the master, intending to read Phœbe a clever lecture.

"I don't believe a word about it," said the maid, tucking the table-cloth under her arm, and walking off with the breakfast cups and saucers. "You may gammon them as don't know you, but you can't gammon me as knows you so well."

"I'll discharge that girl, Mrs. F., she is as impudent as she is tall. Six feet of sheer rudeness."

"Do open the letter and never mind Phœbe, it's only owing to the cream."

Mr. Raymond Fowler still kept his wife in suspense by giving her a long detail of all the offences that Phœbe had committed during the period of her service in the family, and would have prolonged the trial of her patience, had she not quietly made sham preparations for leaving the room.

"Do not leave me, Mrs. F., until you have heard the result of this private and confidential communication."

"I must really go and see if the butter is come," replied the lady, "and as to the contents of the letter you can let me know them to-night or to-morrow morning."

"I insist upon your hearing them *now,* Mrs. F.; remember your marriage vow."

"As you please, Mr. F."

"Then sit down, madam, and don't make me fancy you are anxious to elope."

Mrs. F. sat down, and Mr. F. opened the letter, but not before he had begged the loan of his wife's scissors in order that he might not destroy any portion of the writing in getting at the interior.

He so seldom received a letter that such an article as an envelope was unknown to him, so that when he had removed the outer cover and found all blank, he was bewildered.

"Sad waste of half a sheet of Bath post," said he.

"Open the enclosure, my love."

Raymond obeyed, and fully expected to see some equivalent for his twenty pence within its folds. The enclosure was merely a note from a lawyer, the adviser of Squire Sowerberry of Sowerberry, who had been under the painful necessity of summoning a rich aunt, to whom he was heir-at-law, before a jury to determine whether she was sane or not sane, *compos vel non-compos.* He had heard from the country lawyer that she had made a will bequeathing sundry large sums to a chapel of which she had recently become a member.

The inquiry *de lunatico* had been held in London, at the Gray's Inn coffee-house, and Mr. Raymond Fowler had attended at that excellent hotel as a most important witness, inasmuch as he had been the medical adviser of old Madame Sowerberry for many years. His evidence was of the greatest service to the heir-at-law, as it fully proved, to the satisfaction of the jury, that Madame Sowerberry had been totally incapacitated from managing her own affairs for at least three years before the period of making her extraordinary will. What could make it clearer that she was *non compos mentis* at that time, than the fact that she had refused to give the doctor a reasonable sum, say fifty pounds, for a horse to draw

her carriage, for which young Squire Sowerberry gave eighty *guineas* within three days of the time she had refused to take it off her doctor's hands at the first-mentioned low figure?

The commissioner congratulated Mr. Raymond Fowler on the clear and conclusive manner in which he had given his evidence, and that gentleman having no one at home to wait upon his patients, as soon as his examination and cross-examination were over, got upon the York mail and went back again to Sowerberry, leaving the London mad-doctors to fight out the battle of sanity or insanity according to their respective theories. He had received the amount of his expenses, and a trifling remuneration for loss of time, from Messrs. Chance and Nogo, his squire's solicitors, and had fondly thought the business ended.

Let us look over his shoulder as he is reading the twenty-penny-worth of letter. Its contents were these:

"Staples Inn,
"June 7th.

"Dear Sir,

"The inquiry into the state of mind of Mrs. Priscilla Sowerberry is at length satisfactorily concluded. We mean to finish off with a dinner, and as your evidence was, in the last degree, most valuable in saving so large a sum of money from the hands of the Jumpers and Shakers, Mr. Sowerberry, of Sowerberry, begs you will favour us with your company upon this most interesting occasion. The old lady is shut up.

"We have the honour to be,
"Your obedient humble servants,
(For Messrs. Chance and Nogo),
"Simeon Flurry.

"P.S. We have authority for saying that your expenses will be paid, and your loss of time duly remunerated. Dinner at the Gray's Inn coffee-house on the 12th at six—*military time*."

"Of course you will go, Raymond—you must not disoblige the squire," said Mrs. F.; "your expenses are to be paid, and you will be amply remunerated for your—"

"Amply, Mrs. F.—what *do* you mean by amply? Can Messrs. Chance and Nogo calculate on what I may earn in a day?—no. And then my patients—can I leave them to the mercy of your dispensations—I mean—dispensings, and my apprentice's advice? I have a most awfully responsible duty to perform—I—I—should like to dine with the squire, but duty—duty—Mrs. F., you know what the great Lord Nelson used to say on that subject—'England expects—'"

"He was not a country apothecary, and if I was you, I would go. And as to duty, ain't it summer and no one ailing? Why, you have only a few children in the scarlets; measles and hoopings are over, and no births expected. As to coughs, gout, and rheumatism, I can handle them as well as you, and if any thing in the accident way should occur, you can't be expected to be in the way on purpose to provide for it—go, by all means. You have not seen much of London, go and enjoy yourself and—bring back a good stock of grocery—it will save carriage."

Mr. Raymond Fowler was delighted at the view which his wife had taken of the affair, but he would not own it. He pulled out a long narrow-shaped pocket-book, and pretended to examine it closely.

"Well, my dear, what important cases do you expect?"

"None, Mrs. F., none—I am happy to say the country is healthy."

"There's one, and that's a whopper, shortly," said Phœbe, who had been quietly listening to all that had passed.

"Young woman—(Phœbe was fifty-four)—young woman, I *must* discharge you."

"There's Gideon Giles's wife like to be down with her seventeenth in the course of a week."

"True, too true—prodigious are the puerperal powers of that poor creature!" sighed and said the doctor.

"The what?—how you do abuse your best customers."

"Never mind, Phœbe, retire—and put up two shirts, two pair of socks, and every thing necessary for your master for a week's absence; old Rachel Tims can wait on Gideon's wife, if her time arrives before your master."

"Sooner than that intruder into regular practice should dare to attend one of my patients, I would stay in Sowerberry and offend fourteen Squire Sowerberrys, and you, madam, and you, Phœbe—I will *not* go to London," stormed the doctor.

"Don't be a donkey," said Phœbe.

"Put up the things," said the mistress.

Mr. Raymond Fowler swore heartily at both of them, mounted a fine young colt, and set out upon his rounds to tell every one that he was going to town to dine with Squire Sowerberry, of Sowerberry, who had been fortunate enough, through his important evidence, to put his aunt into a madhouse for the rest of her life.

## Chap. III.

While the doctor is travelling up to town on the box-seat of the York mail, it may be as well to explain to the reader the motives which induced his wife to urge him to accept the invitation to what Phœbe called, the mad dinner.

Independently of wishing to obtain a large parcel of groceries, carriage free, she was most anxious that no offence should be given to the squire on her daughter's account. Miss Henrietta was rather a pretty young woman, and Mr. Sowerberry, of Sowerberry, whenever he called on the doctor to see his colts, or to pay his respects to the family, was rather fond of chatting and laughing with his daughter. He sometimes prolonged his visits beyond the half hour usually devoted to a call and the young lady fondly imagined it was for the sake of her agreeable conversation, while, in reality, it was for the sake of her papa's admirable strong beer, of which the squire was very fond.

The mother, like a fool as she was, construed these little chit-chats over the ale-glass into serious attentions, and entertained not the slightest doubt, but that if her husband played his cards well, Miss Henrietta Fowler would become Squiress Sowerberry, of Sowerberry. She did not make known her ill-grounded hopes and expectations to the

doctor, for fear he should by his very significant head-noddings and shakings, give the squire a premature hint of them, and so drive him from the trap before he had entered it far enough to be fairly caught.

Mr. Raymond Fowler had no such thoughts. When he accepted the invitation, it was in hopes that he should have an excellent dinner, plenty of wine, and an agreeable week's lionising in London at another person's expense.

It is not my intention to give a description of the dinner, or a record of the many witty remarks made by the assembled parties at the expense of the insane Priscilla Sowerberry, and the Jumpers and Shakers. Suffice it to say, the evening passed merrily, and a great deal of wine was consumed. Some of the gentlemen, especially those who talked and sung the loudest, were very tipsy and wisely retired early. The doctor and Mr. Simeon Flurry, the managing clerk of Messrs. Chance and Nogo, sat together at the bottom of the table, and although they never passed the bottle without filling a bumper, were such well-seasoned vessels that at eleven o'clock at night they found themselves finishing the last bottle by themselves, and as sober, comparatively speaking, as if they had only taken three glasses of wine instead of three bottles.

"Well, doctor, you're a real jolly fellow, I must admit. Come, what do you say to another bottle?—no *chalk*, you know," said Mr. Flurry.

"No more, not a drop more," said the doctor; "I have had just enough to make me comfortable. I shall go to the Saracen's Head, and indulge a little inclination which I feel to somnolency."

"Pooh! pooh!—go to bed at this early hour—never heard of a man who came up to London to see life, going to bed before

Daylight did begin.

Let me see—eleven o'clock—too late for the play—where can we go?—what can we do? Waiter, what sort of an evening is it?"

"Uncommon lovely evening, sir," said the waiter.

"Then, by Jove, we will go to Vauxhall."

Mr. Raymond shook his head and looked gravely, but said nothing until the waiter had left the room. He then in a hesitating manner, and in a low whisper inquired what the expense would be, adding, by way of apology for asking the question, that he had only put enough money in his pocket to pay his fare up, relying for a supply on the promise contained in Mr. Flurry's twenty-penny letter.

"Expense—curse the expense—it all goes down in the costs *de lunatico*. We will go and drink Madame Priscilla's health during her confinement, in a bowl of arrack punch after a cold chicken and champagne."

The doctor's eyes sparkled at the thought, but he still hesitated. He was not *sure* that he should not have to pay for the supper and the addenda out of his own pocket.

"Well, what do you say? capital fireworks, and Madame Saqui on the tight-rope—she goes up as high as the rockets."

"I really should be delighted—but—I—I have no money with me," said the doctor, slowly and demurely.

"Oh, I'll pay—hackney-coach and every thing," said Simeon Flurry, tapping his trousers-pocket.

"But we might get separated in the crowd, you know, and not meet again, or something or other might happen," said the doctor.

"Well, we can soon arrange that. Squire Sowerberry has given us a *carte blanche* as far as you are concerned. How much shall you want to cover all your expenses?"

The doctor *thought* about ten pounds would do, but *said*, "He did not know—he had not calculated."

"Twenty pounds—will that do? or say thirty pounds if you like. We wish to do the handsome thing by so important a witness," said Mr. Flurry.

"I should *think* thirty pounds will cover every thing — a medical man's time is very valuable," said the doctor, musingly, but with an inward chuckle.

"Well—I'll write you a cheque at once, and the landlord will change it for you; but if you will take my advice you will only take a sovereign or two in your pocket, and leave the rest in his hands until to-morrow morning. There are such things as dishonest people even at Vauxhall."

The cheque was taken but not the advice. The doctor intimated with a knowing nod that he had a pocket inside his waistcoat, and should keep a sharp look out. So when the change was brought, he put five sovereigns into his breeches-pocket, and five five-pound notes into a pocket-book, in which Mr. Flurry *fancied* he saw several more—but that was no business of his.

"Now I'm at your service," said the doctor, when he had deposited his pocket-book carefully in his inside pocket, immediately over "the great aorta," as he told his companion.

## Chap. IV.

A coach was called, and the promise of an additional shilling to his legal fare, induced Mr. Jarvey to put his cattle into a canter and deposit his burden at the gates of the gardens in something less than half an hour, which seemed but a few minutes to the insides, "They had such a very jolly chat," as Mr. Flurry said.

The doctor did not quite like his companion's borrowing the money to pay the fare, and the admission to the scene of merriment under the plea of his having no silver—it looked very suspicious. He said nothing, however, but discharged the coach, took his checks, and entered the gardens. He was perfectly astonished with the scene that burst upon his view. He stood staring about him, first at the orchestra, then at the rotunda, then at the variegated lamps, and lastly at the company, who were engaged in listening to a charming ditty, sung most sweetly by Mrs. Bland. The doctor's ears soon caught the sweet sounds and he was enraptured. His enthusiasm was excited to such a pitch, that when the song was over, he joined in the shout for a repetition of it, in such a stentorian voice, that he drew the attention of the whole assembly upon him, which was no way diminished by his queer dress, for he was in his top-boots, drabs, and long-flapped coat, and to crown all, a very *rummy* hat, as his companion called it.

"Bravo, doctor! we must have 'that strain again,' so shout away," said Simeon.

"Brayvoh—anchore, anchore," screamed Fowler.

"Go it, my country kiddy."

"That's the sort, my tidy-rural."

These words of encouragement and approbation proceeded from the mouths of two vulgar little puppies, and such was the excitement under which the doctor was labouring, that he turned round and hit the nearest of them very hard upon the nose.

The little fellow, instead of putting up with the affront, threw himself into a splendid attitude, and popped in one, two, right and left, much to the doctor's surprise, who was a very strong man and reckoned a good boxer—in the country.

The affair had taken place so suddenly, that Mr. Flurry could not interfere before two or three blows had been exchanged. He threw himself between the combatants, and shouted for an officer. Before one could arrive at the spot, the doctor had nearly got to his antagonist again, and was trying with all his might to strike him. Flurry, however, held tightly on to his arm and told him not to be a fool.

"Go it, little one—now, countryman, at him again—a ring, a ring," shouted the ill-disposed part of the crowd.

"Shame, shame—turn them both out," cried those who were more peaceably inclined.

A rush took place, and the doctor found himself separated from his foe, and hurried off between two constables. He was taken into a little room, where his antagonist soon followed him. A gentleman, dressed in black, with a handsome cane in his hand, politely listened to the statements of each party, and bowing, assured the doctor that he was in the wrong, and that he must either satisfy his adversary, or quit the gardens immediately.

"I know him," whispered Mr. Flurry; "give him a sovereign to say no more about it."

The doctor hesitated for a minute—he could not bear to part with twenty shillings, but the thoughts of being compelled to quit the scene of enchantment overcame his reluctance, and he put a sovereign into his opponent's hand, who tossed it up, caught it again, and told Mr. Fowler that "he was a gentleman, and had behaved as sich." The gentleman in black bowed to each with his hand on his breast, and led the way back to the gardens.

"You have narrowly escaped a severe punishment, my dear sir," said Flurry, gravely, "five minutes more, and your wife would not have known you."

"What, from that little chap? I just wish—"

"No, you won't, when I tell you that the little fellow is a great prize-fighter. His name is Brown, and he is known as the 'Sprig of Myrtle' among the Fancy."

The doctor was rather astonished, but still felt an inclination to renew the battle. His thoughts were soon diverted from the subject by seeing himself the observed of all observers; and a remark from an excessively gay-dressed man, "Twig him, Bill; that's the covey that fit with the 'Sprig'—wouldn't he have got served out if it hadn't a been for Mr.

Simpson,"—made him try to hide his very large head in the thickest part of the crowd.

A bell ringing—the signal for the fireworks—relieved the doctor from the gaze of the public. He was forced in the rush to a very convenient place for seeing the exhibition, and received marked attention from a well-dressed man, and a handsomely-attired lady who leaned upon his arm. They made room for him out of the crush, explained to him the meaning of the various devices exhibited, and after the display was over won his heart by assuring him that he had been very ill-used by the little vulgar fellow that had attacked him after grossly insulting him.

How much further their attentions might have gone, it is impossible to say, but Simeon Flurry, who had been separated from his friend in the rush, rejoined him, and putting his arm within his, hurried him off to a little box, and began shouting for a waiter. Forty or fifty voices answered, "Coming," but no one did come, and while they were waiting for a waiter the doctor was busily engaged in looking at a *carte*, on which the bill of fare was written, with the prices of every edible and potable marked upon it.

"Cold chicken, ham, and champagne, of course," said Mr. Flurry.

"Chicken, six shillings; ham, two-and-sixpence; champagne, eighteen shillings," read Mr. Raymond Fowler; a sense of fear that *he* should have to pay twenty-six shillings and sixpence, besides the waiter, and the punch that was to follow the supper, in addition to what he had already paid for the coach, the admission tickets, and, to settle the affair of honour with "the Sprig," made him hesitate.

"Curse those waiters," said Flurry, vexed.

"I really seldom eat suppers, Mr. Simeon, and I do think that a crust of bread-and-cheese, and a tumbler of beer or porter after so excellent a dinner—"

"D—n bread-and-cheese. Waiter, *are* you coming?" said the managing clerk, very greatly excited.

"But the expense," commenced the doctor again.

"D—n the expense; my dear fellow, I beg your pardon for swearing, but I have already told you that that is included in the costs. We do not get a *de lunatico* every day, and the amount of our supper will be a mere drop in the ocean of our charges."

The doctor's views were immediately changed. He longed to commence operations, and shouted "waiter" so loudly, that fifteen or twenty were at his side in an instant.

"Come here, sir," said Mr. Simeon Flurry to the most active-looking one of the lot. "Wait upon us solely, and I'll give you a crown."

The man bowed and winked at his fellows, who withdrew. The supper was ordered, and on the table in a few seconds.

"Tumblers," said Mr. Flurry.

The tapering glasses disappeared, and before the doctor could cut off a wing of a chicken, pop!—fiz! his glass, a very large tumbler, was mantling over with the sparkling fluid.

"Don't wait," said Flurry.

The doctor took the hint, and tossed off the contents of his glass at a draught. He was very thirsty from his previous drinking, and the excitement of his quarrel, and the crowd in which he had been mixing. He

smacked his lips as he set down his glass, sighed, and said, "Delicious! talk of nectar—Jupiter never brewed such stuff as that."

"Very fair," said his friend, critically. "I've drank better. Waiter, fill our glasses, and bring another bottle."

"Poor Priscilla Sowerberry," said the doctor, winking at his companion through his second tumbler; "but I suppose she won't mind it."

"Why, we have just settled that she is out of her mind, therefore she cannot have a mind to mind it," replied the managing clerk, laughing at his own very bad joke, and tossing off a tumbler of champagne.

The second bottle was as speedily finished as the first, and when the cloth was cleared away, an order was given for a bowl of arrack punch. It was soon upon the table, and Mr. Flurry, who did the honours, rejected the diminutive glasses which accompanied it, and ordered tumblers.

"Now taste *that*," said he, handing over a bumper to the doctor.

"Heavens!—what a flavour," cried the doctor, smacking his lips. "How Mrs. Fowler and Phœbe would like it."

"Curse Mrs. Fowler," said Flurry to himself. "Do you not think it wants a little—a very little more sugar?"

"Nothing can improve it," said the doctor. "It wants but one thing—drinking—hah! hah! hah! How much do they charge for it—eh?"

"Never mind—d—n the expense. Drink, and don't think—that's my motto."

"Have we drank Madame Priscilla's better health?" suggested the doctor.

"Not in *punch*," said Mr. Flurry. "Toss off your glass and we'll do it now."

"With the honours. Hip!—hip—"

"By no means; hush, for your own sake, hush. We shall have the eyes of every body upon us."

"What does that matter?—who cares for every body?—let's have a song," said the doctor, and began singing in an appropriately croaking voice,

A frog he would a wooing go,
Heigho!—

"Heigho, indeed," cried a person from the next box. "I wish you would not make such a noise."

"Who is that impertinent individual?" inquired the doctor.

"I really can't tell. Sit down, do."

"I will have a look at him. Why, bless me! my dear squire, how are you? Flurry, my boy, here's aunt Priscilla's nephew."

Mr. Flurry took one look into the squire's box, made a low bow, and dragged his friend back by the coat-tails into their own snuggery, when he saw who the squire's companions were, and heard him say, "All right, doctor—but I'll talk to you by and by."

The doctor was indignant at being dragged away in so unceremonious a manner, and felt inclined to be quarrelsome; but a few whispered words of explanation caused him to forget the insult he fancied he had received, and the appearance of the squire after he had parted with his

friends—who proved to be Messrs. Chance and Nogo—and an order for another bowl of the delicious mixture, made him a happy apothecary.

A delightful hour did the doctor pass. The world seemed a different world to him. He did not care a brass farthing for any body or any thing. Mrs. F. was forgotten. Phœbe's impudence was not dreamed of. His patients might die or not as they pleased; and as to his colts, he felt convinced the one he had just purchased would be sure to win the Derby—if he was entered for it.

When the bowl was finished, the squire retired, after having given the doctor his card and an invitation to breakfast on the following morning.

Mr. Simeon Flurry seemed to be relieved by the absence of so great a man as Squire Sowerberry, of Sowerberry, although he had made himself very agreeable. He immediately ordered another bowl, and called on Mr. Raymond Fowler for a song. That gentleman tried to oblige his friend, but somehow or another he could not recollect either words or tune. He proposed to tell a story instead, and began a very long one about "a patient who was liable to the meagrims, and broke his coffin joint by coming down upon hard ground in a leap, and who had been blistered and turned out on Sowerberry Common, and had never paid his little account up to that very hour, though he had threatened to sue him for the amount."

Mr. Flurry thought this account of the patient a very funny one, but the word *sue* was quite enough for him. He offered to undertake the job, at half-price, out of office hours, and wished to know where the recusant debtor was to be found.

"Down in the world—down—like the high-mettled racer—at plough—at plough," sighed the doctor.

"What—he is a farmer, is he—an agricul—"

"No he aint—he's a horse," said the doctor.

Mr. Flurry looked his friend hard in the face, and fancied he looked sleepy.

"Ah, my dear aunt, how do you do? I'll be back in one moment," said Flurry, rushing up to a very young-looking aunt, and shaking hands with her.

"Phœbe, bring the boot-jack and my slippers," said the doctor, fancying he was at home.

"My dear sir, you are not going to bed here, surely?" said a pleasing voice.

Fowler looked up, and saw the very lady and gentleman who had been so kind to him while the fireworks were being exhibited, sitting opposite to him.

"I really beg pardon. I was a little sleepy. Where's Simeon—eh? Take a little punch, madam? Why, bless me, Simeon's drank it all. Waiter! another bowl of punch."

It was brought in. The lady took a small glass of it, and the gentleman a very large one. He would not allow Mr. Raymond Fowler to be at the trouble of filling his own glass, but filled it for him, and the lady, as she handed it to him, poured a few drops into it from a little phial which she had concealed in her hand.

"This is not so good as the last," said the doctor. "If I was at

home now, I should fancy Mrs. F. or Phœbe had put laudanum into it instead of rack—arrack—what do they call it?"

"Arrack," said the stranger. "It is very like laudanum when they put in too much of it; but come, my dear sir, you seem sleepy. Let us take a turn and look at the company, and then return and finish the bowl."

Mr. Raymond Fowler readily consented, for he felt very queer indeed. The gentleman gave him his arm, and the lady supported him on the other side. No one saw them leave the box, for a riot of some sort had attracted every body to the rotunda.

Mr. Flurry having treated his aunt to a glass of sherry-and-water, returned for his friend. He was nowhere to be found. After making due inquiries, he thought, from the story of the patient—who was a horse—that he had found the punch too powerful for him, or, from the glimpse at the pocket-book, and the suggestion of bread-and-cheese and porter, that he was afraid of having to pay the whole or part of the reckoning, and had slipped away to his inn. He called for the bill and paid it, and having given the waiter the promised gratuity, left the gardens and went home to bed.

## Chap. V.

The morning of the 13th of June, 18—, was, considering how fine the night had been, one of the wettest and coldest that ever was known. Marvellous to say, it snowed at intervals, and the man who had the superintendance of Vauxhall Gardens—regarding them as gardens—was compelled to hoist an umbrella ere he proceeded to inspect the damage done to his plants and flowers. He walked slowly round and round the different paths, and at last came to what the frequenters of Vauxhall must remember as "the Dark Walk." On pulling aside the shrubs, he was surprised to see something like a human being, clad in white, lying on the ground close under the wall. He crept through the evergreens and looked at the intruder, spoke to him, shouted at him, and lastly gave him a violent kick.

"He's dead," said the gardener, as he gave him a second and a harder kick. A deep, hollow groan showed him that he had come to a wrong conclusion.

He grew alarmed from finding a man almost in a state of nudity on his premises — for the individual before him had neither coat, waistcoat, hat, boots, or neckcloth upon him — nothing but his shirt and his drabs, and in the pocket of those drabs was nothing but a card, having inscribed upon it,

MR. CHARLES SOWERBERRY,

22, *Paper Buildings,*

TEMPLE.

"Here's a pretty go! He's been robbed, and I shall have to bear the blame."

Away ran the gardener, and roused up the people opposite. With their assistance, our friend the doctor—for it was he, reader—was ex-

tracted from the shrubbery and placed in a hackney-coach. Accompanied by the gardener, he was driven rapidly to the address on the card found upon him. The porters kindly assisted in carrying him to Paper-buildings, and Mr. Sowerberry, of Sowerberry, was roused from his sleep to admit poor Raymond Fowler.

He rewarded the gardener liberally, paid the coachman, and sent one of the porters for a medical man to attend on his brother professional, whom he placed in his own warm bed. A severe illness followed, and as all recollection of what had occurred after he had taken a glass of arrack punch with a most respectable-looking lady and gentleman, had escaped his mind—nothing remained to be done but to get him well again as speedily as possible.

Mr. Sowerberry was amply rewarded for his samaritan-like conduct. In one of the papers of that very day—I mean the very day in which he had given up his own bed to a suffering, humble, fellow-creature, and sent for a surgeon to bind up his wounds—appeared the following paragraph:

"Disgusting Conduct in a Barrister.—This morning, at an early hour, Mr. Charles Sowerberry, of 22, Paper-buildings, Temple, was picked up, by the gardener of Vauxhall, in a beastly state of intoxication, in the Dark Walk. This, we are told, is the gentleman who has just deprived a most amiable branch of the Christian church of a considerable sum of money, by *making it appear*, through the evidence, chiefly, of a low country practitioner, that his aunt, who was a most zealous follower of the amiable sect alluded to, is not competent to manage her own affairs. Such conduct needs no comment."

Of course this paragraph was copied into *all* the papers, and contradicted only in the *one* to which the squire thought it most advisable to write.

Poor Raymond Fowler slowly recovered—but he never recovered his clothes or the pocket-book containing five five-pound notes, besides two ten-pound notes, which he had taken up with him in case Messrs. Chance and Nogo should not perform the promises made in the twenty-penny letter.

Flurry acted like a true friend, and gave him a check for fifty pounds, which he included in the costs *de lunatico*. This had such an effect on the doctor, that his recovery was so rapid as to enable him to get out of bed and view his person in the glass.

"Is it me?—is it—can this be me?" he almost shrieked. His hair, a fine bushy crop of reddish auburn, without a *gray* in it, had disappeared. It had been partially shaved off to allow of a blister, and what remained had fallen off of its own accord, under the influence of a severe fever. A deep groan escaped the poor doctor.

What was to be done? Mrs. F. had written up to say that Phœbe had told her that Rachel Tims was likely to be called in to the lady who was about to be "down with her seventeenth," unless he returned home without delay. What was to be done?

"I know," said Simeon Flurry. "Come along with me."

They went to a theatrical barber's, and as the only wig at all suitable in colour and size, was the one in which Munden used to play *Crack*

in the "Turnpike Gate," the doctor purchased it, and in a borrowed suit of the squire's, set off home without delay and without any groceries.

When he arrived at home, he found the squire consoling his wife, Mrs. F., chattering with Henrietta, and enjoying his strong beer. He pulled off his hat! The squire burst out laughing. Mrs. F. shrieked. Henrietta shuddered, and Phœbe snatched the horrible-looking wig from her master's head, telling him not to be a donkey. This made matters worse. There he stood as bald as he was born, and so odd a sight did he present to all his beholders, that for five minutes he stood confounded amidst a din of laughter.

"Good by," said the squire; "try Rowland or bear's grease—ah! ah! ah! I shall burst if I stay. Henrietta's a nice girl, but, by jingo, who could marry the daughter of a man in a *Crack* wig!"

The squire was soon afterwards married to a neighbouring squire's sister. Mrs. F. lost her son-in-law and her groceries, and the doctor lost, and never recovered, his hair. He discharged Phœbe for burning Munden's wig, and declared that if ever he was summoned up to London again on a *de lunatico*, he would never be guilty of FINISHING WITH A DINNER.

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## THE WINDS.

### By Joshua Minty.

What voice is in the winds!
There is a feeling in their lightest tone,
The soft gales sigh the storm-blast's hollow moan,
Each to the soul in language of its own
Speaks and an echo finds.

How light upon the ear
Breathes the soft murmur of the evening gale,
Wringing from memory full many a tale
Of home, and youth, and love, ah! visions frail,
As they were passing dear.

The whirlwind in its might,
That vanquisher of earth, the hoarse, the loud
Scourger of ocean, ruler of the cloud,
What is the whirlwind?—what but passion's crowd
Of feelings as they smite.

How o'er the ravaged earth
Are strewn the fragments of her summer prime,
Like blighted joys that lie in after time
Upon the aching heart, whose only crime
Was to give passion birth.

The night wind sweeps along,
With fitful cadence sighing on its way,
As if the spirits of the bright, the gay,
The loved, the lost, were in its mournful play,
A melancholy throng.

How soft its gentle kiss—
And can it be that spirits from above,
Thus on the pinions of the night-wind rove,
Fanning the fever'd cheeks of those they love,
And whispering of bliss?

But now the morning breeze
Steals o'er the earth with fragrance on its wings,
Filling the soul with bright imaginings;
The flow'ret opes its bud, the wild bird sings—
There's music in the trees.

What says the breeze of morn?
That gentle hope within the human breast,
May thus breathe sweetly, calming it to rest,
Thus sing of happiness and regions blest,
To comfort the forlorn.

Then have not winds a voice?
Is there not language in each magic sound?
Are they not eloquent as on they bound
O'er earth and sea? When are they silent found?
When cease they to rejoice?

Among the snows untrod,
Along the vale and o'er the grassy hill,
Through trees, 'mid flow'rets boisterous or still,
By night, by day, the universe they fill:
Their's is the voice of God.

## CONINGSBY; OR, THE NEW GENERATION.*

We were fairly startled amidst the monotonous routine of conventional Fiction, by the appearance of this remarkable work. It is admirable in many points of view—for the fullness of its lore—for its profound development of our social system—the richness of its illustrations, drawn from far-scattered lands and literatures—its beauty and high finish as a work of art. But it is in none of these aspects it will most surprise the reader. It is something more than a novel—wider in reach, more serious in aim, and, above all, subtler in spirit. It is the Confession of Faith of Young England. The shape of this Confession harmonises felicitously with the elements of which it is composed—a passionate romance reared on a philosophical basis.

The thought of putting the political creed of the Young Blood of England into the disguise of a story, which should at the same time lay bare the vices of the creed of the Old Blood, was a happy one. Abstract principles and formulæ of all kinds have had their day. People want to see theories put into action—dramatised—before they will listen to them. The same amount of intellect—and it is great—which has been bestowed on the volumes before us, would have been absolutely wasted on a grave declaration of opinions. But these volumes will be read everywhere, and the opinions they contain will be diffused through every point of the compass. Even where they fail to hit, or where they are indignantly rejected, they will still make a disturbance of certain fixed ideas. The slightest shock imparted to the old system is a clear gain to the new.

The actual plot of Coningsby, apart from the episodical incidents which cluster round its progress, is exceedingly simple. The interest springs rather from the truthfulness than the variety or novelty of the details—all of which lie within our daily experience. Coningsby is the grandson of Lord Monmouth, a nobleman of great wealth, voluptuous habits, and considerable political influence. Lord Monmouth—a genuine Tory of the *very* old school—lives constantly out of England, leaving his parliamentary and private affairs in the hands of his creature, Mr. Rigby, a crafty partizan, member for one of his own boroughs, a cleverish speaker, and a writer of "slashing articles" in the *Quarterly*. Next to Rigby in the confidence of this virtuous nobleman, is one Villebecque, a sort of Swiss valet, who renders himself so useful to his master, that he at last takes the foot of his table, when his lordship entertains French actresses and *bon vivants*. This group is perfect in its kind, and fits closely in every articulation to that gross and sensual *régime* which was broken up but a few years since, and which still quivers with life in its fragments.

Coningsby is an orphan, dependant on this heartless, sagacious grandfather. He is sent to Eton, and from Eton to Cambridge—Lord Monmouth keeping him in reserve for the moment when he may be useful to him in his political schemes. In the mean while the Reform Bill is passing, and the clouds are clearing off men's minds on a variety of sub-

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jects hitherto seen only through a mist; and young men at Eton and Cambridge, bred in the Conservative interest, are beginning to rub their eyes, and wonder what has become of the ancient immutability of Toryism. They see the Conservatives giving way before the pressure of a popular demand, and then, having conceded all that was demanded, or won, stamping bravely, and throwing themselves into an attitude, exclaiming, "We are Conservatives!" The young men at Eton, perplexed and disappointed, raise their eyes, and ask, "What is it you conserve?" This question—thus springing up amongst the youth of Eton, and expanding itself in maturer years into an elaborate catechism—is the key to the whole work. The disciples of Young England visibly, openly, manfully, separate themselves from the Conservative party, because it is a Profession without a Faith. The impossibility of the Conservative party consists in the impossibility of answering this question—"What do you propose to conserve?" This question, thus put to the country, will vibrate to its core. And the answer from hill and valley, from borough and city, from riding and shire, will be—NOTHING! The distinct charge is, that the Conservative party have no principles.

These considerations sink deeply into the minds of Coningsby and a few more earnest spirits, Henry Sydney, the son of a duke, Oswald Millbank, the son of a Lancashire manufacturer, and others—all portraits, and representatives of classes. They become satisfied of the importance of measuring carefully their first steps, and of keeping aloof from party for the present, resolving not to run the risk, ignominiously fatal in so many instances! of adopting hereditary opinions, until they shall have first sounded their depths.

The course of inquiry and independence thus marked out, carries us into an extensive field of observation. Coningsby's social education is admirably calculated to prepare him for the gradual formation of a political creed. He visits the great manufacturing districts, where the power and intelligence of the productive order are for the first time practically expounded to him. The next phase of his experience is at Beaumanoir, the princely mansion of the Sydneys. Here he sees the aristocracy in its most refined and captivating aspect—large intellect, dignified ambition, repose, charity, grace, beauty. But this is the favourable side of the picture; the magnificent castle of Lord Monmouth presents the reverse. Here is a prodigal expenditure upon troops of foreigners, diplomatists, princesses, dancers, and singers—confusion, riot, grandeur, pomp without order, luxury without taste, passion without love. The soul of Coningsby quickens through these experiences, and the plot of the new party which is to vindicate the destinies of England, to purge it of its sensualities, and achieve its freedom upon intelligible principles, ripens in his brain.

Paris is visited next, and a new world opens upon the dreamer—new manners, new notions of society,—he is nearer than ever to the solution of the great problem. But something is wanted to supply this restless spirit with a motive. There must be something to love—if all the political constitutions in the world were to crumble to their base. And Coningsby loves with all the fervour and poetry of his youth. The object of his devotion is Edith Millbank, the sister of his Eton friend, the daughter of Lord Monmouth's great political and personal enemy. Here is a dilemma for love to start upon his course with. But it is a fitting thing that love should have such dilemmas to work through; and espe-

cially in this case, where it helps the hero to test the sincerity of his principles by a grand martyrdom. Passing over the minor incidents which impede his progress—the supposed rivalry of Sidonia, the great financier of the age, a character drawn with extraordinary power—the prohibition of his suit by Edith's father, after she has "told her love"—we come to the event out of which his future and final destinies are to be evolved.

Mr. Millbank, the great Lancashire manufacturer, is member for Darlford, a little borough lying in the very lap of Lord Monmouth's property. At the last election he beat Rigby, Lord Monmouth's nominee. This was one of the causes of his lordship's hatred of him. A new election is now likely to take place. The whig ministry have resolved on a dissolution, although they command a majority—a shaking one to be sure—in the house. In the interval the Tories have worked at the "registration," and hug themselves in a sort of wild delirious hope that they may yet carry the day. Lord Monmouth sends for Coningsby, desires him to go down instantly to Darlford, that every thing is prepared for his reception, to spare no expense, that the finest jockeying will be necessary, and not to give a point. Never was conservative skill so skilfully displayed, as in these brief, rapid, but pregnant instructions.

All I want now is to see you in Parliament. A man should be in Parliament early. *There is a sort of stiffness about every man, no matter what may be his talents, who enters Parliament late in life;* and now, fortunately, the occasion offers. You will go down on Friday; feed the notabilities well; speak out; praise Peel; abuse O'Connell and the ladies of the bedchamber; anathematise all waverers; say a good deal about Ireland; stick to the Irish Registration Bill—that's a good card; and above all, my dear Harry, don't spare that fellow, Millbank.

The profound sagacity of these hints makes less impression upon Coningsby than their total freedom from all responsibility in the way of principle. Then—to oppose Millbank, the father of Edith! Young love, as well as Young England, revolts at so monstrous a proposition: he can neither oppose the father of her he loves, nor pledge himself to a party he despises. Coningsby declines to accede to his lordship's wishes, temperately and even argumentatively, but with firmness. From this moment his doom is sealed. But it is a salutary trial that sets the seal of purity on our faith, whatever it be!

The sequel may be briefly dismissed. After a time Lord Monmouth dies. Everybody expects that Coningsby will be his heir; but to everybody's amazement large sums are left to Rigby and Villebecque, and the residue of the immense fortune to an illegitimate daughter, who has hitherto passed as the child of Villebecque. Coningsby is pennyless, subsisting on the interest of a paltry ten thousand pounds. But his spirit is strong, and he resolves to go to the bar. He carries out this resolution valiantly; and while he is still plodding on at a special pleader's in the temple, he discovers one day that he has been put into nomination for Darlford by old Mr. Millbank, who is about to retire from the representation. The next morning he is whirled down, beats Rigby hollow, and is chaired through the borough to the delight of all parties. This is the *moral* of the book. At the opening, Rigby, the genius of electioneering politics, and of the old Tory rotten-borough hocus-pocus system, is in the ascendant, and Coningsby a boy, trembling under his keen eyes and vulgar effrontery. In the end, this boy, profiting by these despicable

examples, and seeing how little reliance is to be placed upon the frauds of party, and how much upon truth, knowledge, and intelligence, rejects every attempt to corrupt him as he advances, dares to think and reason for himself, and finally defeats this very Rigby, the grisly champion of bigotry and intolerance, upon his own ground, and with his own *cheval de bataille*. It is the first manifestation of Young England—its first fair stand fight up with Old Corruption—its first victory, the herald of endless triumphs over Falsehood and Hypocrisy.

The issue of the love story is not so satisfactory. Coningsby and Edith are married of course; but as Coningsby has no fortune, Millbank is obliged to provide him with one. The feeling is not agreeable; but fortunately the obligation does not last long. Lord Monmouth's daughter dies, and bequeaths to Coningsby the fortune she had so innocently intercepted; leaving the happy young couple standing on the threshold of that public life, through which, it is to be hoped, they will conduct themselves with purity and honour.

We suppose some objection will be taken to this work on account of its strong characterization of men and parties—Rigby, Monmouth, Lucian Gay, Henry Sydney, Buckhurst, Millbank, Sidonia, Tadpole, and Taper, the electioneering agents, ladies of *ton*, fashionable and political cliques, and those groups of unmistakeable individuals who flutter with such airy reality round its brilliant pages. The introduction of the names of living statesmen, as influencing the political circumstances through which the fictitious characters move, will call forth discreet astonishment in some quarters. To people of a certain quality of imagination, a work of fiction must be a work of fiction—out and out. They will have it speak by the card, and cannot understand it otherwise. There were people who never could recognize Mr. Kemble out of black. But works of this *calibre* are not written to square with small canons, or to drop all at once into the open mouth of popular credulity. They step out of the traditional track, and set up their own standards. The objection we have anticipated seems to us to indicate the distinctive and most impressive merit of "Coningsby." It is emphatically a novel of our own times—of our own day—of the great political cycle, beginning with the Reform Bill, and ending, as far as we can see at present, with Young England. How many novels are there full of wit, and gaiety, and knowledge of the world, and of our English society in particular, the scenes of which are laid under our eyes in Arlington-street and St. James's-square—yet which might be put back half a century, without the slightest risk of an anachronism of costume. Now there is no mistaking "Coningsby." The life of its century is breathed into it. You feel in its scenes the strong palpitation of movements which have not yet fulfilled their mission—the tone of the people is that of our actual experience — it is everywhere coloured by existing influences, rife with matter pertinent to the time, and animated by a spirit of prophecy which takes its stand upon the present hour. To the future explorer of our institutions, who desires to investigate the real condition of the highest circles of society during the volcanic period comprehended within the compass of "Coningsby," we know no book—certainly no historical book—in which that strange history will be found depicted with such picturesque fidelity, vigour, and fearlessness.

It teems with characters, drawn by the hand of a great master: some

of them palpable likenesses to living men, but all idealized into representative spirits of the time. Monmouth, profligate and mean, sumptuous in his pleasures, cowardly in his selfishness, heartless in his resentments; Rigby, cool, cringing, base, clever, and audacious; Sidonia, the marvel of all the courts of Europe, familiar with their languages, histories, and wants, and embracing in the wide range of his intellectual acquisitions the policies, sciences, and philosophies of the ancient and the modern world; Millbank, judicious, earnest, blunt, and honest; Henry Sydney, the enthusiast who would regenerate the "peasantry," and restore England to her halcyon feudality:—these, and many more who stand out prominently, will be recognized at once by the reader, who will require no hint to guide him to what is meant by them. But nestling in obscure places and shadowy corners are touches of character no less valuable as illustrative memoranda of the age. We have noted numerous scraps of this kind. The sketch of Mr. Jawster Sharp, who, under the Reform Bill, represented one of the new boroughs, is the natural history of a genus spawned within the last fifteen years.

The borough was a manufacturing town, and returning only one member; it had hitherto sent up to Westminster a radical shopkeeper, one Mr. Jawster Sharp, who had taken what is called "leading part" in the town on every "crisis" that had occurred since 1830; one of those zealous patriots who had set up penny subscriptions for gold cups to Lord Grey; cries for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill; and public dinners where the victual was devoured before grace was said; a worthy, who makes speeches, passes resolutions, votes addresses, goes up with deputations, has at all times the necessary quantity of confidence in the necessary individual; confidence in Lord Grey; confidence in Lord Durham; confidence in Lord Melbourne; and can also, if necessary, give three cheers for the king, or three groans for the queen.

But it is not merely in political sketches Mr. D'Israeli shows his strength. His portraits of mere drawing-room people, distinguished from each other by almost imperceptible tints, and expending all their faculties upon the *finesse* of fashionable intercourse, are equally shrewd and piquant. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Flouncey, "picked up" by Lord Monmouth during a Roman winter, and now on a visit at his castle, amongst a crowd of grand people who do not know them, are capital. We must afford the reader a few glimpses of the lady through sundry loops in the description.

Mrs. Guy Flouncey was very pretty, and dressed in a style of ultra fashion. However, she could sing, dance, act, ride, and talk, and all well; and was mistress of the art of flirtation. * * * She came with a wardrobe which, in point of variety, fancy, and fashion, never was surpassed. Morning and evening, every day, a new dress equally striking; and a riding-habit that was the talk and wonder of the whole neighbourhood. * * * At first the ladies never noticed her, or only stared at her over their shoulders; every where sounded, in suppressed whispers, the fatal question, "Who is she?" After dinner they always formed into polite groups, from which Mrs. Guy Flouncey was invariably excluded. * * * It was indeed rather difficult work the first few days for Mrs. Guy Flouncey, especially immediately after dinner. It is not soothing to one's self-love sitting alone, pretending to look at prints in a fine drawing-room full of fine people, who don't speak to you.

But Mrs. Guy was not to be put out. *She was sure of an ally the moment the gentlemen appeared.* She went on inventing a thousand things for the amusements of the guests.

In a country house the suggestive mind is inestimable. Some how or other,

before a week was past, Mrs. Guy Flouncey seemed the soul of every thing, was always surrounded by a cluster of admirers, and with what are called "the best men," ever ready to fall at her feet. The fine ladies found it absolutely necessary to thaw; they began to ask her questions after dinner. Mrs. Guy Flouncey only wanted an opening. She was an adroit flatterer, with a temper imperturbable, and *gifted with a ceaseless energy of conferring slight obligations.* She lent them patterns for new fashions, in all which mysteries she was very versant; and what with some gentle glozing, and some gay gossip, sugar for their tongues and salt for their tails, she contrived pretty well to catch them all.

The more grave women are no less successfully delineated. Lady Wallinger is a bit of true nature; and the Colonnas are full of force and dark energy. Beauty and spirituality in Mr. D'Israeli's hands become wonderfully luminous and intellectual. Edith is the beauty of one's dreams, with a womanly heart capable of great sacrifices and small resentments. The two French actresses at Richmond are like flashes of sunshine.

There are descriptive "bits," too, of great merit. Such, for instance, as the interior at Beaumanoir.

There was not a country house in England that had so completely the air of habitual residence as Beaumanoir. It is a charming trait, and very rare. In many great mansions every thing is as stiff, formal, and tedious, as if your host were a Spanish grandee in the days of the Inquisition. No ease, no resources; the passing life seems a solemn spectacle in which you play a part. How delightful was the morning-room at Beaumanoir, from which gentlemen were not excluded with that assumed suspicion that they can never enter it but for felonious purposes.

Such a profusion of flowers! Such a multitude of books! Such a various prodigality of writing materials! So many easy chairs too of so many shapes; each in itself a comfortable home; yet nothing crowded. Woman alone can organize a drawing-room; man succeeds sometimes in a library. And the ladies work! How graceful they look bending over their embroidery frames, consulting over the arrangement of a group or the colour of a flower. The panniers and fanciful baskets overflowing with variegated worsted, are gay and full of pleasure to the eye, and give an air of elegant business that is vivifying. Even the sight of employment interests.

Then the morning costume of English women is itself a beautiful work of art. At this period of the day they can find no rivals in other climes. The brilliant complexions of the daughters of the north dazzle in daylight; the illumined saloon levels all distinctions. One should see them in their well-fashioned muslin dresses. What matrons and what maidens! Full of graceful dignity, fresher than the morn! And the married beauty in her little lace cap. Ah! she is a coquette! A charming character at all times; in a country-house an invaluable one.

The gathering of the boys at sunset in lounging groups in the Long Walk at Eton, canvassing the exploits and events of the morning:

The sports and matches of the day were over. Criticism had succeeded to action in sculling and in cricket. They talked over the exploits of the morning, canvassed the merits of the competitors, marked the fellow whose play or whose stroke was improving, glanced at another whose promise had not been fulfilled; discussed the pretensions and adjudged the palm. Thus public opinion is formed. Some too might be seen with their books and exercises, intent on the inevitable and impending task. Among these some unhappy wight in the remove wandering about with his hat in parochial fashion, seeking relief in the shape of a verse. A hard lot this. To know that you must be delivered of fourteen verses at least in the twenty-four hours, and to be conscious that you are pregnant with none. The lesser boys, urchins of tender

years, clustered like flies round the baskets of certain vendors of sugary delicacies that rested on the Long Walk wall. The pallid countenance, the lack-lustre eye, the hoarse voice clogged with accumulated phlegm, indicated too surely the unclaimable and hopeless votary of lollypop—the opium-eater of schoolboys.

The frequent use of the words "fellow," "row," and the like, and the classical imprecation "by Jove!" scattered freely though the conversation of the students, has a vulgar and tantalizing air, and would greatly perplex any foreigner who might attempt a translation of the work. But the vulgarity of these phrases is not chargeable upon Mr. D'Israeli, but upon that careless and defective system of education which has prevailed in all our principal schools for the last fifty years. "By Jove!" is regarded by our youth, for the most part, as rather an elegant and clever affectation.

The picture of Manchester is vivid and powerful. What art was to the ancient world, says the author, science is to the modern. Manchester, rightly understood, is as great a human exploit as Athens. Coningsby explores its wonders with a sense of unspeakable awe.

He entered chambers vaster than are told of in Arabian fable, and peopled with habitants more wondrous than Afrite or Peri. For there he beheld in long continued ranks, those mysterious forms full of existence without life, that perform with facility, and in an instant, what man can fulfil only with difficulty and in days. A machine is a slave that neither brings nor bears degradation: it is a being endowed with the greatest degree of energy, and acting under the greatest degree of excitement, yet free, at the same time, from all passion and emotion. It is, therefore, not only a slave, but a supernatural slave. And why should one say that the machine does not live? It breathes, for its breath forms the atmosphere of some towns. It moves with more regularity than man. And has it not a voice? Does not the spindle sing like a merry girl at her work, and the steam-engine roar in jolly chorus like a strong artizan handling his lusty tools, and gaining a fair day's wages for a fair day's work?

Nor should the weaving-room be forgotten, where a thousand or fifteen hundred girls may be observed working like Penelope in the day-time; some pretty, some pert, some graceful and jocund, some absorbed in their occupation; a little serious some, few sad. And the cotton you have observed in its rude state, that you may have seen the silent spinner change into thread, and the bustling weaver convert into cloth, you may now watch as in a moment it is tinted with beautiful colours, or printed with fanciful patterns. And yet the mystery of mysteries is to view machines making machines; a spectacle that fills the mind with curious, and even awful, speculation.

We constantly fall in with capital criticisms upon national character. Here is a passage upon the jealousy which besets us at every turn, and for which the best prescription is—travel.

How very seldom do you encounter in the world a man of great abilities, acquirements, experience, who will unmask his mind, unbutton his brains, and pour forth in careless and picturesque phrase, all the results of his studies and observation; his knowledge of men, books, and nature. On the contrary, if a man has by any chance what he conceives an original idea, he hoards it as if it were old gold; and rather avoids the subject with which he is most conversant, from fear that you may appropriate his best thoughts. One of the principal causes of our renowned dullness in conversation is our extreme intellectual jealousy. It must be admitted that in this respect authors, but especially poets, bear the palm. They never think they are sufficiently appreciated, and live in tremor lest a brother should distinguish himself. Artists have the repute of being nearly as bad: and as for a small rising politician, a clever speech by a supposed rival, or suspected candidate for office, destroys his appetite and disturbs his slumbers.

One of the chief delights and benefits of travel is, that one is perpetually meeting men of great abilities, of original mind, and rare acquirements, who will converse without reserve. In these discourses, the intellect makes daring leaps and marvellous advances. The tone that colours our after life is often caught in these chance colloquies, and the bent given that shapes a career.

In every thing that touches upon the poetry, strength, capacity, ambition of youth, our author displays the serious expression of deep and solemn feeling—and out of this Youth—this season of passionate dreams and energetic resolves—is to rise up the regenerating principles of our whole system; its purity is to redeem, its vigour to restore us. Youth is the age of heroes as well as poets. The greatest captains of ancient and modern times, exclaims Sidonia, conquered Italy at five-and-twenty. Gaston de Foix, Gustavus Adolphus, Maurice of Saxony, Bolingbroke, Pitt, were all great when they were young, or died young in the flower of their greatness. But let us escape from these generalities to the development of the particular opinions of which this book is the exponent on behalf of Young England.

It is stated very clearly (iii., 93-9) that the principles of the Exclusive Constitution having been abandoned by the Acts of 1827-8-32, a party arose who demanded that political liberalism should be carried to its full extent, by getting rid of all the fragments that remained of the old constitution. This is the Destructive Party.

These are opposed by another party who, having given up Exclusion, embrace only as much liberalism as suits the moment, and who, without any embarrassing promulgation of principles, wish to keep things as they find them as long as they can; but as a party must have a semblance of principles, they take the names of the things they have destroyed—the crown, although it is stripped of its prerogatives—the constitution in church and state, although it is defunct—the independence of the upper house, latterly dwindled into a court of review. This is the Conservative Party.

Into these two divisions, it is contended, the nation is divided. Young England repudiates both. Revolution, in any sense, forms no part of the contemplated policy of Young England. Changes are to be approached cautiously, and only with full and universal warning. "True wisdom," says Coningsby, "lies in the policy that would effect its ends *by the influence of opinion, and yet by the means of existing forms.*" (iii., 103.) The full recognition of the authority of public opinion, the abolition of class legislation, the restoration to the sovereign of the sovereign prerogatives, which, it is alleged, the parliament has gradually usurped (iii., 101), enlarged religious freedom, and a system of legislation adaptive and progressive, appear to be the fundamental principles of the new sect.

Some of them may require explanation, especially the doctrine of vesting in the sovereign the sole power of government. Coningsby does not consider parliamentary representation necessary to the security of the country. The country goes on when the parliament is not sitting; but it is always represented by the press. Opinion is now supreme, and opinion speaks in print. Parliamentary representation was the device of a rude age—the representation of the press is more complete He does not contemplate the abolition of parliament, although he evidently regards it as by no means an impossible contingency, but contends that if we are forced

into revolutions, we ought to consider the idea of "a free monarchy established on fundamental laws, itself the apex of a vast pile of municipal and local government, ruling an educated people, represented by a free and intellectual press." (iii., 103.) This is the monarchy Young England proposes when all incumbrances in the way of class interests and factitious ascendancies shall have been cleared away. Whether it be practicable is not so much the question, as whether we are not now on the direct road that leads to it—although we may never probably reach the end of the journey.

The most ominous suggestive features of this work are indicated by the introduction of Mr. Millbank, a manufacturer, Mr. Eustace Lyle, a Roman Catholic, and Sidonia, the great capitalist, a Jew. Here we have three formerly antagonist elements lying down gently and confidingly with Toryism—at least with that section which has separated itself of late from the old body. By the popular influence given to Mr. Millbank, we see the weight conceded by aristocracy itself to industry and capital. "I defy any peer to crush me" (ii. 41), exclaims Mr. Millbank. The association of Mr. Lyle with the party of Young England, affords a significant hint of its tendency to Puseyism. "Lyle," says Henry Sydney, "is of an old Cavalier family, and will not ally himself with anti-monarchists, and democrats, and infidels, and sectarians; at the same time, why should he support a party who pretend to oppose these, but who never lose an opportunity of insulting his religion, and would deprive him, if possible, of the advantages of the very institutions which his family assisted in establishing?" (i. 292.) The argument is cogent and irresistible, and has a heart and brain in it full of promise.

The emancipation of the Jews may be gathered as another object, no less desired by Young England. The grounds on which these various extensions of public rights proceed, may be assumed to be no less those of abstract justice than the wise policy of strengthening public opinion and public confidence. Sidonia states the case of the Jews with an eloquence worthy of the loftiness of the theme. The passage is so grand that we must make room for a part of it.

"I contend that if you permit men to accumulate property, and they use that permission to a great extent, power is inseparable from that property, and it is in the last degree impolitic to make it the interest of any powerful class to oppose the institutions under which they live. The Jews, for example, independent of the capital qualities for citizenship which they possess in their industry, temperance, and energy and vivacity of mind, are a race essentially monarchical, deeply religious, and, shrinking themselves from converts as from a calamity, are ever anxious to see the religious systems of the countries in which they live, flourish; yet since your society has become agitated in England, and powerful combinations menace your institutions, you find the once loyal Hebrew invariably arrayed in the same ranks as the leveller and the latitudinarian, and prepared to support the policy which may even endanger his life and property, rather than tamely continue under a system which seeks to degrade him. The Tories lose an important election at a critical moment; 'tis the Jews come forward to vote against them. The church is alarmed at the scheme of a latitudinarian university, and learns with relief, that funds are not forthcoming for its establishment; a Jew immediately advances and endows it. Yet the Jews are essentially Tories. Toryism is, indeed, but copied from the mighty prototype which has fashioned Europe. And every generation they must become more powerful and more dangerous to the society which is hostile to them.

And then he runs on with kindling ardour to show that the race cannot be destroyed—a simple law of nature, which has baffled Egyptian and Assyrian kings, Roman emperors, and Christian inquisitors. The mixed persecuting races disappear—the poor persecuted race survives. At this moment, he continues, in spite of centuries, of tens of centuries of degradation, the Jewish mind—the living Hebrew intellect—exercises a vast influence over the affairs of Europe. The list of Jews wielding authority and influence is astounding. The Russian diplomacy in Western Europe is carried on by Jews—the professorial chairs of Germany almost monopolized by Jews—the Russian minister of finance, the son of a Lithuanian Jew—the minister of Spain, a Jew of Arragon—Soult, the son of a French Jew—the Prussian minister, a Prussian Jew; and then there are all the musicians, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendlesohn—Pasta, Grisi! The case of the Jews was certainly never put in so captivating a shape before. The roll of Hebrew celebrities, past and present, is magnificent; and the only difficulty we have about the matter is that it includes some famous persons whose descent through "this dark blood" was never before suspected. In music the Hebrews are distinguished in every country in Europe, if not always as composers certainly in the executive department. Moscheles, Braham, and twenty others of equal reputation, might be added to Sidonia's catalogue. But music will not effect an entrance into the legislative chamber. The Orpheus who, in the present complexion of things, should attempt so perilous an experiment would be much more likely to attract the notice of the sergeant-at-arms than the eye of the speaker.

Young England's project, however, for the emancipation of the Jews does not contemplate, openly at least, an assault of this kind upon the constitution of Parliament. It is not stated by what process the Jews are to be admitted to a full participation in all political and social rights, but we infer that it is to be accomplished, together with a variety of other changes, by the abolition of parliament itself. We regret, for two reasons, this mode of placing so grave a question—first, because we think the time is very distant when the people of England shall be induced to part with the representative principle; and second, because we should rather see this question of emancipation argued upon its own intrinsic and independent merits, and carried ultimately by their force alone, than thus deferred to a remote and exceedingly doubtful contingency, when it is not to be carried by any effort of justice, or even magnanimity, but to pass into use simply because there will be nothing to oppose its progress.

There must be differences of opinion about the politics of this work; and it is well there should, if there be any practical virtue in the ancient saying, that the waters are kept pure by agitation. But there can be no differences of opinion about its literary merits. It is, in our estimation, the greatest work Mr. D'Israeli has produced; comprehending a wider expanse of subjects than any of his former publications; of greater weight in its manner of treating the multifarious topics it embraces; and wholly free from that peculiar pageantry of style which, in his earlier productions, offended the judgment of his critics. The theories of Young England may never be accomplished; but this book, in which they are for the first time expounded, will be read with interest and curiosity when they shall have faded into a tradition.

## THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS, HIS NOBLES, SERFS, AND SERVANTS.

### (*Concluded.*)

[We esteem ourselves fortunate in having had the opportunity of extracting these curious papers from a manuscript entitled "Revelations of Russia," by a late Resident,—the publication of which may shortly be expected, and which will throw much new light on the present actual state of Russia and the Russian people.—EDITOR.]

THE Emperor Napoleon, if diffuse and wordy in his written style, has at least left to posterity some of those pithy sayings, into which a whole volume of ideas is condensed—a whole picture crowded. "Grattez le Russe," he said, "et vous trouverez le Tartare;" "Scratch, and the Tartar will peep through the Russian." We have seen in our last chapter somewhat of the truth of this epigram. He calls the Emperor Alexander a Greek of the lower empire; and he further says, "Woe unto Europe, if ever a tsar should arise who wears a beard!" After one has closely examined the men and things within the Russian empire, one is struck with the profound appreciation of character, and the portentous import, contained in these picture-sentences, which one had ranked at first amongst sayings more terse than true.

These words of warning to Europe, "whenever a tsar shall wear a beard," strike us in all their force, when we turn from the contemplation of the great body of the Muscovite people, the private serfs, the crown serfs, and the freedmen—the true bearded, caftaned, superstitious Russians of the days of Ivan the Terrible—all comprised in the general name of moujik. There are, at a rough statement, upwards of twenty millions of private serfs, and nearly the same number belonging to the imperial domain; and they are already so blindly obedient to the tsar, so blindly confident of his power, that it is no exaggeration to say that many believe he can stay the pestilence or the tempest, or allay the drought, at his pleasure. This is the case with a sovereign who runs counter to their dearest prejudice, who shaves their cherished beards, who sends them chained together to his armies, and whose garb and habits are those of the stranger. What would it be with a tsar who seemed a thorough Muscovite like themselves, in his dress, his habits, and feelings? Why he might use their fanaticism as a mighty lever to uproot the very nation, and cast it in any direction around him, like a tremendous human avalanche.

The reader may perhaps remember, in antithesis to this hint given to the tsars to wear a beard, by the great conqueror, the advice which a genius, no less remarkable in the world of letters, gives to the Emperor Alexander:—

> Teach him to wash and shave his Baskir hordes,
> And into ploughshares turn their barren swords.

Perhaps in these contradictory counsels are comprised the only courses

which would have led to that elevation which the tsars of Russia have so long been dreaming, the one to the devastating glory of a Timour, the other to the peace, prosperity, and happiness of the large portion of mankind, of which fate has made them guardians. The Emperor Nicholas has not had the genius to perceive that the middle path he follows will never lead him into either of those diverging roads to greatness.

Let us now proceed to examine the class of bearded moujiks, the most important element, if the most inert, of the colossus of Russian strength. Physically the moujik has retained more of the pure Sclavonic than in his manners, customs, and feelings; but even physically he bears no small traces of his admixture with the Turk and Tartar, beneath whose rule he groaned so long; the cat-like eye standing downwards from the temples; the nose, of which the nostrils are almost always too visible; and sometimes not only the dark hair and complexion, but the high cheek-bones, and the regular Mongolian physiognomy. It would appear, however, as if, on the whole, the Tartar and Mongolian type became rapidly effaced in the vigorous fecundity of the Sclavonic; and hence, whilst the European aspect in a few years predominates, where two-thirds of the blood was originally Tartar, the character retains all its true proportion of Asiatic spirit, though the Asiatic features may only be occasionally traced in the faces of individuals. It is this admixture during centuries of servitude, which has made the difference between the Muscovite and Polish character, for the language of these people still bears as close a resemblance as the dialects of many of our English counties to each other.

As regards personal appearance, the hideousness of the women, and the comparative comeliness of the men, have caused the latter to be considered as handsome by many travellers. Their dense hair, thick beard and mustaches, white teeth, and the loose drapery of their semi-Asiatic dress, are all apt somewhat to mislead us; but when we see these men as soldiers, cropped, shaven, and dressed in clothes which show the figure, the illusion utterly vanishes; we find the face, that appeared handsome when hidden by tufts of hair, mean and inexpressive; the Herculean frames, when stripped of the sheepskin, sink into disproportioned insignificance, and are always distorted by the great protuberance of the stomach, occasioned by the want of nutritious quality in their food, and the consequent quantity required.

The Marquis de Custine is enthusiastic in his praise of the male beauty of the Muscovites; but it is evident that he has been misled, partly by the circumstances above-mentioned, partly from having judged of the race by the servants and coachmen of noblemen, to whose appearance he often alludes;—but these are no fair specimen, being chosen for their beauty out of thousands of serfs;—and lastly, from confounding with the pure Muscovites the people of the Ukraine, which is already Cossack. Now the Cossacks, as will be hereafter shown, are no more Muscovites than Muscovites are Poles, or Dutchmen Englishmen. The wish of the Russian government being to obliterate the memory of their Polish brotherhood, this wish has inspired the Russian writers and historians, particularly the courtly Karamsin. The confusion occasioned by the fact that "Cossacks" was the general term in several adjoining countries,

for all freebooters, has led to the belief of their Muscovite origin, because the early history of Russia constantly alludes to Cossacks long before the present remarkable races had been called into existence.

The most conclusive evidence on the subject of the personal appearance of the Russians, is to be derived, in St. Petersburg, from the examination of the imperial guard—a selection from sixty millions. There are many thousands of men, all up to the six-foot standard, and yet it would actually be difficult, when stripped of their padding, to find twenty men equal to the first promiscuous twenty in Queen Victoria's first or second life-guards or blues.

The moujik inhabits a log-house, which he builds with his own axe, with which he is marvellously dexterous; the interstices he stuffs with moss, and cuts down and planes, to surprising smoothness, with the same instrument. The axe is his constant companion: it is a tool a little crooked in the handle, and he laughs at our English hatchet, as being almost useless for want of this peculiarity. The severity of the climate he inhabits obliges him to make one for himself, and he does make one within his dwelling, the whole long winter through, hotter than that of the tropics. Necessity, that mother of invention, has taught him what all the science of civilization has left unlearned in this respect, in France, in England, and even in Germany. In England, if not precisely correct, I am within the mark, in stating that thirteen-fourteenths of our fuel is wasted, or, in other words, ithat where we burn fourteen ton of coal, the heat of thirteen of them are wasted up the chimney. In France and Germany, the iron stoves, besides never disseminating a proper heat, part with some of the metal to the atmosphere, and burning all the particles of dust and vapour that settle on their surface, give rise to noisome and unwholesome gases. The Russian stove is a vast stack of bricks, with a small oven, and intersected with flues; the oven is filled with wood or faggots, and directly the carbonic acid has escaped from the fuel, the chimney and the iron door of the oven are closed, and the place is heated for the next four-and-twenty hours. The bricks, a material very slow in conducting heat, take several hours to heat through, after which they keep parting gradually and equally with the caloric they have absorbed, for the next six-and-thirty hours.

The moujik all the winter wears his sheepskin; sometimes the whole year through, though it is often in summer superseded by a caftan of the coarse brown or gray homespun wool; he wears a coloured woollen sash to fasten it round the waist, in which his faithful axe reposes. His bushy hair is shaven from the nape of the neck, and the hair is cut all round the head by clipping away all that appears under a wooden bason, put upon it by the operator; it is cut somewhat in the fashion of a thoroughbred's "bang tail," and with the same original object, that of making it look thicker. A leather strap, passing over his forehead, binds down these dense locks, and reminds us of the old Greek fashion; but it requires a powerful imagination to see any trace of the Greek profile or expression beneath this classic head-gear.

The moujik provides against the rigour of the climate; he does not, and he cannot, brave it with the same impunity as even the Spaniard or Italian. At a battue party, where a hundred and fifty peasants were

beating the wood, in an intense cold, with a strong wind, there were only six who were not somewhere frost-bitten. The six foreign sportsmen for whom they were beating up the game, though externally less well provided, were untouched by the cold. The moujik leaves his dwelling, his blood raised by the heat of his artificial atmosphere to a high temperature, and the thick sheepskin, an excellent non-conductor, retains the heat for several hours; when it is escaping, the first roof beneath which he takes refuge, restores him to the same tropical warmth.

The moujik, like all classes of the Russians, is inordinately fond of a vapour bath, and learns to endure a temperature of steam approaching to 200° Fahrenheit. When his body is thoroughly heated, it is generally known that he rolls in the snow, or plunges in ice-cold water. At night, the dvorniks, or porters, in St. Petersburg and Moscow, in a cold of twenty-five degrees of Reaumer, the intensity of which freezes alcohol, and converts into hail-stones boiling water thrown into the air, come out barefooted and covered only by a cotton shirt and linen trousers, to let in the carriages of their masters. The moujiks are often seen snoring, dead drunk in the snow, in the severest weather.

From facts like these, which arrest the observation of every traveller, it is not surprising that an idea should have been imbibed that extraordinary power of enduring cold characterizes the Russian people; but on closer examination, we find precisely the reverse to be the case. The most delicate English or southern child, when heated in the vapour of the Russian bath, cannot feel the coldness of snow or ice. The pails of iced water thrown on the bather, feel merely tepid. The simple immersion in the coldest water does not even produce a shudder, whilst the body has so great an amount of caloric to part with; to remain in it when the human temperature is reduced beyond a certain point, which the Russians never do, might prove dangerous, or even fatal. The moujik, who rushes half boiled from his bath into the snow, feels his teeth chatter on plunging unprepared into water of the spring temperature of our English rivers.

It is the same principle, of the cold not acting on the human body till it has got rid of the superabundant heat artificially imbibed, which accounts for the impunity of the dvorniks. These men, who, by the way, are not exposed, as mentioned, above a few minutes, sleep in rooms in which the temperature of the atmosphere is not less than ninety Fahrenheit, and in addition to this lie upon sheepskins stretched upon the stack of hot bricks which form the Russian stove. They, or any body else might, when thus heated, stand for many minutes naked in the open air, before feeling the cold; though, if chilled at the outset, instead of being as they are at fever heat, in the same space of time their extremities would be frozen hard. The drunken moujiks who are seen sleeping in the snow, having always rapidly drank a large quantity of ardent spirits, the body is in a high state of temporary fever. Their sheepskins prevent the rapid escape of the heat thus generated; but when this ceases, the man wakes and seeks the instantaneous shelter of a human habitation. In an intense cold, a few minutes only elapse between feeling chilly, and the stagnation of the blood; no two evils can well be more different than to be frozen or to be perished. When the moujik is not within reach of a human habitation, or where he has not sufficiently recovered his instinct

before parting with the animal heat, he freezes to death. Thousands of peasants are so every winter in the Russian dominions.

Of all people in the world, perhaps the Russians are those who in their lives have felt the least cold; but they understand an art of which we are wholly ignorant in our temperate climes—that of perfectly guarding against its rigours, better even than all other northern people. But perhaps they are naturally less fitted to stand its severity than any of the white race. Physically, the Russian moujik is far from being, in any other sense, strong or enduring; the very nature of his food precludes the possibility of this. He grows wheat and rears cattle, of which the rapacity of his master, during four centuries, has almost allowed him to forget the taste: he lives almost entirely on rye, fermented cabbage, and a little rank black hemp-seed oil. It is true that there are many people in Europe, whose staple of food is rye. It is true, that the potato contains chemically still less of what are supposed to be the nutritive portions of food than even rye, and it is true that there are races almost fed on the potato; but experience shows that root to be so happily adapted, as an article of food, to the human constitution, that man evidently thrives better reduced to the potato than to the rye.

But the singular perverted taste of the Muscovite people induces them to reduce before they consume a large part of the nutriment rye grain contains. They ferment their bread to the third or acetous degree; the black bread of Russia, unlike that of all other countries, is bitter and sour, and as nauseous in the mouth as alum. The starch and sugar of the grain is so lost by this process, that it contains far less nourishment than even the rye-bread of the extreme north, when scarcity obliges the inhabitants to mix with the grain one-half of the sweet tender bark of the pine-tree.

Probably the peculiar acidity of this bread, and of the fermented cabbage, obliges the moujik to eat large quantities of salt. The biscuit of Russian men-of-war's men is a rusk made of this bread; they may be seen soaking it in the sea-water. The weak quality of their food requires them to consume it in immense quantities; its acidity seems to require much salt, and the joint salt and acid taken into the stomach evidently render necessary a proportionate amount of liquid to wash it down. This liquid is taken in the shape of quass, or water discoloured, and rendered slightly acid by this bread or by fermented rye; or else of hot water called tea.

Tea, it may be here observed, is the principal luxury, besides brandy, in which the moujik indulges, when in his power. It is common to see him on these occasions call for a samovar, or tea-urn full of water; this he continues pouring through a small tea-pot containing a pinch of tea, until the water is all consumed. He will actually thus imbibe eight, twelve, or fifteen pints of hot liquid at a sitting. Like the Russians of all classes, he drinks it from a tumbler, and he will, when able to afford it, take with it two or three small lumps of sugar. When in company, for he is convivial even over this thin beverage, a piece of sugar is passed round, and each guest bites from it a piece, which he keeps within his teeth while a glass or two is swallowed. Perhaps this habit was overlooked by a traveller from whom we have largely quoted, when he talks of "*this elegant beverage.*"

It has been deemed advisable, further on, to divide the Russian empire into two great general divisions—the region of the north, or that of forest swamp and cultivation, and the southern region, covered with vast steppes, or prairies, principally inhabited by nomads, and still devoted to pastoral purposes.

The former of these great divisions is peopled by the great bulk of the purely Muscovite race; and to those inhabiting it, as regards their mode of life, the description given above must be understood to apply. In the region of the steppes, where animal life is less valuable than the produce of agriculture, the case is naturally reversed, and not only the carnivorous races of Tartars and Cossacks live principally upon flesh, but even the Muscovite portion of the scanty population of these southern regions, as well as of that where the forest and prairie governments blend into each other. The moujik is deeply tinctured with veneration and superstition; he is patient, cunning, eager of gain, dishonest in obtaining it, and yet generous. He firmly believes that St. Alexander Nevsky (a very prudent and truly Russian saint), floated down the river Neva upon a mill-stone;* he never enters an apartment without crossing himself before the gaudily-framed picture of the tutelar saint; he is wonderfully scrupulous that the oil burned in the small antique lamp suspended before it on all holidays, should be the pure oil of the olive, as the dignity of his celestial patron requires; and when he has risen to the rank which the ambition of every peasant covets, that of meschinine, or licensed to trade, he swears lustily by him, to attest the honesty of a fraudulent bargain, and inwardly endeavours to make Heaven a participator of his deceit, by promising the saint a per centage on the gain, to be applied to the adornment of his shrine. And where is the marvel? He knows that he can bribe the powerful baron, his master; that his master again bribes some one, before whom he trembles; that his master's master bribes a still more potent superior; and analogic reasoning will not permit him to doubt, that as the minister is bribed, so the minister bribes the emperor, and so the saint may in the end bribe God Almighty.

Perhaps the state of social relations in the Russian empire may chiefly influence his character as far as honesty is concerned. There are few robbers in Russia, but how many Russians are there who are not thieves? The waking-dream of every Muscovite peasant in the empire, is to become a trader. When he can thus far satisfy his ambition, his avidity of gain is such, that no solid ulterior advantage to be derived from the best customer can induce him to forego the present opportunity of cheating him, if only of a few pence; nothing can prevent him from asking double the price for his merchandise that he will be eventually contented to take. But, on the other hand, if he rises into a second or first guild merchant and although this is, of course, as great a lottery-prize in the existence of the petty trader, as to become a petty trader may be to the indiscriminate population of a Russian village), he may be pretty safely entrusted with large sums of money, as is required in the internal trade of this vast country, and will join in commercial associations, in which the mass

* This story is more popularly related of St. Anthony, who is traditionally said to have embarked on it on the Tiber, and drifted through the Atlantic, the Baltic, the Neva, and the Ladoga lakes, and then commenced a course of internal navigation for the purpose of converting the Muscovites to Christianity.

answers for the individual. But is not the key to this anomaly to be found in the fact, that *the value of credit* is the great conservator of the probity of all other commercial communities.

One striking feature in the character of the moujik, is the rooted distaste he shows for all agricultural employment, and his natural love and aptitude for trade. In this he can only be compared to the Armenian, or rather the Israelite, at least the modern Israelite—for the biblical Hebrews, surrounded by commercial nations, showed in those days as little adaption for commercial pursuits, as they have since been distinguished in them. But, as with the Jews, at least until recently, the Muscovites' love for trade does not extend beyond a matter of barter or agency; it does not lead him with equal readiness to manufacture, nor does he show any abstract preference in favour of any of the mechanical arts over agricultural labour, directly the former require any personal manual exertion. Superficial observers have supposed the Russian to have a natural incapacity for figures, from seeing him use in every shop and market-place, and even government-office, the little frame of calculating beads, similar to those of the Chinese. But this is a glaring error; the Russian is an excellent calculator, and he at all times prefers this congenial labour of the brain to the labour of the hands.

This tendency, whether inherent, or from whatever causes it may have arisen, is deeply to be lamented in a country of which the principal riches are agricultural; but it is so general, that perhaps now nothing but the restraints of servitude or misery prevent the great mass of the peasantry from trying their fortune in trade.

The author has heard an intelligent Russian endeavour to palliate the arbitrary authority of his government, by saying, "You are as well aware as I am, that if to-morrow our nobles were as free as English gentlemen, our peasantry as free as English peasants, nine out of ten of every noble family who could scrape together the means, would fly into that civilized Europe we long for through our prison bars; nine out of ten of the moujiks, relieved from their servitude, would abandon the soil to which they are tied, to start with a pedlar's pack."

Of course, that very freedom would render the Russian empire a residence less to be dreaded by the noble, and the want of bread must soon drive the moujik again to the plough tail. But this tendency of both the higher and lower classes is not the less true, or the less unlike any other picture of society which the whole world affords us. Let us not talk after this of the artificial condition of civilized communities.

The following anecdote affords a remarkable illustration of what has been advanced on this subject. When the Emperor Alexander visited England, the highly-cultivated farm and park-like appearance of the country struck him so forcibly, that he engaged some Englishmen to introduce a similar system to his own dominions. Amongst others were two Quakers, brothers. Land was allotted to them on the banks of the Neva, above St. Petersburg, and also on the road to Tzarskòezelo. Several wretched cottages gave shelter on this ground to a few imperial serfs. The labour of these men was placed at the disposal of the adventurers; the emperor advanced them 4000*l.* capital; they were to hold it for a term of years rent free, and at the expiration of that term the rent

to be paid was to be agreed on to their mutual satisfaction. The soil was rich; the vicinity of St. Petersburg afforded any quantity or quality of manure, and in a few years the whole tract assumed the appearance of an English district. The brothers paid back the borrowed capital, realised a handsome fortune, and offered at the expiration of their lease, about 2000*l.* per annum, as rent for a part of it,—which was conceded to them. The rest of the now fertile land was divided amongst the imperial serfs, who had originally vegetated upon it, and had since been forced to bring it into proper cultivation. It was given to them rent-free with all the stock upon it, as an encouragement; and around them was an unlimited quantity of equally good land, which would have been conceded to them, and which it was hoped their interests would prompt them to reclaim.

The results of the first and second year's crop placed each of these men, who had never previously owned as many shillings, in possession of a few hundred pounds; there was nothing to prevent its becoming an income to them. Instead of this, they one and all abandoned their farms, to speculate. One or two have thriven; the rest have sunk back to poverty; and the land is again drowned with water and overgrown with bushes!

In the same manner as with the Jews, is it not probable that this tendency of character has been produced by the long oppression under which the serf has groaned, by rendering it an axiom of traditional wisdom with the moujik, not only to turn all his thoughts to the acquirement of wealth as the only method of alleviating his hard lot, but also to seek to obtain it only by those means which will enable him to conceal it, both from the rapacity of his lord and of the agents of the emperor? We shall see, on examining his condition, that his caution is generally so well-founded in this respect, that he may well be excused for his mistrust in those few instances in which it might be safe to make an exception.

The singular apathy with which the moujik sees those nearest and dearest to him exposed to the most brutal treatment, without allowing his features or his manner to express the slightest disapprobation of their sufferings or sympathy in them, is strangely anomalous with his usual kindliness of manner towards his own class.

The drunkenness of Russian moujiks is nearly always a loving drunkenness. They bow to each other ceremoniously in the street, and use in their language, terms of endearment. Is it that, spurned and trampled on, unable to turn their eyes on any human beings more abject, they find unconsciously some solace in treating each other with that respect, of which the share, due even to the most fallen humanity, is utterly denied them by the classes above them?

There exists a natural kindliness of feeling in the breasts of the Russian peasantry; the beggar, or the Siberian convict marched along the road, never vainly implores a piece of his black bread, if it be the last in their humble dwelling. There are also traits which argue a latent generosity of disposition, amongst which we may instance the effort every moujik will make on certain occasions to treat his companions. When he has obtained leave from his lord to hire himself out for wages in the great cities, as the bearded drosky sledge-driver, he lives on about six

shillings per month, and yet may be seen, when he has occasionally met with a relative, an old acquaintance, or a neighbour from his village, which is perhaps two thousand miles off, treating him, in a tractirs or vino-torgovlia, to champagne at twelve shillings per bottle!

Perhaps it may be said that this—a spark of the same Muscovite spirit which occasions the extravagance of his lord—arises from an ostentatious feeling. But let us beware, in estimating the characters both of races and individuals, of seeking to analyse too far any thing that bears the semblance of a virtue, for we are in ignorance of where it may lead us—although assuredly far enough to shock some of our prejudices and some of our most deeply-rooted ideas. Let us content ourselves with the stream where it flows clearly before us, without tracing it back to a muddy and discoloured source.

We will now examine the condition of the moujiks, who constitute a class not much less than one-twentieth of the whole world's population, or double that of the United Kingdom. In round numbers they may be computed at from forty-three to forty-five millions. Of these, rather more than half are still serfs of private individuals; the rest are serfs of the crown. The condition of the serf is no better—barring dead-letter laws, which speak about protecting him, and the absence of prejudice of colour, a real advantage—than that of the negro-slaves of the Havannah or Carolina.

We will see what real progress has been made towards ameliorating it. Practically, the slave is, in Russia, as completely at his master's mercy as any slave has ever been at any period. He can sell him, he can strip him of his property, he can separate families for ever, he can torture him to death. It is true that he must evade the law to do all these things; but this evasion entails not even a risk, but merely an additional formality.

It is true, an ukase forbids, under severe penalties, the sale of any slave without the land to which, from protective motives, it attaches him; but the owner may let out slaves, on a ninety years' lease, to work in the mines of Siberia. He may have two estates a thousand miles distant; he may order the mother to leave the child at her breast on one, and proceed to settle on the other. The law does not give him the direct right of seizing his slave's property, but he has a thousand ways of extorting it, which he may employ without the necessity of even evading the law, since the law gives him absolute disposal over his serfs' time and labour. The author has seen a nobleman amuse himself by making his slaves stand for hours on one leg. It is generally known that some of the wealthiest men—the larger number of the first guild merchants, whose word is good for a hundred thousand pounds on the Exchange at St. Petersburg, and who are possessed of that sum, or still more considerable property—are mostly slaves. Now, the proprietor of these men can to-morrow order them into his scullery or kitchen, or send them as swineherds or miners to their village; so he can their children, brought up in all the refinements of luxury. The law does not allow him to strike a slave, unless he be a certain number of miles removed from a police-station; he may then inflict any amount of corporal punishment, provided the slave does not die within three days of it. But if he dies upon the spot—as no accusation of a slave can be received against his master

—although surrounded by the whole village, witnesses to the execution, there is no means of legally convicting the cruel lord. On the other hand, if there be a police-station within a given distance, the master can at any time send his male or female slaves to be beaten with rods. The slave is allowed to make no defence; it is not even discretionary with the low police-official not to inflict the punishment; he can only limit the amount of it; and as his real salary is derived from the annual present of the master, the latter always finds it necessary to order moderation instead of enjoining severity; the slave may be sent back as often as the master chooses. If he die on the spot there is no responsibility for any party.

If we put together the facts we have already adduced, and remember that on the zeal which the police-officer may show in attending to the wishes of the master (and which bears a hideous resemblance to that of the tradesman solicitous of obtaining fresh custom by giving every satisfaction to his employers), depends the periodic bribes, the aggregate of which tenfold exceeds his miserable salary, it is obvious how arbitrarily the power of torture, and of life and death, is vested in the baron of the Russian serf. This is the case with one half of the forty-five millions of moujiks.

Reflection must of course render it self-evident, depending, as the fate of these peasants does, upon the temper, character, and circumstances of innumerable landlords, whose minds and hearts must differ, as those of all men do, as much as their features, that nothing can be more dissimilar than their treatment and material condition in different parts of the empire.

The good slave-master, as the Emperor Alexander said of himself to Madame de Staël, is but a "fortunate accident." To prevent the oppression of his slaves, a passive benevolence will be no more effective than was that of Alexander to relieve the ruthless oppression under which his subjects suffered. Experience everywhere shows us how easily the disposition of even the better portion of mankind is ruined by irresponsible power, and hardened by the habitual spectacle of any sort of misery. The author has seen a Russian lady, who had just capriciously ordered the cruel castigation of her household slaves, weep over the fate of a butterfly which had strayed into the bower which adorns the boudoir of a Russian dame, and burned its wings at a lighted taper.

But we know that everywhere the better is unfortunately not the larger portion of human nature. Moreover, in Russia, amongst slave-masters, all grades have not only the opportunities and the temptations to oppression, but all are further hardened by that to which they are themselves incessantly subjected from a superior authority. One frown on the emperor's brow, one cold look or word from the empress, may react on the backs of slaves thousands of miles away—slaves as unconscious of the primary cause of their suffering, as man may be of the inscrutable designs of a Providence he cannot comprehend.

Not only must all that has been said be thrown into the balance, in estimating the chances the serf may have of belonging to a moderate and merciful master, but even if thus far favoured, how much does not again depend on whether such a lord personally visits his estates, on the agents

he employs, and again on the state of his fortune. If, as is so unusual, not given to extravagance, he may be in the iron gripe of some government-office, some terrible penalty for some trifling offence may be hanging over him for years, which he can only avert by allowing his wealth to be squeezed from him, and then, in return, he must squeeze his peasantry.

Slavery and oppression have, on the other hand, so far degraded the nature of the peasant, engendering in him that sullen and enduring obstinacy which we perceive in so many of the beasts of burden, that he is prone to take advantage of the sympathies of too kind a landlord. The long contemplation of extortion and cruelty, allied in unvarying proportion to power, have engraven amongst the convictions of his race, an utter disbelief in the possible existence of any benevolence at variance with interest, and he regards it therefore as the offspring of weakness or folly, instead of with any gratitude. If his master ceases one moment to take advantage of the slave, the slave begins to take advantage of the master; and if in his shrewdness he suspects that the spectacle of a little cruelty will work upon his weakness, he endures the cruelty.

We should never, however, forget that fatal experience has taught the moujik that the kindness and forbearance of a master are always ephemeral; a master changes, sells his estates, or dies, but wealth hoarded and concealed is a certain and unvarying friend. And we must also remember that in Russia, money, so powerful a motive of action with all mankind, has a double value. In other countries it may procure enjoyments, but in the Russian empire, besides doing this, it wards off three-fourths of the oppression and the evil which afflict all classes.

Perhaps on the whole the locality which they inhabit more influences the destiny of the Russian peasantry than the characters and temper of their masters. If in one district they may be living in abundance, in others literally starving, so general is oppression where it is worth while to oppress, that, in nine cases out of ten, the condition of the happier portion will be found owing to the unsaleable quality of the produce of theest ates they occupy.

Where communication with any market is easy, even in fertile wheat countries, every thing but the stubble is cleared away and sold by the rapacious overseer. On others, where corn and hay will not pay the carriage except at unusual prices, immense granaries get stocked with the crop of many harvests, and the peasantry attain to a considerable point of comfort and affluence. The condition of the serfs is almost invariably better on a poor soil, of which the produce is beyond the reach of a ready market, than on the richest, of which it may be converted into money. Thus, whilst in one government, or in one district, the staff of life is mouldering in magazines, in another, by the joint improvidence of the lord and of his serfs, the failure of one harvest reduces the population to the horrors of absolute famine. Their lord is now obliged to step in to their assistance; he must pledge his estates to purchase corn, lest the imperious laws of hunger should drive all his serfs to wander away. Before this relief can be afforded, which the want of roads, the vast distances, and the consequent cost of transport, render so expensive, it may be imagined what the poor serfs must suffer. Driven to eat the bark of

trees, to fill their stomachs with fat clay, when numbers have perished, they generally scatter themselves in different directions in quest of food, and like a wandering hive of bees, are mostly enticed and secured by the proprietors of the first estates not suffering under the same pressure. Here they receive the passports, or poll-tickets, of some deceased slaves, and as all parties have an equal interest to be silent about the matter, in their new abode they generally end their days undiscovered.

It is this practice of placing upon the village registers one man in the shoes of another, when one proprietor entices the runaway serf of another estate, together with a similar custom observed by the authorities of the towns of southern Russia, which has given rise to the statistical accounts of extreme longevity in this empire. These instances of extraordinary old age are only to be found amongst the northern serfs and the southern townsmen, and amongst neither of these classes do we notice either any large proportion of old men, or even those signs of wearing well and of heartiness observable amongst the aged of all those parts of Europe in which the longevity of the population has been satisfactorily established.

It is true that the lord is bound to feed his slaves, and that in the event of his not doing so, or of any other ill-treatment, his estate may be placed under the tutelage of a court, presided by the marshal of the nobility of the government in which it is situated. But practically this is never done, excepting where there may be least cause, and only as a mode of oppression exercised towards some proprietor who has incurred the displeasure of some powerful official. When there is real cause for interference, a sufficient bribe, or a friend in power, suffices to adjourn the cause of the starving peasant *sine die*.

In retracing all the annals of the Muscovite race, no less than in closely examining their present character, we are struck with its patient powers of endurance. The Muscovites have at last become powerful, and triumphed over all their enemies, by a mere passive vitality ; like a young whale assailed by small fierce dog-fish, it has continued to suffer and grow beneath their inflictions, till they had no hold on the gigantic carcase, which crushed as it rolled over them. The authentic portions of its early history down to a comparatively recent period, are one unbroken series of subjugations and sufferings beneath the ravages and rule of Normans, Mongols, Tartars, Swedes, and Poles. The Muscovite race was less tired and exhausted by being conquered, than all its foes by their conquests ; and the comparative fecundity of Russian mothers, who bore children ten times faster than the swords of fierce invaders could kill them, has at last given to it the empire of a large portion of the east.

The Hebrews and the gipsies have outlived the persecution and the captivity of centuries ; but the Muscovites increased and grew too powerful under it for any foreign bonds to hold them. In the class of peasantry we still trace everywhere the main characteristics of their forefathers ; they increase beneath misery and oppression which would wither any other stock ; they display the same passive endurance, the same attachment to locality, the same want of pugnacity. In compensation of many evils, nature has bestowed upon the peasant a mirthful,

happy, and contented disposition; naturally he is as little cruel as he is warlike or courageous.

The social system, rather than the natural character of the Russian, has introduced this lamentable feature. But his enduring patience has bounds, however surprisingly remote, to the more fiery blood of other races, these limits may appear; and when he once steps over them, then all the wrongs that have ever blighted his existence seem to crowd into his present thoughts, and the ferocity of his despair has nothing wherewith one can compare it.

When the peasants of an estate, or of a certain district, have been writhing beneath an oppression which the author will not venture to describe, but of which, before I conclude, the reader may form some faint idea, some fresh insult or injury inflicted when the measure of their patience is full, causes it to brim over, and then is enacted, in deeply exaggerated colours, those sanguinary scenes of the feudal days of France, when serfs arose against their lords with the sole view of taking one deep draught of revenge, and then seeking refuge in the grave, from the intolerable ills of life. The unknown Siberia, with its its dimly-pictured horrors, ceases at last to have any terrors for the serf, when he contrasts it with his situation. "The worst that can happen is, that a few hundred should perish under the knout, the rest of the village be transported to Asia. That worst is better than his present condition." With this reflection begins the bloody saturnalia; the proprietors, the overseers, and the agents of their tyranny, together with their wives and children, old or pregnant women, and young tender girls raised in an artificial atmosphere, like exotics, to premature womanhood,—all are made to perish in tortures which would often shame the ingenuity of the Red Indian. The torch is next applied to the dwellings of the lord and his agents, perhaps to the whole village, and the drunken wretches who have plundered it perish in the flames, and drop from the falling beams like scorched flies.

These insurrections have never any political origin; they have no connexion; they are not even inspired by a hope; they are equally isolated in their rise and their suppression. When such an insurrection has been put down, the ringleaders knouted to death, and a few villages transplanted to Siberia, the whole affair dies away. It may have been known in the immediate neighbourhood; it is known to the immediate relatives and friends of the murdered proprietors; but it never spreads beyond this narrow circle, and is a subject on which no one cares to dwell. The press, which, even when inevitable accidents occur, is the last to circulate the public rumour, and then only does so to extenuate their extent, of course never alludes to these gloomy events. It is not allowed in the Russian dominions to publish even the commonest advertisement in a newspaper, without previously obtaining the authorization of the censorship.

These revolts of villages are constantly taking place; but unless the traveller should pass within a few miles of the spot, or unless he happen, during a protracted residence, and constant intermixture with the natives, to meet with individuals who have either witnessed them or suffered by them, they are little likely to come to his knowledge.

The author remembers seeing an officer grossly maltreating his servant,

and accompanying every blow and injurious expression with reproaches of his ingratitude, "Didn't I save you, you rascal, from going to Siberia?" On inquiring into the story, the officer himself related, that during an insurrection, in which his family perished, he had been shut up in a wooden out-house containing the bath-room, and this had been set fire to. His faithful slave, by raising the alarm of the approach of Cossacks, and then concealing him in the adjacent building, saved him from the fury of the mob. The master subsequently rescued him from the exile with which the whole village was punished; but perhaps the reader may not feel disposed to coincide in the opinion he seemed to entertain, that he had balanced the debt of gratitude in his favour.

The foreign land steward of some vast estate in the government of Perm, related to the author that he never ventured to spend the night in any of the villages belonging to his master, his immediate predecessor having disappeared, with two or three servants accompanying him, and all search for him having proved fruitless. The same thing had happened formerly on the same domain, and within a recent date on several adjacent ones. The Permaks, or Permese, are, however, not Muscovite; they are of mixed Finnish and Mongolian origin, and always show in their demeanour a sullen dislike.

Within the space of about three months from each other, the author became immediately acquainted with the two following instances among the purely Muscovite population:—A young officer received by letter, whilst he was present, an account from his father of the utter devastation of their estate, with its usual accompaniments of incendiarism and bloodshed. In this case, the insurrection had spread over a considerable tract of country, yet he never heard it alluded to in the capital except by another sufferer, a neighbour and friend of the first. The next instance, of which it will be as well to abridge the horrible details, the author learned from the brother of the land steward of the estate on which it took place. He had himself seen this man depart with his wife from his brother's, some months previously, to take charge of an estate said to be small and in wretched condition. To judge from his conversation it was evident that he would be no very merciful master. He observed that there was no village so poor that something might not be squeezed from it. The wife seemed rather more eager than the husband. The author saw him start in his kibitka, in which, amongst other things, he embarked a large violoncello, an instrument on which he professed himself an accomplished performer. A few months after, husband and wife had both been murdered in a rising of the slaves. The brother, in narrating it, spoke of them as the mildest of human beings, and considered the conduct of the serfs as utterly unprovoked; but however that might be, nothing could well exceed the ferocity to which they had been roused. The old woman was scalded to death in a hot caldron, the steward tortured to death, and his intestines, in derision, twisted into strings for his favourite violoncello.

It is not unfrequently argued in favour of Russian servage, that in many parts the peasantry look sleek, contented, and happy. But it should be remembered how little constitutes perfect affluence for a Russian serf, and that when he has even risen to the rank of meschinine, or of a wealthy agriculturist, he is rendered happy by the addition to his black

bread, salt, and cabbage-pies, of a pickled herring, a little dark, treacle-coloured oil, sipped with the spoon like broth, and a little tallow, or salt butter to add to his buck-wheat.

On the other hand, it is quite unfair to compare the condition of the Russian peasantry of those districts which are allowed to enjoy a considerable degree of material prosperity, with that of the population of western Europe, densely crowded, and suffering from historic causes. The rich and luxuriant virgin soil of the territory they inhabit requires only that they should be *permitted* to become wealthy: we can only fairly contrast them with the settlers of the western states of North America.

Of all places, it is argued, assuredly the Russian empire is the one in which the theory and practice of institutions are most at variance, and where custom has become the most general law. Now is it not true that the great majority of the wealthy men in the empire (not being themselves slave-holders) are to be found amongst the slaves? Are there not slave proprietors who take a pride in having prosperous and wealthy slaves, and who exact no higher capitation tax from the rich than from the poor? The Sheremetieffs, who are the owners of half the fruiterers in St. Petersburg, and of some of the richest commercial men in that city,—have they not, by their capital, their influence, and their weight, aided them to this result? Has not the slave this further advantage over the freemen, that he cannot be made liable for any debt exceeding five shillings? Have not these serfs a protection extended to them from their lords, who exert all their influence in their favour, which, as freed men, they might be entirely without? And is it not of rare occurrence to find any of these wealthy slaves stripped of their fortunes by their lords?

In the first place, it must be observed, that slaves are not frequently stripped of their wealth by their masters, because it is only under indulgent masters that they attain it. In the next place, although the prosperity of the slave is trumpeted forth, he does not dare, nor does his master care, that any thing should be said about his spoliation.

A plain, old, honest English author, one Captain John Perry, who served as engineer under Peter the Great, and published an account of Muscovy in 1716, says at that time, talking of the wrongs of those under him—

"When I have promised that I would do my utmost, and engage to obtain right for them, they have thereupon begged of me by no means to mention the things which they have complained of, alleging this for their reason, that even though they should obtain right at that time, yet that they were sure afterwards to suffer and to be ruined for their complaining of those in power over them, who would mark them but as informers."

This as perfectly applies to Russia now as at the time it was written; it is the "reason" of John Perry's subordinates, that allows no voice to be raised in complaint within the Russian empire. The wrongs of free countries, like their beggars, crowd themselves with importunity upon your notice; in Russia, both must be sought out in their dens of misery, or they will escape observation.

It is quite true that some wealthy proprietors not only take a pride in

the prosperity of their slaves, but largely contribute to it. It is not long since a very wealthy fruiterer (and the St. Petersburg fruiterers are all wealthy, combining the sale of wines, of grocery, and comestibles, with that of foreign fruit) offended a lady, who complained to the military governor of St. Petersburg. The military governor peremptorily ordered his shop to be shut up. Had the fruiterer been a freedman, he would have had no redress; but he was a slave of the Countess Sheremetieffs. He threw himself at her feet, and implored her intercession. The countess, who had the ear of the empress, caused her complaint to be laid before the emperor, and thus obtained for her slave immediate redress!

But even the pride of being owner of the wealthiest and happiest slaves in the empire has serious drawbacks; these very Sheremetieffs, like most of the other proprietors who entertain this pride, are as unwilling to part with a rich slave, as a numismatist with a rare medal of his collection, or a florist with a valuable root. Thus to the merchant, the very disinterestedness which has enabled him to attain prosperity is fatal to his chances of liberty. A rapacious master might be tempted by his hoarded gold to sell him—to himself.

It may be said, why wish to extricate himself from bonds so gentle? But the merchant-slave with his five or ten thousand a year, whose children have been brought up to the elegancies of life, can never forget that he himself and all that are dear to him, may to-morrow pass into the hands of the heir of his present master, and that his new proprietor may have less taste for a collection of the wealthiest and happiest slaves in the empire, than for the wealth they had collected.

It is customary in most villages of slaves, for the lord to allow a determined proportion of them to quit their village, and flock to the towns to obtain work, to trade, or hire themselves out as servants; and they pay a proportionate tax, called the abrok. If a peasant is found without his lord's passport or paper proving him to be a freeman, he is advertised in the public papers like a stray head of cattle, and if unclaimed is eventually transferred to the domain of the crown. The Journal de St. Petersburg, as well as all the other newspapers of the empire, devotes on each appearance, a column to this list of runaway slaves.

It is singular enough, that even in Russia the advantages of voluntary labour over that which is compulsory, are tacitly recognised. It is common to find the proprietor of a thousand slaves hiring, as a domestic servant, the slave of another, and paying him high wages.

If by dint of exertion the slave thus allowed to seek his fortune can succeed in trade, or in hoarding up money to pay the proper fees, he becomes a meschinine. Once a meschinine, according to the annual dues which he can afford to pay, he may become a third, a second, or a first guild merchant, which latter gives him the privilege of driving four horses in his carriage, even though he may not have succeeded in purchasing his personal freedom from his lord; and should he have become a freeman, he cannot be a holder of slaves—a right reserved to nobility; and, by virtue of his office, every official whose rank corresponds with that of ensign is a nobleman.

## A DREAMER AWAKENED.

WHERE—to what happy land shall we two stray,—
We two, with no ally, save Love alone?
Were shall we rest awhile, and build our home?
Beside the waters of what sunny bay?
Under what forest arch, or azure dome?—
*Somewhere* we'll live out life, in a serener day
Than we have ever known!

Come! let us leave the city tumult, dim
With smoke and blinding fogs, and faces grim
With hot and sooty toil,—
Abandoning a rank, ungrateful soil,
Which feeds the stately growth and creeper strong,
(That winds its subtle, snaky length along,)
But leaves to die
The trampled meadow sweets, and flowers of humble eye.

Come! let us leave this land:—I see, afar,
On either side the wild surrounding sea,
Beneath a calmer sky, a happier star,
Regions of liberty,—
Islands and continents,—with mountains high,
Clear lakes, and dimpling streams, and forests deep,
Amidst whose glades, unharm'd, the wild deer lie,
Beneath whose boughs the simple shepherds sleep;
Their flocks in fold; the day's mild labour done;
Where, free as air,—erect,—without disdain,
Or fear, or hate, or poverty, or pain,
The true Arcadian (each from sire to son)
Treads his clear way along;—
His happy peasant wife, untouch'd by care,
Winding her silk, the while, in open air,
And singing (a welcome home) her cheerful song,
At set of sun!

* * * * *

Awake! thou tarrier in the land of dreams!
Ungrateful is the task to force thee rise,—
To scatter to the winds those flowery themes,
Which poets wove beneath Saturnian skies:
But Man must mingle *now* in manly strife,
For Labour is the price of daily life,—
The price?—*the Blessing!*—Without toil of brain
Or hand, green Earth would gloom a barren plain,
Dull, listless, hopeless,—one eternal day
Of dreary leisure,—vacant holiday,—
A clime that hath no freshness, cloud, nor rain,
No change,—save from satiety to pain:—
I say this who have toil'd, and also had my gain!
—Labour, curse not! Brave Labour (*such as fits*
The age and sinews of the worker,) knits
The mind, the body, into health and strength.
And *then* sweet Leisure, when it comes at length,
Earn'd and endear'd by toil, is sweetest made,
The sunny spot of life that gilds the shade!

B. C.

## HOW TO MAKE A LONG DAY.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

TIME, as we learn from the lips of one of truth's wittiest expositors, can amble, trot, and gallop—and he can also stand still. How absurd to figure him to the mechanical understanding as a traveller who knows but one unvarying pace, and no pause at all from century to century!

To measure every day simply by the number of minutes it contains is to act upon a most fallacious and deceptive principle. When we have, with the nicest exactness, estimated the hours according to their duration in seconds, we may determine, with precisely the same accuracy, the value of bank-notes by their weight. The work of the scale in one case would be performed by the clock in the other; the large note and the small, both being of the same size, would be matched by the long hour and the short, each counting a like number of seconds.

Nothing is liable to such continual and extraordinary variation as time; the present hour differing so from the next that the minutes of one may be as years in the other; nay, as a vast eternity, ever dying and yet endless. Our lamentations over the shortness of life might be spared when we reflect upon the many long days that fall to the lot of every creature in his turn; though there is little perhaps of liveliness in the thought that all these long days are emphatically and necessarily the dull ones of our year, and that this very dullness regulates the degrees of their duration. Nor is it of much avail to seek comfort by counting up the happier days that have intervened, for these are always found to be the shortest in the calendar.

But for the Long Days. Some people cultivate a habit of bespeaking them—they have them "to order" as often as they please. These are the persons who, without the slightest reference to any one thing in the world save a friendly sentiment which has long subsisted between themselves and somebody whom perhaps they seldom meet, blandly and kindly, but rashly, madly, and destructively invite the said somebody to come and spend "a long day" with them! Without one solitary thought bestowed on the means of getting through the twelve hours, they ask a fellow-creature to come, with all his preconcerted and extempore tediousness, and help to draw out the dreary dozen into twenty-four!

Let no such amiable idiots bewail the brevity of their mortal date, when they can thus lengthen their days at will, simply by inviting an acquaintance to exercise a similar power equally possessed by him! The "long day" is sure to be theirs, under such circumstances; no matter whether the wind be in the east or the west, whether the rain pelts or the sun parches, whether the guest be Mr. or Mrs. Damper; that long, long day is destined to be their own, as certain as that they must be at home and down early at breakfast, to welcome their esteemed and excellent visiter, who had with glorious self-denial risen at daybreak, on purpose to enjoy a full brimming measure of time—to make for once a long day of it.

"Come and spend a long day with us," said the kind simpleton, as he chanced to reflect that he *could* contrive to be at home on Tuesday, and that Mrs. Damper (for Mrs. it is, whatever may be the sex) was

really a worthy old soul, who would not knowingly be the death of a mite, and almost deserved to be canonized. Yes, and there accordingly sits Mrs. Damper, in a passive, procrastinating state of mind, with a most helpless and inanimate deficiency of every thing except amity, and seeming well content to make the day as long as the friendship to which it is sacrificed.

What are you to do? You can't be wondering what o'clock it is before eleven in the morning, or hurrying up luncheon on the heels of breakfast, or ordering dinner at half-past one. Yet what is to be done with the time? How is that long day to be got through; by what magical process is the sun to be sunk in the sea at high noon; and night brought forth before her time, so that Mrs. Damper may go?

Questions, these, that should have been thought of before—together with the momentous but utterly disregarded fact that betwen the much-respected Mrs. Damper and yourself there existed nothing whatever in common, save that friendly sentiment which had originated the ruinous suggestion of spending a long day together. And how should such a sentiment as that, however profound and ardent, act as a spur to the dawdler, Time. Mere respect for a companion's virtues has small power to bestow on the leaden-footed hours the fleetness of the wind. We cannot make dulness delightful by looking all day in the dear creature's face, and thinking how very good she is. In fact, there is no spending a day with Mrs. Damper, though at the rate at which time passes in her company it is very easy to cram a seven days' martyrdom into one.

Where every taste and every habit, where temper, disposition, and character all completely differ, it is rather difficult (there is little rashness in this assertion) to make choice of subjects for conversation on which both parties may be agreed; and it is even more difficult still, (this may be affirmed on oath) where one of two persons declines to utter a single word beyond a mere negative or affirmative, to keep up a conversation at all. If you have any doubts upon this point, invite some Damper (male or female) of your acquaintance to spend a long day with you, and then try to talk—not to, nor at, but with her.

There is nothing that can make the day long like long-suffering; and there is no long suffering like the protracted, weary, ever renewing and ever baffled effort to extract words from the mouth of the tongue-tied, and amuse the unamusable.

The pursuit of chit-chat under difficulties hardly describes this effort when the Dampers are concerned; impossibilities meet the attempt at every new essay of what ought to be the pleasantest and most readily reciprocated of duties. They hear and say nothing. Subject after subject, appropriate to the occasion, or speculative and wide of the mark, is started—and passed as a topic on which their lips are for ever sealed. Stores of memory, treasures of observation, and the idlest frivolities of the hour, are produced and turned over in succession, and a "very possible," or a "so I hear," is the full extent of the arduously elicited rejoinder. Silence, or a bare monosyllable is for the most part the cold water they fling in the flushed and glowing face of sociality.

To encounter one of the tribe in a room full of agreeable people, and be obliged by courtesy to make a hopeless experiment upon such a nature for two minutes together, and not more, is to feel a chill and cramp visiting the most susceptible parts of the frame; but to have one for a

guest, face to face, side by side, for a day, a long day, a live-long day, is to endure more than man, born to be a listener as well as a talker, was meant unmaddened to bear.

But when speech fails there is action—which, however, is equally impotent. Some sport is going on, there is a view half a mile off, the garden is to be traversed, and the scantiest possible praise will more than suffice for the rose-trees and the vegetables, though neither are despicable. It is not to be had ; all gardens are common-places, sports are not understood now, and no view in nature ever equalled by many degrees the picturesque in a portfolio of prints. This seems to point to a hope—which of course upon trial proves to be a forlorn one. The portfolio, rich in number as well as excellence, just serves to fill up a three minutes gap, for by that time every delicacy of art it contains has been, with no especial delicacy of handling, turned over, with or without remark, with or without pause ; and the undiminished day demands new avocations, amusements, or sources of interest, which become rare in exact proportion to the tediousness of time's interminable march over the flat and barren ground.

There are few things more disheartening, and in some cases even appalling, than to lose a pet subject for the interchange of remark, one on which we have relied for relief, by its falling still-born. Dropped as soon as started, it is gone for that day, and is no more capable of restoration than the plucked rose is of being put back again upon the tree. Another is to be sought for, a topic of promise ; but it is nipped like the rest in the bud. We think once more, drearily and wearily, of themes likely to suit, and find them only to fail. The allusion ingeniously made, and the anecdote happily timed, are alike thrown away. They fill up the interval of one minute and forty seconds, but suggesting to the hearer no rejoinder, no retort, no peg whereon to hang a comment longer than a sigh, lapse into silence without a result. Lay the train as you will it sets fire to nothing, and idea after idea rises up, apparently fruitful and teeming, only to die on a sudden without progeny, for want of sympathy to act upon.

And perhaps there is on the table all the time, under our eyes, the second volume of a new story, which we have read deeply into already, and are dying inwardly to finish! But how prevail upon Mr. Deadweight before us—Deadweight or Damper, whom we actually asked to come and spend a long day with us—to read too ! In vain we push half-a-dozen volumes towards him, or slip an easy, pleasant-looking novelty into his very hand ; in vain we recommend, as something vastly curious, and astonishingly short, the passage at page thirty-seven, with that capital bit over leaf. He is not to be tempted : he takes the book with a smile, and in the turning of the leaf it is laid down. Illustrations and all, it is not food for him for an instant ; and his easy disengaged look in which calm expectation appears, tells you at once that he is quite prepared for any further exertions which your untiring spirit may make in some new direction for his entertainment. You cannot be too industrious, he is always ready.

So drags on the heavy day, dedicated to friendly sentiment—Time, with wings perfectly featherless, and clogs upon his feet, drops from his glass one grain of sand at a time. And yet, when the tardy and reluctant clock proclaims at length, in tones that are as the unbolting and creaking of a dungeon-door, the appointed hour of departure, most cer-

tainly will Damper give a little start at the last stroke, and protest that it is often quite wonderful how the hours slip away. He can hardly believe it is so late, and actually looks at his watch, which he shows you, asking at the same time if you had dreamed of such a thing! Time has flown indeed, he cries—not one moment of *ennui*—the day altogether has been such a delightful one—he can never thank you enough, but pledges his word and honour to be with you again soon.

And he will, if you don't mind—for he has had in truth a happy time of it, in imperturbably watching and counting up your numerous expedients for his comfort—in remarking your anxiety to relieve his inveterate dulness, your amiable torture under the consciousness of failing; your kind attention in setting before him the very dish he is so fond of—at any other time, but not to be tasted on this occasion; and the wine he prefers—only he is forbidden to drink it just now. His day, in fact, has seemed *so* short—solely because he has succeeded in making it so long to somebody else.

But old *Tædium Vitæ*, the great lengthener of days, seizes upon the soul, sometimes, with quite as remorseless a grip, when our companion for the day, is the hearty, bustling, zealous, excellent good fellow, who can never by any possibility do enough for us. Brisk for example:—he is always for making the day long, by devising some occupation for every minute of it; and seems to be of opinion that the time can never be made to pass at all, if not entirely filled up; that the day cannot be got through, while a single second remains unappropriated to a special purpose.

He can no more tolerate a rest, whether in conversation, at dinner, or in any social diversion, than Astley could in the case of the drummer in his orchestra. Whether he has you in doors or out, he is resolved on not losing a moment. If you go to spend a long day with him, expect to hear him cry before your hat's off, or "How are you?" has reached the tip of your tongue—

"Quite well! Come, let's lose no time!"

Whether he finds you in Paris or London, where you have been scores of times, or never in your life before—pursuing business, or prowling after pleasure—he treats you all the same; and you must have a long day with him, even if it were the last you had to live. Do the honours of the city he will—all of them in twelve hours; he insists. If he gets you out for a twenty minutes' saunter, it is a hundred chances to one but he whisks you up into the Whispering Gallery at St. Paul's, and before you can call a cab off the stand, claps you down, perhaps, among the wax-works in Baker-street.

Thence you are probably transported to five houses in succession, at which morning calls are to be made, though you know not a soul that lives there—looking in at an exhibition or two by the way; hurrying off afterwards to some place for letters, and dropping in at another place for luncheon; rushing to the Strand to make a purchase of music, and carrying it to the charming young singer at Stoke-Newington; who, happening to be that moment setting off for the concert in town, has only to be escorted to the Hanover-square Rooms; where we can just hear one song and escape—or we should hardly be in time to take the promised peep into Bedlam (having a ticket), or to see the works at the new Parliament Houses.

Then the dinner itself—it is a day's work; and the drinking is all extra. Authorities in statistics will tell you, that dining with Brisk, the hand travels upon the average fourteen miles and a quarter within the hour, in journeys to the mouth and back again. Your ear also is kept in constant requisition throughout the whole of this long day, for Brisk has never once ceased talking, except to hear now and then the first three words of your reply—the fourth word you happen to use never fails to remind him of something he had quite forgotten to say, and would not have missed for all the world; so he begins again, in the Irish fashion, before he has quite left off.

Time in short is made fat and lazy with excess of pleasure and good living, and is loth to stir a foot; the hours are fed to repletion, crammed with comforts and excitement, and this over-indulgence renders them so drowsy and dull of motion, that they hardly know how to make one wing keep up with the other.

Better pass a long, dark, summer-day in the "moated grange" with Mariana—aweary, aweary! The rest, the calm, the heavy melancholy the unrelieved desolation, would make the gloomy noon-time less slow, and bring on the needful sweetness of night sooner, than this constant racing of the spirits and dancing of the blood, amidst the whirl and giddiness of which Time seems reduced to a stand-still.

"The Longest Day I ever passed," said B——, breaking in upon me, just at this point of my writing, and volunteering an illustration, "was spent, not in the company of such simple bores as the Brisks and the Deadweights, but in my own—in solitude—here in London, at Westminster. This, my fine fellow," said he, brushing with his fingers as he spoke, his short curly hair, nearly all gray, "was all black on the ninth of September; but the tenth day of that month, was long enough to sprinkle my locks with snow in my twenty-seventh year; and on the following morning I woke up much as you see me.

"The circumstances? You shall have them if you like to listen.

"Papers of vital consequence—but far less to me than to others—had escaped from my hands, and by an act of the blackest treachery were to be turned to diabolical purposes. The recovery of them was an object dear to me as honour itself; for although I had committed no crime, I had been incautious, confiding; and irretrievable ruin to a friend, perhaps to his family, might be the consequence of my act. Yes, honour—and life which depended on its preservation—were treasures no dearer to me than the possession of those precious papers which my soul yearned to see again, agonized at the bare thought of their being irrecoverable.

"By an extraordinary combination of accidents—of acts, that is to say, performed without a concurrent design by several persons unknown to each other, and equally in the dark with reference to me—I had become possessed of a clue to the packet and the purpose it was to serve. This occurrence seemed providential. Not a doubt could exist as to the blackness of the hands the packet had fallen into, or of their success to a very great extent in playing the assassin securely by the aid of such an instrument. What anguish was mine, as I remembered that but for me—all guiltless as I was—the iniquity of these wretches would have been

equalled only by their impotence. I had innocently armed the snake with a mortal sting.

"To get back the papers then.—How, how? A possibility, almost a chance, broke upon my mind. My imagination saw first, and then my understanding. You know I am any thing but cool and methodical, and never even pretended to be guarded and foreseeing like other people. Yet the desperate nature of this enterprise—the pitiable havoc to the peace of an excellent family then fiercely, cruelly threatened—made me, all on a sudden, skilful and even wise. I felt myself after five minutes of calm reflection a match in expedient and manœuvre for the most knowing lawyer in the land. And I was. I went to work with a hundred-Inner-Temple power, of knowledge, acuteness, and dexterity. I not only felt, but I saw my way, through the first half of a labyrinth of difficulties, with a clearness that was marvellous. Marvellous it sounds, indeed, as I tell you that fine sensibility, sheer intensity of emotion, transformed me into (of all things in the world) an accomplished, a thorough-paced lawyer! Most fortunate it was that the delicacy of the affair precluded the possibility of my taking counsel's opinion. I must have lost my cause—must.

"Oh, yes, I know what you are going to say; 'fool for his client,' and all that. My dear fellow, that is a saying, and nothing more; a popular assertion in Lincoln's-inn, but not a truth universal. I'll argue that point with you some other time.

"Enough, that without committing my friend, or appearing in person, or betraying any circumstance that might show I had the slightest interest in the affair, I so arrested the progress of the atrocious villany, as to make it pause in its stealthy way, and turn pale just as it was flushing with conscious triumph. In perfect safety I exercised a deterring influence over the miscreants, and compelled them, by a most subtle and irresistible coercion, to meditate on the policy of restoring the ill-gotten, the invaluable papers.

"Hours, days rolled by, leaving me anxious, constantly, painfully anxious; but this policy grew more and more clear, while their proceedings grew more and more mysterious; until at last my good genius prevailed, and it was announced—but on anonymous authority—that before the three days then next ensuing had expired the packet would be mine!

"Mine! But on conditions. These conditions placed me at their mercy, by withdrawing all the formidable show of power with which I had artfully surrounded myself. I well knew this to be merely a show; a bulwark of rushes. I was fearfully aware that they had every thing in their own hands, and that if they chose to venture forward, my mock defence could not stay or hurt them. My threat was an air-drawn dagger, but luckily they believed it to be keen steel, and the point of it turned them from their purpose. Should I comply? or, by driving them to persevere, force them into the discovery of their blindness, and my own powerlessness of opposition or revenge. I complied!

"I complied with the conditions; and sat up all the night, reading a thousand and a thousand times over, with thanksgiving and exultation, the promise in the strange hand-writing, the solemn pledge conveyed to me by the unknown, that 'before the expiration of the next three days'

the papers would be mine — my own papers would be mine once more!

"In the morning, extreme excitement being followed by extreme exhaustion, I went to bed, and slept well and long. It was three in the afternoon before I awoke—no wonder, considering the distress of mind which had agitated my slumbers, or driven them utterly from my pillow, during every miserable night of the past fortnight.

"My first thought on starting up was—no, my dear friend, you are wrong—it was not of the packet, but of the delicious sleep that I had enjoyed.

"Oh! blessed, blessed sleep! Balm-giver more beneficent than gratitude in her sweet, fervid, yet faltering language can ever describe! And when her tongue fails, let all praise-giving eloquence, how pure and simple soever, be mute—and let the heart only speak in its tranquil, hushed, and healthful beatings.

"That happy sleep had given me new eyes—bright, keen, far-seeing eyes! How sunny looked the world! A black funeral-pall had been flung from off it, and an angel rose out of the place of death. Not a pall merely, but a great weight of monumental stone was rolled away, and my spirits felt that earth had risen up into a clearer sky, was even then floating as a brilliant star nearer to the source of light, and sharing more largely than before in its soul-feeding influences.

"Breathing the fresh air from the river, and with the soft colours of a September day about me, late in the afternoon I sat down to breakfast. The morning newspaper was on the table; and—oh! and my *letters!*

"The first glance that fell upon them showed me what they were. A fancy had momentarily darted into my mind that amongst them might possibly be—but they were quite unimportant, and the claims of a sharp appetite at that juncture were not. A joyful meal was that breakfast, dear old friend. No pale-cheeked weaver on a Sunday morning, eight little week-day toilers around him, with enough to give them all on the day of rest, and no work to do until the morrow, ever ate a heartier.

"And with little interruption to the feelings I then experienced, glided away the remaining hours of the day. To leave home for an instant was of course out of the question. Something might arrive in the interval—arrive in my absence. The receipt of it might be delayed by five minutes, a quarter of an hour even. It was like being out of the way when a life, suspended by a thread over a drear and bottomless abyss was to be snatched into safety and joy. It was a physical impossibility for me to go out. Do not smile at what I say, as an absurdity; but a mother could no more be absent, when her hoped-for child is to be born. That packet, those letters—unarrived as yet—were virtually a part of me.

"Late, but not very late at night, my eyes closed in sleep upon the first of my three days; and though dreaming, not uncheerily, of double knocks at the door, dim-seen, misty messengers, and large letters with one or more seals—the motto, 'The return of the dove to the ark,'—the silent hours moved in their starry course scarcely more serene than the mortal atom that breathed beneath them.

"The morning of the ninth dawned fairly, and found me in right

humour for the usual refreshing ceremonies. A letter or two had arrived, and when I had taken them up, my eye wandered again, of its own accord, over the table, and then to the chimney-piece, and round the room; and then I sat down to look at last night's Parliamentary debate, which did seem that morning particularly uninteresting.

"Reading and sipping disposed of the time, writing got rid of more, and a few gay brisk turns about the room for the sake of exercise, added another half hour to the past. The postman's knock—the postman's—suddenly checked this carpet excursion, and I stepped in the middle of the room a minute, the ear bent downwards to listen. My figure was before me in the glass between the windows; the attitude, the anxious turn of the eye as I caught the reflection, quite startled me for an instant—not longer. I listened no more but repaired to the window, just in time to catch a view of the postman, moving machine-like towards the opposite house. There was no step upon the stairs—no; consequently he had left nothing for me.

What a packet of letters he held secured under that slip-knot!—many more missives than usual—oh! how many—and several were large. One that he delivered close by had four blue stamps upon it. What might *that* contain! With what untrembling hands he had given it in! and yet my own trembled nervously, with a strange desire to have it between my fingers. It was an absurd feeling with which I watched his movements from house to house—and saw letter after letter delivered. I would have given any thing at the moment for permission and power to seize that packet from his hands, to loosen the string, to examine the directions one by one, to scrutinize the handwriting, to inspect with burning eyes, the close, hard, unmelting seals—to tear them all open, and read them at a glance.

"Laughing heartily—aloud—at this wild fancy, I sat down calmly to read. Quite calmly, my friend, and with the richest enjoyment as I proceeded. I read Swift's 'Battle of the Books,' with exquisite relish, and I thought I never could have read it before. A knock at the door now and then disturbed me, but only for a minute—I took but slight heed of such interruptions. From visitors I was secured, being 'out' to every body for three days.

"The day, as it advanced, became misty and cold. This was an evil easily remedied—it brought me even an advantage in the cheerful companionship of a fire.

"'The postman had no letter for me?' I inquired of the girl who lit it.

"'None.'

"'Nobody had called?'

"'Nobody whatever.

"The same story was repeated when dinner was served; but I enjoyed my dinner, which I had ordered with some tendency to the extravagant. It was beyond my mark, rather ridiculously so; and demanded the crowning adornment of one of the last bottles of a delicious little store—a gift—which I had never until now tasted alone. Solitude is fatal to true wine-drinking, and yet that nectar was never so divine before. I drank to the health of a certain friend of mine, to the health of his family, and nodding as though he sat opposite, cried,

"'Ah! when that packet has arrived, and the merry flames have consumed the letters, envelopes and all, what a libation we will pour to the immortal gods, old boy!'

"The evening set in cheerlessly, almost threateningly, and required, for the effectual shutting out of apprehensions and forebodings, infinitely more dreary than the night, a vigorous application to the cigar and the book. The postman came once; the servant mounted hastily up the stairs, and spilling the contents of my tumbler in the eager stretching forth of my feverish hand, I received an obliging circular. A parcel was left, brought up to me at once by special orders, and then cast down to be trampled on—it was a waistcoat that had been altered. No other arrivals. Every summons, for tea, for coals, for hot water—for nothing —afforded the same opportunity for the question.

"'Any one called? Any thing left?'

"And the same 'nobody' and 'nothing' constituted the reply.

"Two days were past. 'Before the expiration of *three* days,' the documents of which I had been defrauded, were to be mine! And now the third day had dawned.

"A spirit of confidence, a faith in that 'soul of goodness which is in things evil,' an exercise of the reason in waiting not impatiently for that which might yet come in time, and the unconquered power of the will when all else failed, had borne me up in tolerable composure—broken, to be sure, by fits of passion, and by excitement natural to me under far less formidable circumstances—for two days; two calmer days, following many feverish ones of rage, exertion, anguish, hope, despondency. The depression that came with the close of the second day, the sense of bitter injury and helpless disappointment, had suggested a trial of other stimulants than hope and reason can always proffer to the patient; and liquid fire had been poured into the blood and upon the brain, in a stream that should have laid the faculties of nature prostrate, and exhibited to the eye of the morning a being to whom its wakeful, balmy, freshening light was wholly lost, or seen only with a painful and sickly vision.

But this was not so. I was up soon after daybreak, cool, calm, thoughtful, hopeful even; prepared to meditate, to weigh probabilities, and to await the issue. On neither of the mornings had I experienced such content; such a feeling of patience lightened by hope, as the valleys of earth are gilded at length by the all-penetrating sunbeams.

"No sunbeam, however, was visible on the desolate morning of the tenth. The heaviest, densest fogs of winter had stolen upon the green and lovely world many weeks before their time; and if gaiety was to be found anywhere on that day, it must be sought within the mind.

"No letters, no message that morning. Very well.

"Having concluded a protracted meal, I drew my chair round to the fire, and began to ruminate on the posture of affairs. All the circumstances of the case were fairly and dispassionately passed in review. My adversaries were villains of the worst dye, and no means of compassing their ends were too dishonourable for them to employ. I had so far placed confidence in them as to disarm at their suggestion, and thus to remove an engine which they might reasonably deem perilous, although I knew it be to merely a hollow menace—a fine horse-pistol not loaded. This, too, I had done on the faith of an oracular announcement—trusting to the anonymous pledge of restitution within three days.

"But then I saw as calmly *why* this guarded and mysterious course had been taken, and why the same craven fears and miserable self-interest which dictated the promise would also compel the keeping of it. There was no good cause then for apprehension or despondency yet. The time agreed upon had not expired—only two of the three days. This was the last. The last!—ay, verily; for if before the next dawn those letters came not back to me, they would arrive too late; they would be waste and worthless whenever recovered; the cruel, needless mischief would be effected; and a cold, heavy shadow of suspicion and misery would have fallen, never to be chased away, upon happy and innocent lives, valued and loved almost like my own.

"The consultation with myself being now over, I sought exercise and bodily relief in walking about the room, varying the direction occasionally, but preserving a regular pace for a long time: stopping when steps in the street seemed to pause at the door; and, whenever a knock was heard, opening the door of my room to know what had happened. Then my walk would be renewed.

"Gradually this measured pace grew quicker, my strides less regular, my hands clutched at various things as I passed them, and tapped the wainscoat when I went near it. My arms took a swinging motion, and my whole body swung indeed, pendulum fashion, as I walked.

"A sympathy with the large old clock below, which I could plainly hear strike, seemed suddenly to possess me—an intense sympathy it became, and then it grew malicious. I could have found some pleasure in winding it up, in stopping it, and then setting it going again; in putting it back, and swinging the great weights about; and as its loud, sharp, continuous tones—one, two, three—striking the hour, rung up the stairs, and seemed to fill the apartment with sound; they so smote upon some chord of the mind, that I could not forbear imitating the sounds in a kind of savage and impatient mockery of them.

"There was a piano in the room—never opened, for you know I can't tell one key from another. But now I sat down before the instrument (little was there, my friend, of merriment or music in me at that anxious moment), and ran my hands along it artlessly, to and fro, in any direction, making discordant noises, until I felt as though the cool smooth ivory had become hot and blistering to my fingers; when with a crash that brought up an inquiry from below, I closed the piano.

"'Nothing is the matter,' I said. 'Any letter, any packet, any message, any card, any visiter whatever?' Nothing, nobody.

"Out-of-door objects looked no brighter than before; but throwing up the sash, I leaned upon the window-sill, and through the thickening fog scanned the faces of all who approached the house, for seemed likely, from the direction they came in, to call. But they all passed on; the hour stole slowly away, minute by minute; and I then sat down, placing my watch on the table to look at it, and brood upon the imperceptible motion of that apparently fixed hour-hand which, nevertheless, travelled so fast.

"Long, long I looked—and yet the time so occupied was but half-an-hour; a half-hour of forced calm, during which a fierce tempest of emotion had been raging in my soul, more violently because controlled and shut within. My eye had never wandered from the watch, my reckoning was never once broken, but the seconds were faithfully counted as they

passed—and all that long, gloomy, horrid interval measured but half-an-hour; all that anxiety, fear, anguish, torture—that suffering, dreadful as any that crime can undergo, was crowded into thirty minutes.

"How many hours of the allotted three days remained yet unexpired? Several, yet very few; a time almost too short for hope; and yet an age, if measured by the torments of suspense.

"Sudden and impetuous movements, or forced and painful quietude varied the time; but without rendering me unmindful of one passing moment of it. Rapid turns about the room in every direction, watching from the window as long as any creature in the shape of mortal messenger could be seen approaching, piling coals upon the fire, and hurrying to the staircase—sometimes half-down it, sometimes to the bottom, to the door, when any one knocked at it—then returning to drink large draughts of water, but eating nothing—holding the chair into which I had flung myself, very tight, as if by that muscular effort to control the restless mind, and retain myself in the seat;—these were the chief changes in my condition, as the day died, and the cold, black, bitter evening came on.

"I sat in front of a large fire, my head bent over a book, on the small-print pages of which the blaze shone. I was not reading a word; but merely counting how many letters there were in a page. As I looked into the fire, forms of picturesque beauty and wild distortion met my view; and, amidst a crowd of images formed by the bright cinders, I discerned the figure of Mirabel—the very likeness of Charles Kemble in former days—smiling amidst the horrid tortures of suspense, and masking agony with easy politeness, as the cut-throats crowded about him. I saw the whole scene beautifully acted in fire, and felt it in my brain.

"Time dragged wearily and painfully. Removing from my finger a small piece of skin, I cut the flesh away with it, almost unwarned by any sensation of pain. I pared my finger-nails, for the sake of doing something, no matter what, to the very quick, and the blood started all round the tips. And then I flew to the window where all was dark, not to look out now, but to listen to footsteps.

"An interval of calm, however, there was. I reasoned in favour of the remaining time. Time there yet was for the restoration of the packet, and the security of those dear to me. Yes, I again persuaded myself that there was hope, high hope; the compact had not been violated; and dark as the long day had been, the midnight might yet look golden as a summer's noon.

"Silence followed, and the semblance of repose; but after some time the hush became absolutely intolerable, and feebly breaking through it, I could plainly hear the low ticking of the clock at a distance below stairs, which I had never heard before. It disturbed me. Had it been loud, sharp, it might have been unnoticed or easily borne; but it distressed me by its deadness and monotony. It was a sound of ill-omen, and announced momently that my hopes were perishing. Every tick seemed to tell me that my life-blood was oozing away drop by drop at a time—one drop for each audible tick. I could bear it no longer.

"There was a crash of glass—how I caused it—and with what—I hardly know; but the act, the sound, was a welcome and indispensable relief. The next volley of discords, if less startling, was even more

stunning than the first. The new crash came from the piano, all the powers of which I pressed into the service with a kind of frantic and yet solemn glee, to drown the dull, small ticking that had almost driven me mad.

"Utterly unconscious of any thing save the noises thus created, and the impossibility of hearing all other sounds still more intolerable, I continued this experiment, it might be for a minute, or for an hour, or for a day. I had lost all power to reckon time. When just as the insane dashing and crashing of all the discords into one extraordinary combination had attained its height, the door was opened—though I heard no sound at all.

"The loud double knock below had been unheard; the clatter of the maiden-messenger rushing up the stairs had been unheard; nay, her shrill exclamation beneficently set up within a few inches of my ear,

—"'Sir, here's the packet!'—

"Even this had been entirely unheard for the exact period of two seconds; but ere the third second had fled, I could have clasped her to my heart, or trebled her wages, to atone for my neglect and insensibility.

"Oh, packet invaluable! My lost treasure restored! How soon after that Long Day my heart grew young again, though my head has been twenty years older—I mean the gray outside of it—ever since!"

These Long Days, which are the common lot, custom (the sure and silent alleviator of every ill that is inevitable and must be borne), so far shortens, as by slow degrees to adapt the burden to the power of endurance. The heavy task of yesterday seems lighter to-day; distance lessens when the eye, grown familiar with it, learns to measure its extent; we find the two-mile walk to our own dwelling, stretched into three or four when we are travelling on an unknown road to the house of the stranger.

The long, dull, weary day of factory-labour, restless, vigilant, and incessant, gathers, nevertheless, with a less grievous weight, hour by hour, upon the overtasked heart, than would the slow and lengthening minutes of the morrow, if on that sunless day the father saw his children, spared from grinding toil, pining with hunger. The day devoted to watchful tending by the bed of pain, when the being we most deeply revere is helpless, prostrate, and in peril—wears out less darkly than the fixed and hopeless monotony of the after-day, when such tending is needed no more. Short and merry is the long sad time, from early morn to noon, from eve into deep midnight, passed on the becalmed sea by the impatient heart-sick mariner, compared with that *one* day—that new, long, marvellous lifetime, sweet, and yet most horrible to bear—when the sunrise sees him sole survivor of the wreck, and the sunset leaves him hanging to a wave-washed point, or floating on a spar, alone and in the dark between sea and sky.

## THE LOST SHIP.

THERE rose from the deep a mighty wave,
  Leaping and dashing its foaming head
'Gainst many a rock and many a cave,
  That shunn'd the moss of the ocean's bed;
Gathering still in its mad career
  Fiercer rage and wilder power,
From the lightest waves that rippled near,
  Or sparkled around the sea-girt tower.
Onward and onward fast it roll'd,
  Now dipping its head in the surging sea,
Then bounding free and uncontroll'd
  From out of that gulph of mystery.
It played with the fisherman's bark so light,
  As a mother will sport with her feeble child,
And toss'd it high in the gloom of night,
  Then left it to follow some scheme more wild.
Till rolling wantonly to and fro,
  It caught the voice of the new-born breeze,
Whose tuneful murmurings, soft and low,
  Seem'd little that giant-like spirit to please.
"What, is it thus, thou King of the Air,
  Thou lullest in sloth the weather?
Come hither, hither my sports to share,
  And we'll do mighty deeds together."
No longer a child the wind came forth,
  But he sprang at once exulting and proud,
Rudely he kiss'd that wave in his mirth,
  Shouting and singing and laughing aloud;
And thus united in fateful power
  These wedded destroyers onward sped,
Ah! me, it was an awful hour
  For the sanguine heart and the hoary head!
For see! a proud vessel sweeps the main,
  In confiding grace she seems to glide,
On her bosom she bears a joyful train,
  Bound for their Home's loved fireside.
The fair, the noble, the lowly, the wise,
  These are her freight—her precious store,
Hearts that are dreaming of England's skies—
  But, alas! shall never behold them more!
Then the wind drew his breath, and the wave replied
  With a heaving of cold and murderous pleasure,
To think how soon the abysm would hide
  That vessel with all her living treasure.
There, where no eye from land can gaze,
  No pitying mortals ear attend;
No voice its tones of comfort raise
  To the trembling soul of a dying friend;

There were thus smoothly wafted along,
  Unheeding the rise of the evening gale,
That murmur'd around them a treacherous song,
  Like a syren's voice through th' expanded sail.
But when the last beams had faded away,
  And the dead still night in darkness arose,
And blind security's soft lay
  Had lull'd the wanderers to repose;
Then a crash was heard, and a fearful cry
  Startled to life the slumbering souls,
But the wind laughs loud, and their only sky
  Is veil'd by the towering wave that rolls.
Some battle for life till life is spent,
  Some stir not for very despair;
A few their anguish'd feelings vent
  In silent, deep, and fervent pray'r.
No longer they look for help afar,
  For a billowy wall is on every side;
No moon looks down—no friendly star,
  But darkness and death o'er the ocean ride.
And lo! on the deck a woman's form
  Like some celestial spirit stands,
Inspired she braves the raging storm,
  And clasps to Heav'n her trembling hands.
"Father! on thee I call," she cries,
  "My spirit's thine in life or death!
No murmuring doubts within me rise,
  Then grant this boon—my latest breath;
Oh! comfort the hearts that will slowly break
  In aching suspense, and cruel despair,
In grief when they slumber, in tears when they wake,
  For tidings they never on earth can hear.
And for him, for him whose soul's entwined
  With each past joy of my early youth,
That still in my memory, his may find
  Consoling dreams of eternal truth."
'Twas hush'd—down sunk the shatter'd shell,
  Ingulph'd in deep devouring surge,
And the wind sent forth a deafening yell
  For its last farewell—its funeral dirge.
No vestige was left, for each floating form
  In the ocean's dark tomb was immersed,
And the mighty spirit that ruled the storm,
  In playful ripples at once dispersed!

VIRGINIA.

## THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind."—JOHNSON'S PREFACE TO SHAKSPEARE.—*See Catalogue.*

THE Academic motto is rather unfortunate. The selection of so pompous a platitude does not suggest the most flattering notion of the literary resources of the Academy. Whatever Dr. Johnson may have meant by imitations being mistaken for nature, he can hardly have meant pictures. It would not be exactly a mistake, but a very suspicious delusion to imagine yourself breathing the balmy air of a rich valley in the sunset, while you were standing jammed and melting in the crowded room of the Exhibition, looking at Danby's Painter's Holiday. If these pictures are never likely to be mistaken for realities, he might have spared himself this clap of his aximatic thunder. Perhaps he was talking of the wax-works.

But what does this saw mean as the motto of the Royal Academy? The Royal Academy does not surely intend to imply, that "imitation" is the sole end of high art, or that its great aim is merely to "bring realities to mind?" These academic dogmas, if they exercised the slightest influence over the formation of a critical taste in art, would really be the death of us. But they are quite harmless. Luckily there are some Academicians who do not believe in their own motto, and who annually prove that there is something else in art besides "imitation,"—that there are divine as well as mechanical qualities—Passion, Imagination, Poetry.

We are frank to say, however, that they do not float upwards out of their motto this year as buoyantly as on former occasions. They discover less spirituality, freshness, youthfulness of pencil. There are fewer pictures of a high order—more mediocrities—greater monotony of subjects and handling. Maclise, Etty, Leslie, Eastlake, Uwins, seem content to repose upon their laurels, to reproduce old ideas, or only to make fantastic experiments.

Uwins has only one picture—No. 211—John proclaiming the Messiah. It is out of his usual way, and is the worse for it. Eastlake has only one picture—No. 48—The Head of Heloise. This is a conspicuous failure. It wants intensity, passion, power—it is Heloise without intellect—Heloise without love! The solecism of the conception is rendered still more palpable by the coloring, which is crude and raw. Here are two Academicians who have done nothing for the exhibition.

Maclise, Leslie, and Etty, furnish three designs for the royal frescoes, to be put up in the summer-house at Buckingham Palace. They ought to have been placed together, and hung higher. This style is new to our English artists, and upon the whole they have acquitted themselves more successfully than might have been expected—although at a dreary interval behind the frescoes of Munich, Rome, and Florence. "Comus" supplies the subjects of all three—"Comus" which, like the "Vicar of Wakefield," supplies so many subjects, that foreigners will begin to think at last we have nothing else in our literature fit to suggest topics for art.

Mr. Leslie—No. 31.—has chosen that point of the action where the sorcerer hands the enchanted cup to the lady—

Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver.

The head of the lady—one always looks for Leslie's heads with interest—is fine. The expression is full of power—perhaps, with a little too much stage indignation in it. The rest of the picture is as coarse and sensual as if it had been copied from some reeking gala at Sadler's Wells. Comus is bloated with drink, and far too much in earnest to look like a "deceiver," or to care what he looks like. The rest of the figures are equally gross and earthy. One of them, on the spectator's right, seems as if one-half of his body had burrowed itself into the ground.

Mr. Etty—No. 152—has selected that charming description by the attendant spirit of

the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.

It is the season of "jocund spring" who revels in "crisped shades and bowers"—Adonis slumbers on the left in "beds of hyacinths and roses," the Assyrian Queen sitting by his side—Cupid holds Psyche "sweet entranced" on the right—while the "daughters three" are linked in a voluptuous dance in the centre. The poetical expression of this fresco is irresistible. There is wonderful airiness and lightness in the design; but its original grace and gaiety are marred by excess in the treatment. Mr. Turner might have furnished the hint of the smashed prism in the foreground—intended for an Hesperian basket of enchanted flowers—the colours are splashed upon the canvass with such censurable carelessness, or worse premeditation. The spiritual tenderness of the scene faints in that flushed and bacchanalian glow. Its primal sweetness becomes gross and luscious under the action of so much heat. All is physical and inebriated. The faces of the "daughters three" are on fire, in dangerous proximity with their gauze draperies.

The Nymph, Sabrina, releasing the Lady from the Enchanted Chair—No. 96—is the subject of Mr. Maclise's fresco. As a composition, this is the finest of the three. The figure of the lady in the chair, occupying the centre of the picture, is beautiful—full of dignity and power—drapery exquisite. But drapery and lady resemble a piece of sculpture. This is the old French school, to paint like sculpture. Here it is so well done, that you feel the coldness coming out from the marble: but the want of transparency and warmth, although they make the lady look like a statue, strangely enough do not destroy our interest in her. The grouping, especially on her left, displays great boldness and fancy. By placing the chair on a lofty terrace, from whence the country below is visible, the artist has contrived an ingenious pretext for giving increased life and stir to the scene, without disturbing the simplicity or confusing the singleness of the action. Through the loops in the terrace throngs of spirits may be seen, crowding and gathering, and looking anxiously upwards, as if they were watching the result of the charm; all this eagerness and flutter of bright eyes and fairy forms being restrained in stillness, so as to heighten the expression of the story without interfering with its development.

Undine in the Enchanted Forest—No. 277—is the only remaining production by Maclise of particular interest: a picture, upon which the lavish imagination of the artist has showered an infinite variety of gnomes and sprites and fantastical imps, who seem to spring out of the leaves,

and swarm in the wild flowers, like night-flies. The wood-demon bursts through the trees on one side, while grim heads loom in upon the other, to add still greater terrors to the lady's trial. All this is very cleverly conceived; but it is not horrible. The grotesque little devils look as if they were making fun in masks: they want the true preternatural air, the weird antiquity in their eyes; it is impossible to get up a faith in them. The picture wants a little air of another kind also. A perspective in this haggard wood would have greatly helped out the idea, by affording a glimpse, dimly, either of what the lady had passed through, or might expect to encounter. As it is, there is nothing left to the imagination. The whole scene lies flat upon the surface. But it is curiously fanciful, and highly finished.

Whether it be by a morbid curiosity, or the glare of sundry explosions of colour on the walls, one is sure to take Turner pretty early in the round of the rooms. There are always people in the world ready to swear by that which nobody in the world understands. This is the secret of Mr. Turner's *monstre* popularity. You can fancy all the geese in the exhibition clapping their wings over him. If this were all, we might go away with a private morality about the wisdom of the public hived up in our thoughts: but what shall be said of the artists who also clap and crow over Mr. Turner? This is a thing wholly unintelligible. Yet you see it plainly enough in the influence his *style* exercises over some of his contemporaries. Nobody it appears likes to say this; yet every body who knows any thing about art thinks it. We think it, and know no reason why we should not say it.

After all, what is the meaning of this phantasmagoria of raw tints, this strange furnace of blistering lights, these blood-red waters, these spectral spires all out of the perpendicular, this sputter of dizzy streaks, this battering ram, blazing up in the skies, this conglomeration of objects without shape or congruity, this great pictorial hiccup, these fierce spasms of colour? Here is Venice setting fire to the Adriatic—Venice piled up in masses, as if it were for sale, like superb old furniture in ruins at a broker's—steam-engines on a railroad that runs through the clouds; and another Venice all green and gold and crimson, as if it had been whisked through a rainbow. This is Mr. Turner's *style!* Great artists know that the application of *one* style to every variety of subject is not the way to produce great pictures. This is what we call, not Mr. Turner's *style*, but Mr. Turner's *mannerism*. Whether mannerism be a proof of genius is a question we leave to the Academy; but there is no doubt that it is often found a very profitable substitute for it. A veteran manager advised a distinguished comedian now living to be careful of the versatility with which he merged his own identity in a variety of parts, and to cultivate a *manner* by which he should always be instantly recognized by the audience. This seems to be Mr. Turner's receipt for catching the groundlings. They may mistake his pictures—they cannot mistake him. His pictures may be Venice, or Von Tromp, or a regiment of horse marines, all that is uncertain—but the painter is Turner; you can discern him with half an eye, you can detect him in broken glimpses through the crowd—the minutest gleam is enough! There is something in that; notoriety goes a great way. One half of the world never asks how it comes, and the other half—doesn't care! In the meanwhile notoriety thrives.

We are not unmindful of what Mr. Turner did in his early career. That was art—this is not. Then he transferred nature to canvass—

now he spatters his canvass any how, for a bewildering ghastly effect. We have heard it said that there is a mystery at the bottom of this—that Mr. Turner is working out a theory of colors—and so on. There are two kinds of deceptions—the first, by which we deceive ourselves, the second, by which we deceive others. Under which of these to class Mr. Turner's "theory," we cannot of course pretend to determine; but it certainly belongs to one of them. All that can, or perhaps ought to be said of the specimens he exhibits this year is, that they are not quite so mysterious as usual. Standing at a distance from them we discover something like outlines, which, by the help of the catalogue, and a little imagination, we can form into misty and gorgeous masses of Italian cities gleaming in flaunting sunsets, and mirrored in lustrous waters. But as we approach nearer and nearer, the pageant vanishes, and nothing remains by the time we get close to the picture but a vast splash of paint.

The deplorable part of the business is, that this sort of thing at last grows into a fashion. Its absurdities and monstrosities do not at all stand in its way, but rather assist its more extended reception:—it is so much easier to imitate paint than nature. Once fashion sets in with the eccentric in art, speculation upon the result is hopeless. The public must undergo a desperate course of orange and vermilion, before there will be the smallest chance for the recovery of their taste.

To be sure we have always this consolation in an English Gallery of Art, that let foppery and impertinence and affectation engross as much temporary popularity as they may, there are enough of artists behind to whose sturdy love of nature, we may securely trust for a final vindication of the national genius. It is not possible to corrupt them all. There is an antagonism of character in the English which resists and resents the advances of the servile spirit. Had we been as electrical as the French, Mr. Turner's vices would have run the whole round of the exhibitors by this time.

One of the pictures entitled to the highest consideration for purity and breadth of treatment—if it be not, as we conceive, the greatest work in the Exhibition—is the Visit of Mary Magdalene to the Tomb of Christ immediately after the resurrection—No. 552—by Danby. The solemnity that reigns over this picture is as profound as its subject, and it is not easy to conceive any single point of view in which it could be altered, without a risk of injuring its effect. The moment of the action is when Mary Magdelene followed by Mary, the mother of James, approaches the tomb of the Saviour at sunrise, for the purpose of anointing the body, and discovers the stone rolled away from the door of the sepulchre, and an angel seated where the body had been. The elements of the subject are full of grandeur—love, piety, grief, wonder, the angelic nature,—the sepulchre, and the dawn of a new day. The keeping, or unity, of this picture is wonderful. It is pervaded by a melancholy, yet sweet and rejoicing beauty, which melts into the soul. The whole interest is properly concentrated in the figure of Mary Magdalene, who stands in the centre, having just descended a flight of steps leading from the top at the right of the picture to the place of the sepulchre; her attitude exhibits an expression of surprise, suspended by a sense of awe, which reveals the history at a glance. On the left is the open sepulchre, the angel standing within, having his right hand pointed upwards to indicate the event that has taken place. From this angel comes the light which reveals

the figure of Mary in the centre. The rest of the picture in the foreground, and on the right, is in deep shade. The mild effulgence of the opal light, which makes an atmosphere round the angel—the divine beauty of his features—and the fall of sunny hair over his shoulders, realize to the eyes of the entranced spectator those visions of the spiritual world which poetry alone has hitherto attempted to describe. There never before were such angels upon canvass as Danby has given us—so etherial, so conscious of eternal youth, so radiant, and tender, and graceful in the gentleness of their might! Mary, the mother of James, is descending at the back, carrying incense and spices; and on the summit of the table land above, day is dawning, the red light flinging its beams across the foliage on the heights. Below, all is night and stillness—the intense repose of darkness and the grave. In a production of this order, you never think of details. The artist keeps all details subdued, and in subservience to the condensed expression of the predominant sentiment, which here absorbs all the rest. This is the true ideal—it is here the imagination shows itself supreme over mechanical forms—this is the poetry, as contrasted with the prose of painting. But the details of this picture are executed with extraordinary care—the eastern trees and shrubs—the rocks—the drapery—the light and shade. It belongs to the highest region of art; yet this picture is hung in the worst position that could have been selected in the rooms of the Academy!

There is another picture by the same artist, the Painter's Holiday—No. 305. This is a composition—a rich sunset amongst lakes and mountains. The sun is sinking through the trees on the left, and his last ruddy beams linger on the summits of the hills, within the basins of which are the waters of a lake revealed in the slumbering shadows by the reflection of the light. A painter who has been trying to transfer this inspiring scene to his canvass, lies stretched on the foreground, contemplating the magnificent panorama. He has just given up the task in despair, and his idle box and pencils lie scattered at his side. This peaceful Italian youth, whose heart thus melts into the surrounding beauty, is playing tricks with his easel. The fellow is a poet in his soul, whatever his cunning hand may have to do with colours and brushes. A poet only could have felt this scene, or painted it. "Danby is the Spenser of English artists," says Sir Lytton Bulwer. D'Israeli speaks of his "magic pencil" raising "the twilight ruins of ancient cities." It seems to be commonly agreed that Danby is the most poetical of all our painters.

But we must hasten on. Of Landseer's pictures, Shoeing—No. 332—is the one which will attract the largest share of attention. A horse is in a forge, a smith shoeing him, and a donkey standing stupidly at his head. The animals are perfect. The horse looks as if he were ready, the moment he is shod, to leap out of the frame. But what has become of his off hind-leg? Isn't there something wrong here in the drawing? The Otter Speared—No. 13—a wild party of dogs, yelling and writhing for an otter impaled on a spear, which a doughty fellow holds aloft in the centre. The bustle and uproar of the scene have been well caught—you stop your ears while you gaze upon it. But we must confess that cleverly as it is executed, brilliant in tone and handling, such subjects never seem to repay the skill that is lavished upon them. At the very best, they belong to a class of art which has its limit, and beyond which no genius can carry it any further. This is imitation if you will, and no

man can do more with it than heighten its interest by the introduction of other elements. No painter can do this with better effect than Edwin Landseer; and it is for this we repose faith in him. He will do greater things than he has ever done—he must do them, or do injustice to himself. The picture called "Coming Events Cast their Shadows Before"—No. 272—is an evidence of a capacity lying beyond the miracles of the menagerie. The fantastical title is as ludicrously unmeaning as any of Turner's labels. There is a stag on the borders of a northern lake on a moonlight night in mid-winter—another swimming in the water. The stag throws his head finely into the air—but the charm is in the landscape. It is an odd picture, all blue and white, with stars studding the sky like spangles on a flat opaque surface; yet it indicates high power in the artist. The frost is crisp and cold on the ground—the atmosphere thin and clear—you feel the noiselessness of that vast, bright, icy place, its loneliness, its freezing silence. Why does not Edwin Landseer launch at once into that open field of nature with which he has so fine a sympathy?

Sir W. Callcott has three pieces: A Stiff Breeze—No. 78—An Italian Port, at sunrise—No. 122—and another Italian scene—No. 129. Of these the first is the best. The breeze is out on the waters lifting and lashing them, and it whistles throw the sails of a vessel, which has something to do to keep her course. The Italian scenes are reminiscences of Claude—architecture, terrace, and sunset in the water. The water in each stands up in a block perpendicularly, for want of air to put it in motion.

Mulready contributes five pictures—four of them gems. There are two little bits of suburban scenery—Nos. 330 and 334—that are worth nearly all the landscapes in the exhibition. The freshness, rusticity, and nature in them would set up half-a-dozen ordinary artists. Of a different and higher class, the others are no less admirable. The Whistonian Controversy—No. 128—and Choosing the Wedding Gown—No. 958. The subjects are from the Vicar of Wakefield, and the only objection to them is that their characters are wide of the popular ideal. But as interiors, is these little pieces may bear a comparison with Ostade;—the life in them is true and homely, and the subjects are artistically treated.

It is curious enough that the subject of the raising of the daughter of Jairus, should have occupied two artists, Eddis—No. 156—and Poncia—No. 202. The former is the larger and better picture of the two. The girl in the centre is well conceived, and the expression of the mother's head is full of spirit; but the remainder of the picture stiff and inanimate. Mr. Poncia is still less fortunate. He seems to think every thing done when the costume is made to roll off softly and gracefully. But human passion never articulates through crape and muslin. The treatment is mean—it lacks power and elevation.

There are two pictures by Stanfield: the Day after the Wreck—No. 187—and Oude Scheld—No. 523. The former is the more ambitious work. It is an absolute transcript of a "great fact" at sea, with a gush of poetical air round the giddy mast-head of the ship. The merit of the picture is truth—a great merit. There is not a touch of exaggeration in any part of it—so entirely has the artist trusted to direct nature.

Diffidence—No. 210—and Confidence—No. 222—are from a new hand, R. Hannah. There is considerable merit in them, and something

still better, the promise of something higher. Diffidence, a girl shyly and tremblingly about to deliver a letter at a door, is very clever. Expression, attitude, colour, texture, drawing, are wholly free from affectation. If Mr. Chalon had painted the picture, he would have made the girl at least an opera-dancer; Mr. Hannah is content to put her into a small bonnet that throws its modest shadow over her face, hooded by a little gray mantle. Confidence is a pert letter-carrier, with an audacious leer, and an impudent yellow flower in his button-hole, ringing saucily at a door. This is not quite in such good taste as the other; but they are both clever, and will draw much interest about the artist on his next appearance.

Genevieve—No. 342—and an illustration of the scriptural passage, "whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these—No. 376—little ones," &c., by Cope, are remarkable for the depth and beauty of their colouring. The Genevieve is particular grand in this respect. In No. 376 a group of mendicants are crouched in front of an open door of a rich garden-wall, at which stands the kind servant-girl tendering them help. The contrast between the poor creatures outside, and the palpable intimations of plenty and happiness (and even sunshine, which only breaks through a chink) within, is well imagined. The only fault is the brilliant colouring of the huddled mendicants. The contrast would have been perfect if the costume on that side had been more tattered and travel-worn; had more of the soil and gloominess of poverty in it; for pictures of this kind speak parables to the human heart.

Delaroche gives us a French picture in a high style, a Holy Family —No. 303. This is really a beautiful picture. The flesh is round and delicate and bright. After the Italian masters most attempts of this kind by French artists seem to fail for want of spirituality. It is like putting French expression on Greek sculpture. This has the air of an artist born in France, bred up amongst Guidos and Giorgones, and just retaining in his touch the slightest tradition of his nationality.

A large picture, by Lauder, from a scene in "Old Mortality," where Claverhouse orders Morton to be carried out and shot for having given refuge to Balfour of Burley—No. 319—is deserving of particular note. If not a great work, it is at least a very near approach to one. The large canvass is filled with figures. Claverhouse occupies the centre; he is in the attitude of ordering Morton to his doom. His head is grand, displaying the majesty of the will undisturbed by passion and subjugating the feelings. Morton is on the left, surrounded by armed men; his action is noble and instinct with energy. On the opposite side "she who is most interested in the dreadful decision" has fainted into the arms of her maid, while every eye looks appealingly to Claverhouse. This distribution of the subject is striking; turbulence and passion on the one side, terror and pity on the other—calm, passionless justice in the centre. The design is lofty, and the treatment comprehensive and spirited. Its faults are no less on a great scale. There are too many figures; they crowd up the action too much, and give a flutter to the scene which destroys the repose necessary for the great part of it. The variety of colours also hurts the general effect, and makes the picture almost what is called *spotty*. For instance see the number of tints amidst which Claverhouse sits—the chair, the cushion, the page, above, below, around—crimson, red, green, brown, scattered like spots on a playing-card. There are also some smaller faults hardly worth enumerating; the ill judgment

that introduced the page where he is, the bad drawing of the right arm of the fainting lady, and of the wrist of a soldier close to Claverhouse, and the head of Morton, which is quite unfit for his figure and his deed —the head of a walking gentleman on the shoulders of a hero. We touch on these faults chiefly to show how much we estimate the picture, which is a work of great excellence in spite of them.

Roberts' Eastern views are as soft and etherial as breathless sunshine can make them. A Temple on the Island of Phinoe—No. 368—is fine, but the Pyramids of Ghizeh at Sunset—No. 434—is still more characteristic. Here is the fervid imperceptible atmosphere spread over a mighty stretch of undulating desert, with the pyramids in the mid-distance, their points bathed in the golden rays. A cavalcade moves slowly along the track towards the pyramids. A line of tender light falls across the centre of the picture. The sky is one transparent blue. Every incident contributes to the general effect, to the dreamy beauty of the scene—its remoteness and sleepy solitude.

Harding's Anglers on the Loire—No. 461—is a great jumble. Large as it is, there are too many objects in it, and they are suffocatingly crammed together. The little picture, Tea-table Talk—No. 482—by Kennedy, is worth looking at on account of the mirror which hangs at the back. The imitation is capital. Creswick's Summer Afternoon—No. 486—is a very agreeable picture. If there were more novelty, and less Creswick in it, we should have more to say about it, but it is still interesting and meritorious. The lights falling through the trees, and the slumberous stillness that broods over the waters are very effective.

Stone's Course of True Love—No. 505—discovers four lovers at a cottage door. Two of them have quarrelled; the youth stands apart in the doorway; the girl sits in the shadow outside, and watches him through her fingers. The other lovers fill up the space between. The story is touching, and it has the great merit of being well told and intelligible at once. The expression of the young girl's eye is the soul of the picture. It is perfectly beautiful, and full of pathos.

Rienzi in the Forum—No. 522—by Elmore, must be distinguished from the multitude. The subject is ambitiously treated; the figure of Rienzi bold and striking, the groups around naturally and easily disposed. There is no extravagance whatever in this work. The defects lie on the other side. It wants local colour, which gives it an appearance of flatness. Contrasted with this is the Moors Beleaguered by the Spaniards in Valencia—No. 551—by Poole. This is a revolting subject, disgustingly treated. The wretches that are painted in groups upon the canvas are supposed to be dying of famine—but the painter kills them with loathsome leprosies. Nor do they look real after all, frightful as they are. They seem to throw themselves into contortions for an effect, playing off their horrors like mountebanks at a fair.

Amongst the portraits there are some of high merit. An Old Couple —No. 37—by Webster, is an exquisite work. A Portrait—No. 61—by Phillips (himself) is one of the most highly finished of that master; and Mr. Jacques—No. 116—is the most perfect example of this branch of art the modern school of English painters has produced. The action of the hands, body, and face is nature. The man is not sitting in that great easy chair for his portrait—he is not thinking about it, but evidently of something else. The artist found him there, and has merely reflected him upon the canvass! The portrait of a lady—No. 140—by Gordon, may

be noted for its freedom from meretricious light. The Chief Justice of Bengal—No. 121—by Shee, as large as life, in his flaming crimson robes, is curious for its ermine, which is most skilfully imitated. But in this instance, as in many others, the crimson cloth is painted exactly as if it reflected the light, instead of being made to absorb it. There are other clever portraits, but we cannot enumerate them, nor can we attempt to distinguish the miniatures separately. They were never more rich than they are this year. Some of them ascend into the ideal, on those tiny plates of ivory, into which it appears so very difficult even to dwarf the "human face divine." The accessories are finer than ever—laces, velvets, ribbons, fans, and jewels.

The sculpture room is behind all the rest of the Exhibition. A group in marble, Love Triumphant—No. 1267—by Mac Dowall, is highly poetical in conception, but the expression is deficient in spiritual refinement. The attempt by Behnes to convey, in a single attitude, the history of Godiva—No. 1272—is very successful. It was a good idea to make the head of the horse droop, as if overwhelmed in the consciousness of a common shame. There are a number of busts by a new sculptor, Mr. Jones. They give good promise of future excellence. As likenesses they are very striking; they possess the rare merit also of conveying the general character of the head with fidelity and expression.

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## RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

### No. XXIII.

#### ELEPHANTS.

> Th' unwieldy elephant
> To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
> His lithe proboscis.
>
> PARADISE LOST.

"THE pictures of the nine worthies," writes Sir Thomas Brown in his "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," are "not unquestionable, and to critical spectators may seem to contain sundry improprieties. Some will inquire why Alexander the Great is described upon an elephant; for we do not find he used that animal in his armies, much less in his own person; but his horse is famous in history, and its name alive to this day. Besides, he fought but one remarkable battel wherein there were any elephants, and that was with Porus, King of India, in which, notwithstanding, as Curtius, Arrianus, and Plutarch report, he was on horseback himself. And if because he fought against elephants he is with propriety set upon their backs, with no less or greater reason is the same description agreeable unto Judas Maccabeus, as may be observed from the history of the Maccabees, and also unto Julius Cæsar, whose triumph was honoured with captive elephants, as may be observed in the order thereof, set forth by *Jacobus Laurus*."

The strictures of the learned and astute "Dr. of Physick" seem to have run on this occasion, so entirely in what may perhaps be termed

the matter-of-fact vein of criticism, that he appears to have lost sight of the allegorical style generally adopted in ancient pictorial and sculptured representations. There is not a cabinet of rare coins that does not afford pregnant evidence of this custom, to which we shall, hereafter, have occasion to refer. But some sages are nothing if not critical, and in the same spirit those who flourish in the year 3000 may be treated with a discussion upon the disputed point whether her most gracious majesty Queen Victoria walked about London, Una-like, with a lion, as represented on the reverse of the splendid five-pound piece, or whether Sir Benjamin Brodie had in his house an altar dedicated to Æsculapius, with a ministering priestess of the first order of fine forms, such as is imperishably stamped on one of the most beautiful medals of ancient or modern times.

The year 3000! Where will the principalities of Europe be then? Will the wave of empire have rolled westward following that law which hitherto seems to have ruled it? Will civilization be still advancing with rapid current, or be at its height, or on the ebb? Will some catastrophe, like the burning of the Alexandrian library, have swept away the lore treasured up for ages, leaving men again to begin at the beginning in science and art? The last of these questions alone can be answered peremptorily in the negative. The diffusive magic of Gutenberg, Faust, and Schoeffer called up inextinguishable light, and secured immortality to the thoughts and inventions of men. The printing press forbids retrogression, and the streams of knowledge which it pours forth must continue to flow with increased power and fullness, till time is lost in the eternity of which the elephant was the emblem.*

The triumphal entry of Alexander into Babylon was not improbably rendered more imposing by the introduction of elephants. Such striking accessories are not likely to have been omitted in that grand scene of oriental pomp; but Quintus Curtius does not mention their presence among the lions, leopards, and other beasts driven and led along the flower-strewed roads, which were dressed with silver altars perfuming the air with frankincense, in honour of the hero whose chariot was preceded by the Magi and Chaldeans chanting hymns in his praise, as he passed in all the flush of manhood and conquest, to a premature death not without suspicion of poison. Vanity of vanities! At the age of thirty-two he had conquered all before him, was worshipped as a God, and then,

> —— two paces of the vilest earth
> Was room enough.

The elephants of Pyrrhus were the first that appeared in a Roman triumph; and, from that period to the decline of the empire they were, at each successive series of victories, paraded through the thronged streets the outward and visible signs of extended and extending domination. In

* Thus on the reverse of a large brass medal of the Emperor Philip we find AETERNITAS AUGG. (*Æternitas Augustorum*) and "A caparisoned elephant, with a naked rider, who holds a goad in each hand, and sits on the animal's back, a less usual berth than the neck and shoulders. This was one of the collection of beasts which Gordian had prepared for his triumph, but which became an organ of his destroyer's popularity and fame; for there can be no doubt that the medal was struck on the occasion of the secular games, though the legend merely augurs the length of Philip's reign, of which the longevity of the elephant was deemed typical."—Smyth.

Scipio's procession, the elephants that marched to the capitol after the sacrificial victims brought home the humiliation of Africa to the bosom of every artizan. On the last night of Cæsar's triumph these massive animals bore in their trunks immense torches. The most graceful of our poets thus brings before us the splendid but painful scene :

Along the Sacred Way
Hither the Triumph came, and winding round
With acclamation and the martial clang
Of instruments, and cars laden with spoil,
Stopt at the sacred stair that then appeared,
Then thro' the darkness broke, ample, star-bright,
As tho' it led to heaven. 'Twas night ; but now
A thousand torches, turning night to day,
Blazed, and the victor, springing from his seat,
Went up, and kneeling as in fervent prayer,
Entered the Capitol. But what are they
Who at the foot withdraw, a mournful train
In fetters? And who, yet incredulous,
Now gazing wildly round, now on his sons,
On those so young, well-pleased with all they see,
Staggers along, the last?—They are the fallen,
Those who were spared to grace the chariot wheels ;
And there they parted, where the road divides,
The victor and the vanquished—there withdrew ;
He to the festal board, and they to die.

According to Suetonius, Julius, as he passed the Velabrum, was nearly *thrown out* of his chariot by the breaking of the axletree, and ascended the steps of the capitol lighted by forty elephants* bearing torches on the right hand and on the left. Dio says that Cæsar made the ascent on his knees, and seems to convey that it was not during the Gallic, but the African triumph that he returned home, accompanied by nearly the whole of the populace and a multitude of these enormous four-footed *Lychnophori.* It appears certain, at all events, that on the last-named occasion the elephants figured pre-eminently, and the spoils were displayed on ivory cars.

Much stress is not to be laid upon the medals which represent Cæsar and others riding in chariots drawn by elephants, for many of these were merely emblematical. Dignity, as well as eternity, and the conquest of the country to which it belonged, were typified by the beast. Doubts have been expressed whether the medal of Alexander, with his head on the obverse, and himself in a car drawn by four elephants on the reverse, was of his own time, although of ancient date ; but it is generally considered that the reverse presents him in triumph after his Persian conquests. At Rome, it does not appear to have been unusual to open the public games with car-borne statues drawn by elephants. Thus was the image of Augustus carried in procession after his death, and its arrival at the circus was the signal for the commencement of the sports, as is recorded by a medal whereon the *Divus Augustus* is so portrayed, his head surrounded with rays. The Quirinal games were probably opened in like manner ; for an ancient bas-relief represents Romulus, as is generally supposed, drawn by four of these animals.

* Some make the number four hundred. Thus Topsell—"Being thus tamed, they grow into civill and familiar uses, for Cæsar ascended into the capitall betwixt four hundred elephants, carrying at either side burning torches."

Pompey, it seems, was the first who actually harnessed elephants to his car, intending thus to mortify those whose jealousy envied him his triumph. The mortification however recoiled upon himself; for the gate was too narrow for his ambitious attempt, and the chagrined victor was compelled to content himself with horses.*

This failure had its effect, and it was not till long after, and when the Romans had turned their irresistible arms against Persia, that the conqueror appeared in the triumphal procession drawn by elephants. The surpassing grandeur of these pomps can hardly be conceived, and the English reader who would form any idea of their splendour may turn to Gibbon's dazzling description of the triumph of Aurelian after the fall of Palmyra, when the beautiful Queen of the East, fettered with gold, and almost fainting under the intolerable weight of jewels, "preceded on foot the magnificent chariot in which she once hoped to enter the gates of Rome." This procession was opened by twenty elephants, four royal tigers, above two hundred of the most curious animals of all climates, and sixteen hundred gladiators.

But it was in the theatres that the most extraordinary feats of elephants were exhibited to the Romans. The prodigal luxury of these buildings, and the waste of life that steamed up for the excitement of a people requiring the stimulus of blood to arouse their jaded attention, would be incredible if the most satisfactory evidence did not place the startling accounts of wholesale slaughter beyond doubt. The gladiator was sworn to the faithful performance of his deadly duty, to do or to suffer as his master might command; to his service he bound himself, body and soul, and bright but pitiless eyes were among the thousands that looked down upon him as he fearlessly pronounced his hopeless *moriturus vos saluto.*

Some notion of the lavish expenditure with which wealthy Romans purchased the transient favours of the multitude may be formed from the account of the structures raised by two candidates for popular applause.

Speaking of the theatre of Marcus Scaurus, Jonston, in his "Constancy of Nature,"† says, "That was a temporary work, and the use thereof was to be scarce for one moneth, yet it had three floors, in which there were 360 marble pillars. The lowest part of the theatre was all of marble, the middle was of glasse, and the uppermost was guilded: the inferiour pillars were fourty foot long, and between them were 3000 brazen statues. The whole theatre was so capacious that it would contain 80,000 men."

Curio caused two theatres to be framed of timber, "and these exceeding big, howbeit so as they might bee turned about as a man would have them, approch neere one to the other, or be removed farther asunder as

* The following is Holland's version of Pliny's account: "The first time that ever they were knowne to drawe at Rome, was in the triumph of Pompey the Great after he had subdued Africke, for then were two of them put in geeres to his triumphant chariot. But long before that it is said that Father Bacchus having conquered India did the like when he triumphed for his conquest. Howbeit in that triumph of Pompey, Procilius affirmeth, that, coupled as they were, two in one yoke, they could not possibly go in at the gates of Rome." Pliny's words are, "Romæ juncti primum subiere currum Pompeii magni Africano triumpho: quod prius India victa triumphante Libero patre memoratur. Procilius negat potuisse Pompeii triumpho junctos ingredi portam."—*Nat. Hist.* viii. 2. Plutarch states that Pompey resolved to have his chariot drawn by *four* elephants on this occasion.

† 12mo. 1657.

one would desire, and all by the means of one hooke apiece that they hung by, which bare the weight of the whole frame, the counterpoise was so even, and all the whole therfore sure and firme."

"Now he ordered the matter thus; that to behold the severall stage plaies and shews in the forenoone before dinner, they shall be set back to back, to the end that the stages should not trouble one another: and when the people had taken their pleasure that way, he turned the theatres about in a trice against the afternoone, that they affronted one another: and toward the latter end of the day, and, namely, when the fencers and sword-plaiers were to come in place, he brought both the theatres nearer together (and yet every man sat stil and kept his place, according to his rank and order), insomuch as by the meeting of the hornes and corners of them both together in compasse, he made a fair round Amphitheatre of it: and there in the middest between, he exhibited indeed unto them all jointly, a sight and spectacle of sword-fencers fighting at sharpe, whom he had hired for that purpose: but in truth, a man may say more truly, that he caried the whole people of Rome round about at his pleasure, bound sure enough for stirring or remooving. Now let us come to the point, and consider a little better of this thing. What should a man wonder at most therein, the deviser or the devise itselfe? The workeman of this fabricke, or the maister that set him on worke? Whether of the twaine is more admirable, either the venterous head of him that devised it, or the bold heart of him that undertooke it? to command such a thing to be done, or to obey and yeeld to goe in hand with it? But when we have said all that we can, the follie of the blind and bold people of Rome went beyond al; who trusted such a ticklish frame, and durst sit there in a seat so moveable. Loe where a man might have seen the bodie of that people, which is commander and ruler of the whole earth, the conqueror of the world, the disposer of kingdomes and realms at their pleasure, the deviser of countries and nations at their wil, the giver of lawes to forreinstates, the vicegerent of the immortall gods under heaven, and representing their image unto all mankind: hanging in the air within a frame, at the mercy of one only hook, and readie to clap hands at their own danger."*

Of some of the permanent theatres and amphitheatres we have in our own day the remains, attesting the gigantic scale on which those national edifices were erected.

Jonston in the book above quoted after stating that, "Caracalla also, wheresoever he did or purposed to stay in winter, caused amphitheatres and playhouses to be builded and suddenly they were to be demolished," thus continues: "Amongst those that lasted, it shall suffice me to make mention onely of the Theater of Titus. A man could hardly see to the top of it, and a whole river of wealth was spent in the building of it, wherefore Martial writes,

> Cæsar's amphitheater hath the name.
> Let all give place, this doth deserve the fame.

And though such stately structures consumed infinite wealth, yet if we regard the furniture, and such things as were employed besides, we shall finde that the cost they were at, would have served for great Cities. And that the magistrate did prodigally wast in Theatres, Playes, Wrestlers, Fencers, and such kindes of men all their patrimony, that they might

* Holland's Pliny.

win the peoples liking for an howers time. In a word; The workmanship was more than the matter. Nero, to show his wealth to Thiridates King of Armenia, covered all the theatre with gold, and the very hangings that hung up were of purple, and bossed with golden stars,* whence that was called a Golden day, and Lucretius alludes unto it.

> Yellow and Golden Hangings commonly,
> And murry coloured in the theatres
> Hung, twinkling like to stars within the sky.

Also Caligula when he set forth some principall sports, He commanded that the floore round about should be made with minium and chrysocolla; Probus commanded to let loose at once 1000 Ostriches, 1000 Stags, as many Bears, 1000 Dogs, with wild goats and many other beasts, and at these sports he gave them to the people by way of Magnificence, and it was free for every one to kill as many as he could: And to add to this, the next day he caused to be shewed openly a 100 he Lyons, a 100 Leopards of Africa, as many of Syria, a 100 she Lions, and 300 Bears. And Titus, who though he were called the delights of mankinde, did the like.

> All kindes of beasts, that on the Mountains be,
> Cæsar, thy Theatre affords to thee:
> The Rocks did creep, the woods did run, men guesse,
> Such was the wood of the Hesperides.

But Heliogabalus was the maddest man of them all: For it is reported of him that he made at these sports, his ships flote in Channels that ran with Wine. And Carinus was not far short of him."†

Amid all this splendour, troops of gladiators variously armed rushed to the conflict under the direction of the *Lanista*. Here was the *Thrax* opposed to the *Myrmillo*, there the *Secutor* chasing the wily *Retiarius* who fled, biding his time to throw his net over the head of his adversary, and pierce the entangled wretch with his trident—with many other combatants all with distinctive names, some hotly engaged, others lying lifeless in their gore—the wounded appealing with raised fingers for mercy to the perfume-besprinkled spectators, and the victors staying their hands as they watched for the signal of life or death. Too frequently did the downward pointing thumbs, tier above tier, remind the vanquished that they were

> Required
> To fall with grace, with dignity—to sink,
> While life was gushing, and the plaudits rang
> Faint and yet fainter on their failing ear,
> As models for the sculptor.

The Christian bravery of one man stopped this outpouring of life. Obeying the dictates of the religion of the heart, Telemachus descended into the arena to part the combatants, and suddenly checked the charge of the devoted swordsmen, braving the wrath of the assembled people and securing the abolition of these butcheries with his blood.‡ The excitement of the savage populace at the interruption of the sports was

* The centre of the awning on this occasion displayed Nero as the Sun guiding his chariot in embroidery.

† Constancy of Nature.

‡ This heroic act was done during the games with which Honorius was celebrating the retreat of the Goths; and, in his time, the laws alluded to were framed

not to be controlled, and the martyr was overwhelmed with a shower of stones. But when their madness had passed away, the noble self-sacrifice of the Asiatic monk sank deep into their repentant hearts, and they submitted to the laws that forbad those sanguinary spectacles.

The *Bestiarius*, or beast-fighting gladiator, does not appear to have been employed at the exhibition of the elephants brought to Rome by Metellus. They seem to have been driven about the Circus by slaves to familiarize the people with their appearance and to destroy, by the humility with which the beasts submitted, the terror of their name; but Pompey exhibited them in a general fight with multitudes of lions and with armed men; and, in his second consulate, when they were matched against Getulians, one of the wounded elephants showed his dexterous training by snatching the shields of his opponents, and whirling them into the air with his trunk in such a manner as to give them a rotatory motion in their ascent and descent. Here is Topsell's description of some of these encounters.

"At the last the fight with elephants turned into a publike game or pastime, both to see them fought withall by men, and also among themselves. When certaine prisoners of the Romans were taken by Anniball, he first constrained them to skirmish among themselves, and so slew one another except only one; and he was by the like commaundement forced to fight with an elephant, but upon condition of liberty if he escaped alive: and thereupon joined combat and slew the elephant to the great griefe and amazement of all the Carthaginians; but going home, according to agreement, Anniball fearing that by this fact those great beasts would grow into contempt, sent certaine horsemen to kill him by the way."

"Their trunke or hand is most easie to be cut off; for so it happened in the ædility or temple office of Claudius, Antonius and Posthumus being consuls, and afterward in the Circus, when the Luculli were the commons officers. And when Pompey was consull the second time, there were 17. or 20. which at one time fought within the Circus, at the dedication of the Temple of Venus the Victoria, where the Getulians fought with them with speares and dartes; for their happened an admirable accident, one of the souldiers who having a hurt in his feete did creepe uppon his knees betwixt the legges of the elephants, and cast up the dartes over his head into the beastes belly, which fell downe round about him, to the great pleasure of the beholders, so that many of the elephants perished rather by Art then the strength of the Souldier. No less was the miracle of another slaine with one stroke, for a pile ran into his temples through his eie, and there stacke so fast, that it could not be pulled forth againe; which thing was afterward assayed by Iulius Cæsar, and in the third time of his consulship, there were twenty elephantes, which in the games fought with five men, and so many towers on their backes, bearing threescore men in every tower."*

They were also opposed to bulls; and Martial in his nineteenth epigram† records the destruction of one by an elephant, the former having rashly come into contact with the latter, and fancying that the solid bulk of the elephant might be tossed with as much ease as the stuffed figures on which he had been exercising his horns.

Pliny in the quaint but striking dress in which "Philemon Holland,

* Historie of Foure-footed Beasts. † Spectaculorum Liber.

Doctor in Physicke,"* has presented him, thus relates in detail, their pugnacious deeds in the arena.

"Fenestalla writeth that the first sight of them in Rome, was exhibited in the grand Cirque, during the time that Claudius Pulcher was Ædile Curule, when M. Antonius and A. Posthumius were consuls: in the 650 yere after the citie of Rome was built. In like manner, 20 yeres after, when the Luculli were Ædiles Curule, there was represented a combat between Bulls and Elephants. Also in the second consulship of C. Pompeius at the dedication of the temple to Venus Victoresse, 20 of them, or as some write, 17 fought in the great Cirque. In which solemnitie the Gætulians were set to launce darts and javelins against them. But among all the rest, one elephant did wonders: for when his legs and feet were shot and stucke full of darts, he crept upon his knees, and never staid till he was gotten among the companies of the said Gætulians, where he caught from them their targets and bucklers perforce, flung them aloft into the aire, which as they fell turned round, as if they had bin trundled by art, and not hurled and thrown with violence by the beasts in their furious anger: and this made a goodly sight and did great pleasure to the beholders. And as strange a thing as that was seen in another of them, whose fortune was to be killed out of hand with one shot: for the dart was so driven that it entered under the eie, and pierced as far as to the vitall parts of the head, even the ventricles of the brain. Wherupon all the rest at once assaied to break forth and get away, not without a great hurry and trouble among the people, notwithstanding they were without the lists, and those set round with yron gates and bars. But those elephants of Pompey being past all hope of escaping and going cleere away, after a most pittifull manner and rufull plight that cannot be expressed, seemed to make mone unto the multitude, craving mercie and pittie, with grievous plaints and lamentations, bewailing their hard state and wofull case: in such sort that the peoples hearts earned at this piteous sight, and with teares in their eies, for very compassion, rose up all at once from beholding this pageant, without regard to the person of Pompey that great Generall and Commander, without respect of his magnificence and stately shew, of his munificence and liberality, where he thought to have woon great applause and honor at their hands; but in lieu thereof fell to cursing of him, and wishing all those plagues and misfortunes to light upon his head, which soon after insued accordingly. Moreover, Cæsar the Dictatour, in his third consulship, exhibited another fight of them, and brought forth twenty to maintain skirmish against five hundred footmen: and a second time he set out twenty more, with wooden turrets upon their backs, containing sixty defendants a piece: and he opposed against them five hundred footmen and as many horse. After all this, Claudius and Nero, the emperors, brought them forth, one by one, into single fight, with approved, expert, and accomplished fencers, at the end of al the other solemnitie when they had done their prizes."

Such touches of mercy as that above recorded, were, however, as few and far between as angels' visits; and, by a just retribution, the hard-eyed spectators were not always exempt from their share of the danger. The general rush of the elephants upon that very occasion,—before

* Folio, 1601.

whose overwhelming charge the iron balustrade must have been as a fence of reeds,—was made *non sine vexatione populi*, and occasionally they had to endure the tormenting caprice of a tyrant. Caligula, when the mortal game was reaching its most interesting and sanguinary point, and the heat was most intense, suddenly caused the awning to be drawn back, and forbade the sun-struck sufferers to leave their places.* Sometimes they were exposed to a more fatal burst of temper. Commodus, when hailed with divine honours by the acclamations of the people, assembled to behold one of his gladiatorial exhibitions in the arena, believing that they mocked him, issued orders in his fury for their instant slaughter.

Julius Cæsar, indeed, when, conqueror of the world, he returned to Rome, and forgave all who had been opposed to him in arms, at his grand exhibition of *Naumachiæ* as well as of battles between horse, foot, and elephants, caused the arena to be surrounded by ditches for the protection of the people from the infuriated beasts, to which they had been exposed in the games given by Pompey. The naval fights made this precaution the more necessary on account of the fear which the elephants were supposed to feel at the sight of water. Nets were also stretched to secure the spectators from the mad leaps of the leopards and lions. The prodigality of the emperors had here room for display. Nero caused these nets to be knotted with amber; and in the time of Carinus they were made of gold, either in the form of cord or wire.

Thirty-two elephants, ten tigers, ten elks, sixty lions, thirty leopards, ten hyænas, one hippopotamus, ten camelopards, multitudes of deer, goats, antelopes, and other beasts were turned into the arena at the Secular Games, celebrated by the Emperor Philip; and a murderous match of two thousand gladiators crowned the carnage. For three days and three nights were the games incessantly continued in honour of the thousandth anniversary of Rome. When the sun went down, innumerable torches scattered the darkness, till they, in their turn, paled before

* In the earlier periods, the Romans sheltered themselves from the weather in the theatres as they could, wearing their broad-brimmed *causiæ* as a defence against the sun, and trusting to their hoods and mantles as a protection against the rain. "In processe of time, Lentulus Spinter (by report) was the first man that in the solemnity of the games and plaies Apollinate, drew fine curtaines over the great amphitheatre at Rome: howbeit, not long after, Cæsar Dictator caused the grand Forum or common place at Rome to be covered all over with such rich courtains; yea, and the high faire street called Sacra, to be hanged on both sides, from his own dwelling house to the very capitoll cliffe: which magnificent and sumptuous sight was more wondred at, and seene with greater admiration, than the brave shew and Tourney that he set out at the same time of sworde-plaiers at sharpe and to the utterance. Then followed Marcellus, also the son of Octavia, sister to the Emperour Augustus, who, in his own Edileship and in the tenth consulship of his uncle Augustus beforesaid, upon the calends or first day of August in that yeare, caused the Romane Forum to be drawne all over and shadowed with the like courtains, although he represented at that time no solemnitie at all of games and plaies: and this he did only, that they who came to plead at the barre, might stand under shade more wholesomely. Lord, what a change was here at Rome since the daies of Cato the Censor. * * * Of late daies there were seene in the amphitheatres of Emperour Nero, traverses drawne upon cords and ropes, with fine courtains of blew azure colour like the skie, and those beset with stars; where the very floore of the ground under mens feet, was coloured red. But for all these paintings and rich dyes, yet when all is done, the white linnen held the own still, and was highly esteemed above al colors."—*Holland's Pliny.*

the dawn. But the measure of iniquity was full, and the end was at hand. The agonies of the follower of Him whose kingdom is not of this world, were no longer to make sport for the heathen. The Christian jubilees proclaimed peace and good will to men; and the arena ceased to be saturated with human blood.

Elephants were also employed by the ancients as they have been in modern times to execute criminals, but it appears that they were not always to be depended upon; "for when King Bochus had condemned thirty men to be torne and trod in pieces by elephants, and tying them hand and foote to blocks or pieces of wood, cast them among thirty elephants, his servants and officers could not by al their wit, skil, or provocation, make the beasts touch one of them: so that it was apparant they scorned and disdained to serve any man's cruell disposition, or to be the ministers of tyranny and murther."*

Dark as the picture presented by the exhibitions of the Roman theatre generally is, it had its brighter side, and elephants were not unfrequently presented as actors in genteel comedy and ballet dancers. The training required for these performances, and other almost incredible feats, must have commenced when the animal was young; indeed, there is no doubt, notwithstanding the supposed impossibility of breeding the animals in confinement, so long cherished in modern times, that elephants were bred at Rome;† and as little that the ancients were well acquainted with the fact, so much disputed by Buffon and others, that the young elephant took its maternal nourishment with the mouth, and not with the trunk. The picture of a young elephant and its mother at Pompeii, demonstrates this knowledge.

But their genteel comedy? Six gentlemen elephants, clad in the *toga*, accompanied as many lady guests of the same quality, dressed in the *stola*, to the banqueting-room, and there they went through the ceremonies of the *triclinium* after the most approved fashion. "There was a certain banquet prepared for elephants upon a low bed in a palour, set with divers dishes and pots of wine, whereinto were admitted twelve, six males, apparelled like men, and six females, apparelled like women: when they saw it, they sat downe with great modesty, taking heere and there like discreet, temperat ghests, neither ravening upon one dish or other, and when they should drinke, they tooke the cup receiving the liquor very manerly, and for sport or festivity would, through their trunks, squirt or cast a litle of their drink upon their attendants."‡

Their dances and feats of dexterous strength were no less admirable.

"In the late solemnity of tournois and sword-fight at the sharp which Germanicus Cæsar exhibited to gratify the people, the elephants were seen to show pastime with leaping and keeping a stir, as if they

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* Topsell.

† In another chapter we have stated the rations of a modern elephant in captivity: here is an account of the diet of an ancient tame elephant. "When they are tamed they will eate barlie either whole or grounde: of whole at one time is given them nine Macedonian bushels, but of meal six, and of drinke eyther wine or water thirty Macedonian pintes at a time, that is fourteen gallons, but this is observed, that they drinke not wine except in warre, when they are to fight, but water at all times. Also they will eat dryed figges, grapes, onions, bulrushes, palmes, and ivy-leaves."—*Topsell.*

‡ Topsell.

danced, after a rude and disorderly manner. A common thing it was among them to fling weapons and darts in the aire so strongly, that the winds had no power against them; to flourish also beforehand; yea, and to encounter and meet together in fight like sword-fencers; and to make good sport in a kinde of moriske dance. Some of them were so nimble and well practised, that they would enter into an hall or dining place where the tables were set full of guests, and passe among them so gently and daintily, weighing, as it were, their feet in their going, so as they would not hurt or touch any of the company as they were drinking."*

Their dancing at last was carried to a high pitch of refinement, for "they learned to daunce after pipes by measure, sometime dauncing softly, and sometime apace, and then again leaping upright, according to the number of the thing sung or played upon the instrument. Their was an elephant playing upon a cymball, and others of his fellowes dauncing about him, for there was fastened to either of both of his forelegs one cymball, and another hanged to his trunke, the beast would observe just time, and strike upon one and then the other, to the admiration of all the beholders."†

But all the feats of ancient and modern times were eclipsed by those which now demand our notice. Madame Sacqui, when she ascended and descended the rope stretched from the galiery to the stage over the upturned heads of the wondering and trembling pit, was hailed as the princess of funambulists. Afterwards, two performers descending from a height which reduced them to the size of fairies, as they danced down the tight-rope amid the blaze of fireworks at Vauxhall, excited the fears and applause of half London. But when we contemplate an elephant, with all its instincts warning it not to venture its immense weight on any frail foundation,—an animal that cannot be tempted to pass a wooden bridge or tread a stage till it has satisfied itself of its sufficient strength,—in a similar situation, the fame of all biped rope-dancers fades before the nicely-adjusted skill of the gigantic quadruped. "One of the greatest wonders of them was, that they could mount up and clime against a rope; but more wonderfull that they should slide downe again with their heads downwards."‡ In Nero's time, at the celebration of the *Ludi maximi*, a distinguished Roman knight descended the rope, seated on an elephant; and,§ at the Floral Games, Galba exhibited rope-dancing elephants.

The crowning exhibition of this sort is recorded by Pliny. Four elephants advancing along ropes, bore in litters others personating that interesting situation in which the Roman ladies were wont to call upon Juno Lucina.‖

The only modern feat at all comparable to this, was exhibited at the marriage of the King of France's brother, in the thirteenth century, when a man rode on horseback along a rope. Whether the horse was shod with felt does not appear.

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* Hollands' Pliny. † Topsell. ‡ Holland's Pliny.

§ "Ludis, quos pro æternitate imperii susceptos appellari *maximos* voluit, ex utroque ordine et sexu plerique ludicras partes sustinuerunt. Notissimus eques Romanus elephanto supersedens per catadromum decucurrit."—*Suetonius. Nero.*

‖ "Per funes incessere, lecticis etiam ferentes quaterni singulos, puerperas imitantes."—*Plin. Nat. Hist.*, viii. 2. See further, the "Andria" of Terence.

# LITERATURE.

## VOYAGES AND SERVICES OF THE NEMESIS IN CHINA.*

It is perhaps fortunate that human pride is not easily abashed, for, were it otherwise, how humiliating would be the reflection that the whole history of our race forms a record of lamentable mistakes, errors and absurdities which might almost justify the satirist's definition of reason as the prerogative that confers on man the exclusive privilege of acting irrationally. The vanity of creation's lord is kept alive, and even receives constant increase from the conviction that in arts, sciences, and general knowledge, he is immeasurably superior to the preceding ages, while he never suspects that in all these respects he may be deemed equally inferior by his successors. He generally enjoys a life-hold in his imaginary pre-eminence, which explains, if it fail to justify his overweening conceit. But what flattering unction shall we lay to our souls when blunders not less egregious than those perpetrated by our ignorant ancestors, have been brought home to our contemporaries, nay, have been made notorious to all the world within the last few years,—errors too, not emanating from obscure pretenders, but from distinguished philosophers and statesmen? Two recent and signal instances of this nature can hardly fail to suggest themselves to the readers of the volumes before us. A certain doctor, of no mean fame in science, pronounced a deliberate opinion that it would be impossible to navigate a steamer across the Atlantic. Others maintained that such a triumph of art might possibly be accomplished by a wooden steam-boat, but that to attempt it in an iron vessel would only insure its destruction. Well, here we have the adventures of an iron steamer which after having encountered accidents and mishaps that would have been fatal to any other ship, has not only doubled the Cape of Good Hope, taken a prominent part in the Chinese war, and performed lengthened voyages in seas and rivers previously unnavigated, but is in a state when subsequently docked and examined at Bombay, to justify the following report:

> Her bottom bears the marks of having been repeatedly ashore; the plates are deeply indented in many places, in one or two to the extent of several inches. She has evidently been in contact with sharp rocks, and one part of her keel plate is bent sharp up, in such a way as I could not believe that *cold* iron could bear: indeed, unless the iron had been extremely good, I am sure it would not have stood it without injury. Her bottom is not nearly so much corroded as I expected to have found it, and she is as tight as a bottle.

The second conspicuous instance of contemporaneous error is assignable to the sapient legislators and statesmen who denounced the war with a "a third of the human race" as a Quixotic, not to say a frantic crusade, which must inevitably terminate in discomfiture and disgrace, uncompensated by any mercantile or other advantage. How utterly this prediction has been falsified we need not urge. How widely the benefits already

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* Narrative of the Voyages and Services of the Nemesis from 1840 to 1843, and of the combined Naval and Military Operations in China. From Notes of Commander W. H. Hall, R.N., with Personal Observations by W. D. Bernard, Esq., A.M., Oxon. 2 vols.

secured to us by our treaty with China may hereafter be extended we will not now stop to calculate.

With a strong conviction that the ultimate results of the expedition to China opening us a region that may almost be deemed a new world, and giving us a comparatively free intercourse with "a third of the human race" will be only inferior to those that ensued from the discovery of America, we looked anxiously for some publication that should not only give a full and authentic account of the origin, progress, and termination of the war, but comprise all the treaties and regulations adopted by the belligerents, and furnish us with the opinions of an impartial and enlightened eye-witness as to the character of the Chinese, the capabilities of their country, and the probable consequences, both commercial and political, of the relations now so happily established between our terrene island and the Celestial empire. For the appearance of such a work we were the more impatient because a variety of hasty, frivolous, and incorrect statements had been published by parties whose incompetency to perform the task they had undertaken was rendered painfully manifest at almost every page. Such a trustworthy and comprehensive narrative as we have described required a historian of somewhat rare qualifications, and we cannot but consider it a curious felicity that we should have found him in the person of Mr. Bernard. In the first place we hold it to be a great advantage that he was a non-combatant, for though it has been said that Cæsar wrote as well as he fought, we take leave to doubt that any military man can be an impartial narrator of his own exploits, the tendency to overvalue himself and undervalue his opponents necessarily giving a bias to his mind which all his strategy cannot conquer. Besides, is it not an admitted axiom that lookers-on see most of the game? An intrepid curiosity, and a laudable desire for accurate information led our author to visit the scene of our proceedings in China, and from the notes of Captain Hall, and other authentic sources carefully selected, he has been enabled to give us a complete account of the naval and military operations. A lengthened visit to China in 1842, and several excursions into the interior of the country gave him peculiar means of observation which he has turned to account with a talent, integrity, and impartiality, that could hardly have been found in soldiers or sailors, whose professional prejudices interfere too often with enlarged views and a dispassionate candour. Without dilating further upon the writer's qualifications as an accurate and philosophic observer, we shall proceed to give a brief summary of this interesting narrative.

The Nemesis sailed from Portsmouth under sealed orders, clearing out for Odessa, but her real and ultimate destination was a mystery which continued until her arrival at Ceylon. We can hardly imagine any thing more stimulating than the protracted curiosity of the crew, committed to the dangers of an experimental voyage, and not knowing to what part of the wide world they were so darkly speeding. Notwithstanding the favourable report we have given as to the state of the Nemesis after all her perilous services, she was frequently in imminent danger of destruction, and never more so than in the Mozambique channel, where, after having struggled for some time with a furious gale,

In the night, or rather about three o'clock in the morning of the 17th, a tremendous sea at length struck her upon her larboard quarter. Her whole

frame quivered with the blow, and so violent was the shock that the first impression of all on board was that the ship had been actually riven asunder. The violence of the blow made her broach to the sea and wind, but happily she was got before it again as speedily as possible. It was no time to hesitate or to be idle; every man was on deck, ready and anxious to use his best exertions, and it is in such moments of trial that the true British seaman shows the hardy oaken stuff of which he is made.

In the morning an immense perpendicular crack was discovered on both sides of the vessel, which had begun to separate amidships, and shortly afterwards a second storm increased the openings until they extended downwards more than three feet and a half and continued to enlarge. By assuming a cheerful countenance the captain endeavoured to inspire a hope of eventual safety which he himself hardly felt, when one of the men, a hardy boiler-maker, exclaimed, "You may smile, sir, but you don't know the nature of iron; how should you," (as if in pity of his ignorance), and then added, as if for comfort, "Ah, sir, when once it works and cracks as our sides are doing now it's sure to go on; nothing can stop it." This pleasant assurance proved partly true, but the exertions of officers and men succeeded nevertheless in bringing their shattered vessel into Delagoa Bay, where she was laid ashore and repaired. In the Portuguese settlements upon this coast they found the diabolical slave trade in full activity, and producing its usual results of brutality and barbarism.

We have next a description of the Comoro islands which to most readers will probably be entirely new, communications being exceedingly rare; and yet the Sultan of Joanna seemed to be neither uninformed nor incurious as to English affairs, for we are told that,

> He made many inquiries about the Queen and Prince Albert, and whether an heir to the throne had yet been born, and seemed not a little curious to know if the Thames Tunnel was finished.

On the first arrival of the Nemesis in the Chinese waters, she was actively employed in the hostilities that had then commenced, previously to the detail of which Mr. Bernard gives a full and general review of the antecedent events and negotiations. This retrospect is written with much impartiality, though there seems to be a leaning in the author's mind against the line of conduct adopted by Captain Elliot, which, notwithstanding all the obloquy it has incurred, we conceive to have been dictated by sound policy as well as humanity. It was his great object to spare all unnecessary effusion of blood, and to conciliate the people by letting them see that the English did not wage war with them, but with their governors. Had the millions been exasperated against the mere handful of their assailants, the results might have been very different; but when they found that they were spared so much as possible by their invaders, and even derived advantage from their success in the gratuitous distribution of the public rice stores, their opposition was mostly neutralised, it was in some instances converted into an actual assistance of our operations. Sir Robert Peel, it will be recollected, bore public testimony to the value of Captain Elliot's services, and did himself honour by giving him a new appointment.

Although Mr. Bernard generally speaks favourably of the Chinese character, he takes frequent occasion to accuse them of duplicity, and of using words to conceal their thoughts. How often and in what indignant

terms have we been told by others that they are false and deceitful. To be sure they are! Cunning and deceit, the natural defence with men as well as animals, of the weak against the strong, were the congreve rockets, and the shells, and the iron steamers of the Chinese. When they found their own miserable arms utterly useless, they had recourse to these substitutes, and who can blame them if he admits that self-preservation is the first law of nature? When the Chinese are convinced that in dealing with Europeans, honesty is the best policy, they will doubtless practise it; and to this opinion we can only convert them by setting them the example of our own faith in it.

The adventures and achievements of the "demon-ship" (for such was the name given to the Nemesis when she first began "to astonish the natives,") in the attack upon Chuenpee, in the destruction of the Chinese squadron in Anson's Bay, and other operations previously to the truce and her return to Hong Kong, are full of novelty and interest, and yet the details even of our successes are sometimes rather painful. Half armed and utterly undisciplined, the Chinese troops, though not wanting in personal courage, could scarcely make any defence; from ignorance of our usages they refused to accept quarter; hundreds rushed upon destruction in their desperate efforts to escape; while our own loss was so insignificant, that our victories could hardly be said to bring us more than a scanty accession of glory. In the subsequent proceedings that terminated in the investment and ransom of Canton, the Nemesis, as usual, took the lead, her historian giving us a spirited and graphic account of her achievements. Of the island of Hong Kong, to which our expedition now returned, we have a map, as well as a full description, detailing its wonderful progress since it came into our possession, and offering some valuable suggestions for rendering it more salubrious.

But it is after the renewal and more vigorous prosecution of the war, and the arrival of Sir Henry Pottinger, that the narrative assumes its deepest interest. Large reinforcements having now been received and more being expected it was resolved to advance upon Nankin, the ancient capital of the empire.

The navigation of the Yangtzé river (we are told) was almost entirely unknown, only a small portion of it having been surveyed by Captain Bethune in the Conway. To the Chinese themselves the ascent of large ships or junks as far as Nankin appeared quite impracticable, principally owing to the amazing strength of the current, and the numerous sand-banks which render its channel intricate. Sir William Parker, however, felt so much confidence in his own resources, and in the aid of his numerous steam-vessels (several more of which had now arrived), that he did not hesitate to undertake the bold measure of conducting a fleet of between seventy and eighty sail, including two *line-of-battle ships*, besides the large troop-ships, into the very heart of the empire, more than two hundred miles from the sea.

* * * * *

There are few rivers in the world to be compared to the Yangtzé, in point of extent and the richness of the provinces through which it flows. Supposed to take its rise at a distance of more than three thousand miles from the sea, among the furthest mountains of Thibet, it traverses the whole empire of China from west to east, turning a little to the northward, and is believed to be navigable through the whole of these valuable provinces.—Vol. ii., pp. 378, 387.

The advance of our formidable fleet up this magnificent and hitherto

unexplored river, the dangers to which it was constantly exposed from rocks, sandbanks, stakes, and fire-ships, the perils from unsuspected batteries and secreted war-junks, the singular aspect of the new world that opened to them with ever-varying features as they proceeded, the anomaly of our sometimes carrying on a friendly intercourse with the people on one side of the river, while we were fighting with their opposite neighbours, the strange scenes enacted on board the steamer, give to an unadorned and authentic history all the interest and the wildness of a romance. Alluding to the frequent suicides of the Tartars, after the capture of their stronghold Chin-keang-foo, we are told—

> They could not brook defeat, or the desecration of their hearths, by the tread of the unknown but thoroughly hated barbarians; every house had its victims.

But this seems to have been a very ancient practice, for it is recorded in the Chinese annals that when his capital was taken by the Moguls, the Emperor Shew-fu, who, like our James II., seems to have thought that all authority would cease if its type were destroyed, lodged the seal of empire in a house and hung himself, having ordered his servants to fire the building as soon as he was dead. In 1644 the last Chinese emperor, in a similar emergency, preferred self-immolation to disgrace. His empress having previously hung herself on a tree in a silken string, her husband staid only to write these words on the borders of his vest—"Do what you will with me, but spare my people." He then cut off the young princess's head with one stroke of his scimitar, and hanged himself on another tree: his prime minister, queens, and eunuchs followed his example; and thus ended the Chinese monarchy to give place to that of the Tartars, which has continued ever since. The terrible example of the Emperor Shew-fu was closely imitated by the Tartar general at Chin-keang-foo, who set fire to his house, as soon as our troops obtained possession of the city, and buried himself and part of his family in its ashes.

Our limits prevent our even glancing at the further occurrences that preceded the arrival of the expedition at the ancient capital of Nankin, whose outer wall may be traced over hill and dale for a distance of not less than thirty-five miles. Its population was soon overawed by the three thousand four hundred men under Sir Hugh Gough, for such was the actual force at his disposal for the attack of the city; and here, as our author remarks,

> The first treaty made between the haughty and impenetrable Empire of China, and any other nation of the earth, upon terms of equal rank and title, was exacted by England, and did honour to her discernment, perseverance, and forbearance, no less than to her power.

For a description of the Porcelain Tower, the cast-iron pagoda said to be twelve hundred years old, the colossal statues, and other curious antique remains, we must refer to the work itself. When we state that it contains a great mass of collateral information conveyed in a perspicuous and agreeable manner, we need scarcely add that these volumes are not less interesting to the parties engaged in, or connected with, the naval and military forces employed, than to the statesman, the merchant, and every one who would possess a minute and authentic record of an expedition absolutely without a parallel, either in ancient or in modern times.

## THE BRIDAL OF MELCHA.*

THIS "page from the early history of Ireland," modestly entitled by its fair author a "dramatic sketch," has claims upon public notice of a much higher order than many works of far greater pretensions, and being, as is stated in the preliminary advertisement, the writer's first essay in this species of composition, gives golden promise for the future.

The scene of the poem is laid in Ireland, about the middle of the ninth century, and during the partial occupation of that island by its Danish invaders. Its monarch, Malachi I., the hero we presume who subsequently "wore the collar of gold," is at the opening of the piece a mere shadow of a king, the royal authority being, in fact, entirely in the hands of Thorgill, or Turgesius, as he is called by historians, the Danish tyrant who styles himself his colleague. The celebrated demand made by the latter of the princess royal for his own bride and of fifteen of the most beautiful virgins of the court to be disposed of among his chieftains, forms the subject of the story, while the substitution of an equal number of young warriors, disguised as maidens, and the consequent destruction of their would-be paramours, constitute the *dénouement*.

The plot is well developed, and the language, always above mediocrity, frequently breathes the very soul of genuine poetry. As a specimen we extract the following lines from the scene in which Cathullin (Malachi) breaks to his daughter the news of her forced betrothment, and states the reasons which had compelled him to consent to it as the only mode of saving her from a worse fate. After describing the hopeless extremity to which he had been reduced the aged monarch goes on to say,

*Cuth.*—'Twas then he offered terms; freedom and life,
To all who would lay down their arms; the crown
And kingdom should be mine, "his dear ally;"
The biting sneer, the mocking, ringing laugh,
I mark'd not—heard not—passed them meekly by:
I only heard what came at last to bless
My senses with a hope that seem'd of heaven—
He would withdraw his troops, he would be gone,
And thou my child, my only child—my joy—
My pride—my treasure! Melcha! thou that art
More in my eyes than freedom, glory, power—
Would be restored unto thy father's arms
All pure and spotless as the saints in heaven.
(*He smiles sadly, then adds*)
Pronounce! thou art my judge: had I demurred
What then had been thy lot?
*Melcha.*— I could have died
As young Virginia did—or wert thou slain,
My own right hand remained to strike the blow.
*Cuth.*—Ungentle girl! Go ask the man who rears
A single flower, with anxious, daily care,
Suns it with smiles, bedews it with his tears,
Go bid him break the stem, and bow the head—
Warn him some ruder hand will rob the plant,
Or yonder storm that lowers above his head,
Will rend his precious nurseling by the roots—

* The Bridal of Melcha. By Mary L. Boyle.

Go sign the doom, stern girl, of steed or hound
That bore or followed thee, lest others should
Entreat thy favourites harshly—but at least,
In this thy madness, do not image forth
The thought of thee slain by a father's hand.
*Melcha.*—Yet she who fell was prized as Melcha is,
Her father's only child. Who shall deny
That was a blessed deed?
*Cuth.*— Away! away!
He was a pagan who could dare so much,
And cruel in his valour—I to strike
The blow myself?—What, with the hand that played
Amid thy golden tresses—on thy brow
Rested in daily blessing—the same hand
That thou hast oft imprisoned in thine own,
And laugh'd to mark the contrast? With this sword
Which thou hast girded by my side, or raised,
Breathless withal, a mimic Amazon!—
Melcha! I tell thee now, if such be deemed
A virtue, I have none; if such be called
Exalted courage, Coward is my name.

We cannot but consider that although in its present shape this piece could not be produced upon the boards, yet in the hands of an experienced playwright, Mr. Planché for instance, enough might be done in the way of curtailment and adaptation to ensure its success even as an acting play; as a dramatic poem, and in the closet, it cannot fail to please. The work is inscribed to Mr. James.

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## HYDE MARSTON.

THERE is a novelty, a reality, and a raciness about this book which will more than redeem it from the critical errors and defects that a fastidious eye may perchance detect in the details of its execution—we will not add in the construction of its plot—because we verily believe it to have no "plot" at all, either in the critical or the common-place sense of that term: it is, if we do not greatly mistake (like poor Audrey's notion of poetry) "a true thing;" it is, in the main features, we have no manner of doubt, a biography—we will not say an *auto*-biography, as we are speaking wholly without book, and from the impression made on us by the work itself. What is certain is, that a large proportion of the scenes of London and of country life—of "life" in the widest as well as the most wide-awake sense of the phrase—are actual transcripts from the reality as it existed some twenty years ago; and it is equally certain that many of the characters are drawn from "originals" who have scarcely quitted the scenes of their celebrity, and are still freshly remembered there: some of them indeed are allowed to figure under their own names; and those to whom an alias is assigned are so little disguised that those readers who had the good or ill luck (as the case might be) to be personally acquainted with them will be at no loss to assign their identity.

The name of "Craven" is so intimately and essentially connected with the sporting life of the last few years, that no sporting reader need be told what are the qualities of his style as a writer, and the second title of his work, "A Sportsman's Life," will sufficiently explain the leading

character of the book. But, fortunately for the general reader, the phrase is used in a much less restricted sense than that which it usually bears; the novel is a "sporting" one only in the sense in which almost every young man of fashion and family is at one period of his life a "sporting" character; there is nothing technical or professional about those of its scenes which appertain to "the Turf, the Field, and the Road;" and at least one-half of it—to our thinking, the better half—will be level to the tastes of the most miscellaneous of novel readers, and even to the most exacting of those who look in a novel for something more exciting, piquant, and improbable than they are wont to encounter in the ordinary intercourse of daily life.

Among the various species of "Life" which this lively and pleasant writer has undertaken to illustrate, the following are but a few: Life at Oxford—Club Life—Life at Doncaster—Life at Paris—Life at the seat of a Leicestershire Squire's—Life under the Cotswold Hills—Life in Dublin—Life on the Curragh—Life at Moulsey Hurst—in short, life under almost every phase and aspect of it but those sedentary ones which proceed upon the vegetative principle, and therefore do not proceed at all, but fairly stand still: a condition with which "Craven" has evidently no sympathy: he is the "Young Rapid" of the sporting world; and so indispensable to him is it to "keep moving," that when he backs objects to run after, he is fair to "course his own shadow." Nor is this latter species of sport the least amusing to which he invites us in those dashing and off-hand reminiscences of "A Sportman's Life."

Among the most amusing scenes in this very amusing novel, are those which illustrate the tavern life of twenty years ago,—before the clubs had demolished their many-phased progenitors, and merged the infinite variety of their characteristic features in that insane and drab-coloured monotony which has thence communicated itself to the manners of their denizens. Time was—and it is the time treated of in this novel—when there were taverns proper and appropriate to every distinct species of temper and character—every separate grade of society—every capacity of purse—almost to every tone and hue of moral feeling. But though in name the most notable of these, the Bedford—Long's—Stevens's—the Piazza—the Tavistock, &c., still linger among the things that are, it is in name only; their very places "know them not;" they have long been marked for dissolution; and the best they can hope for is,

To live in *Craven's* volumes one *year* more.

Another very pleasant and permanently valuable feature of this novel is, the specific and authentic pictures it places before the "new generation" of the social life of the higher classes in England five-and-twenty years ago,

When George the Third was king,

and as the style of this author has more of novelty about it than that of any other new writer of fiction we have recently encountered, we shall only be doing him common justice in both these respects by giving a taste of his quality:

FATHER AND SON TWENTY YEARS AGO.

How true has been the running in the race of improvement during the last wenty years! When I was a boy, the intercourse between a father and son

was such as the former might be supposed to have carried on with an angel. A gentleman commoner at Christchurch, whose "governor" allowed him 300*l.* a year, kept a stud, for which such a stipend would not pay the turnpikes—a proceeding treated "at home" as if university bills were discharged by the special interposition of Providence. A more honest or honourable-hearted man than he whom it was my fortune to call sire, never filled the office of justice of the peace, or a bumper to "church of state." He was a shrewd economist withal—canvassed every item of his steward's bills, and knew to a pint how much buttermilk was sold, and how much set aside for the pigs; yet he saw his only child spending more in a month than he had of annual income, without betraying any anxiety on the subject.

That he was being done with impunity, he had not a pretext for appearing to believe; for one fine morning, as he was sauntering with me on the lawn, where I was waiting for my cover-hack to be brought round, a person approached, who, after whispering some cabalistic words in my ear, intimated to him that his son was arrested for ninety-six pounds. Without any observation, he took him into the house, and, after remaining there a few minutes, returned, accompanied by the stranger, who took his leave with a bow. He then joined me again, without allusion to what had occurred; and from that hour to the day of his death he never hinted at it. He might have supposed my resources came from my uncle, but he never made an attempt to assure himself of it. It was not the fashion of his time for the old squire to intermeddle with the young squire's expenses.

How unlike the wisdom of a certain modern father—a nobleman of whom it may be truly said, that his habits do honour to his station, his heart to his country and his kind! His rank is the highest to which an English subject can attain, and his fortune suited to his condition. He has a large family; the eldest, his son and heir, being attached to one of the regiments of Horse Guards. Rumours having reached him that the young soldier had fallen into the hands of the Israelites, he sent for him, and spake to the following intent:—

"M—, I hear you are borrowing money at twenty per cent. I have your brothers' and sisters' fortunes to invest, which I should be glad to put out at a fourth of that interest; you can have the whole at five per cent., and be at no expense in showing the security you propose, as I am satisfied as to your title to the estates on which the loan would be charged."

I recommend this style of doing business to all whom it may concern: it is "short, sharp, and decisive"—the way in which man's warfare should ever be carried on, whether with the *species* or the *specie*.

### CHELTENHAM AS IT WAS.

I am told Cheltenham is growing genteel; if so, it is losing fifty per cent. of its efficacy in the cases for which it was formerly administered. Many a patient, who might have swallowed the Montpelier Spa, without his liver being the wiser, has had every globule of bile pumped out of his body by the course of jokes daily exhibited in former times in the High-street. The cunning men who achieved these cures were a set of Irish *habitués* of the place, a few of whom were reputable, a great many disreputable, and all "devil-may-care."

These happy rogues, who went through the world as prescribed in a recipe which recommends "a light heart and a pair of thin pantaloons," might be seen in the vicinity of the "Plough," every afternoon, weather permitting, surrounded by groups in every phase of laughter. Evening found them similarly attended and occupied at the table of some unfortunate, born to a good estate and his own aversion, or one who had made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Plutus in the East, and returned with his bags filled with gold and his bladder with gall.

Is gentility the besetting absurdity of the day? A good modern comedy, we are told, is not to be expected, because all mankind are as like as eggs;

and a "character" is as little to be looked for as a miracle. I never knew but two—one a waiter at a "free-and-easy" in the city, and the other Chief- Justice of the ——— , in Ireland. The waiter had a slight impediment in his speech that was vastly in his favour. For example, the way in which he would ask, "What noble gentleman ordered the wa-a-bit?" (cockney for toasted cheese), or "The distinguished indewidual for the twype (tripe)?" was perfection. The judge was as broad in his own way, as we shall presently see.

I found my uncle occupying a villa close to the Imperial, so situated that the whole population of the town worth seeing either walked drove, or rode past it in the course of the day. Although it was only a little month since we parted at Leicester, he was no longer the same man. More kind or hospitable he could not be; indeed, the front of his offending was that he was too courteous. It was within a few minutes of his dinner-hour when I arrived; and, in lieu of grumbling, as was his custom when there was even a prospect of that meal being kept back for a minute, he bade me not hurry my toilette, but the rather to give care and time to it, "as he was to have a small assembly in the evening."

At first I fancied he was bantering, but it was no joke; neither was the fashion of his personal appointment, for he was got up with a fastidiousness of costume quite superlative, and a reduction of redundancy altogether marvellous. In those days, the patent Adonisian girdle had not been discovered whereby the epigastrum is now taught to retreat upon the vertebræ, the stomach being then generally subjected to no greater restraint than the gentle limits of waistcoat or waistband. It was not my business to ask the old beau what he had done with his corporation; but I confess it puzzled me to imagine what he would do with his dinner.

As I went towards my room I passed the lower suite of apartments. In one of these was a table laid out with uncle Tom's usual regard to the *savoir faire;* while two others, which comprised the whole, were waving with roses and myrtles, like the groves of Paphos. Instead of my nose giving notice that I was the guest of a disciple of Mundungus, for any thing the surrounding odours announced, I might have arrived on a visit to the "sweet South," at its country-seat in a bed of violets. What the plague and pestilence could all this portend?

"Give me my dressing things, you booby!" said I to Maher, who accompanied me as a valet, for the purpose of interrupting the attentions he was paying to the strong beer at the hall. "My slippers! where the devil's the hot water? is there no housemaid to be found?"

"I'm going for it, myself, sir. Sure I couldn't ask the young lady—!"

"You eternal ass! what do you mean by the young lady?"

"The beautiful young creature that was in this room when I brought up your honour's luggage—in a silk gownd, silk stockings, satin shoes, a lace cap, and smelling like a nosegay. So she was by J——! I mane, that's the fact."

* * * * *

I never descended to a meal after a long journey with less appetite. The bell ceased ringing as I stalked down stairs, and my uncle and his guest were already seated when I entered the dinner room. The stranger was such as his entertainer ought to have been—a little protuberant man, with a red face and a white poll—his eyes sharp and mischievous as a lynx's. He shot a furtive glance at me as I took my chair, and continued the conversation which he had been carrying on with great energy—

"Four days ago, left Dublin and a sensation behind me. The matter was this: We had to hang a fellow at Naas. (Another morsel of calipee.) Circumstantial evidence slight, but good. Sheriff—very scrupulous person—looked grave about it: good Protestant though, and therefore his doubts were to be cared for. Asked the accused if he had any thing to say why the law

should not take its course? Replied he was innocent. To reconcile all parties I thus proceeded to pass sentence. 'Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty, by a jury of your countrymen, of a crime which subjects you to the penalty of death. You say you are innocent of the charge; the truth of that assertion is known only to yourself and your Maker. It is my duty to leave you for execution. If guilty, you know that you richly deserve the fate which awaits you; if innocent, it will be a great gratification to feel that you are hanged without such a crime upon your conscience. In either case, you will be delivered from a world of care.'"

*This is a fact.* Who shall say my Lord Chief Justice was not a character in his way?

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## IRELAND.*

If the reader desires to obtain a large amount of information respecting Ireland and the Irish, through the medium of an unfailing fund of amusement, he will take up these pleasant and profitable "Meditations and Reflections" of Dr. James Johnson, and not lay them down again till he has gone through the book, which, if he does not find that he has accomplished at railroad speed, and almost without having had time to look about him, he may safely attribute to a defective taste for the humourous, and an unhealthy craving for something that is apart from the true purpose of book writing, which ought to be (whatever it *is*) to make people wiser and better by making them happier—not the reverse and round-about sequence, of insisting on the wisdom and the virtue coming first. If you want to civilise a savage people, you must begin by giving them plenty to eat and drink, and comfortable clothes to wear. In like manner, if writers desire to make the world acquainted with the miseries and monstrosities which prevail in what we, by a strange and insulting *non sequitur*, call "the sister kingdom," they must produce pleasant and readable books on the subject—not painful and revolting ones. Such, at all events, is the course pursued by Dr. James Johnson in this highly amusing and characteristic volume, and the consequence is, that it is calculated to do more good to Ireland, and through Ireland to England, than a score of commissions, and as many "monster meetings" to boot—not to mention the host of writing tourists who have preceded the doctor in his writing and publishing course on the same interesting topic.

And the book is as original as it is attractive—following no previous model, and setting up one that few will follow. It is, in fact, composed of a set of desultory jottings down of "Meditations and Reflections," each under the head of the immediate topic to which it is *àpropos*, and each therefore capable of being detached from its companion sketches, and regarded as a distinct and separate picture:—the whole, however, held together by an almost imperceptible thread of narrative, appertaining to the route pursued by the writer in his comprehensive "Tour."

Add to this, that Dr. Johnson's visit to Ireland was made at precisely

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* A Tour in Ireland, with Meditations and Reflections. By James Johnson, M.D. 1 vol.

the most notable period of her history,—namely, during the very height of the late agitation—and that the monster meeting of Tara forms a chief feature in his book—and the reader will except, as he will most assuredly find—one of the most amusing and instructive volumes that has lately issued from the press:—a volume, too, be it expressly understood, in which the reader will not only find no physic, but that "medicine for a mind diseased," which nothing but pleasant books can administer, but a volume which (as if to guard against the fears that might be born of the ominous M.D. in the title-page), bears upon one of its earliest pages the following characteristic (and to physic haters) consolatory passage:

> I will go further, and declare my conscientious opinion, founded on long observation and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, man-midwife, chemist, druggist, or DRUG, on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now obtains.

Here is a physician for you! Why if Dr. James Johnson had never written another prescription, *this* alone ought to make him immortal! Let him henceforth—as Abernethy did—when any thing particular is *not* the matter with his patients, bid them "get my book on Ireland," and if their cure is not effected, all we can say is, that they are "past surgery."

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## SILENT LOVE.*

"No man e'er lov'd like me," is the burden of this unhappy poet's song. The bard, it seems, was a "Paisley Body," born nearly a century ago, who, after practising as an apothecary in his native town till he was fast approaching his grand *climacteric*, "sighed his soul," not "towards the Grecian camp," but into "the tomb of all the Capulets." He seems to have been a man of an ardent, yet delicate temperament, with strong feelings, some fancy, and a correct ear for rhyme. His own diffidence, rather than any discouragement on the part of the fair lady whom he forbears to name, seems to have rendered his passion an unavailing one till the death of its object, just as he had almost made up his mind to "propose," left him no other resource than to give vent to his sorrows in verse. It was not till a quarter of a century after his decease that these effusions which soothed his solitary hours, were given to the world by his nephew, and have since excited so much sympathy on the other side the border, as to have now reached a third edition. The book is prettily got up, and would form a very appropriate present to his lady-love from any modest young gentleman who would prefer the exhibition of a quiet hint to the adoption of either horn of that most distressing dilemma, the "sitting like Patience on a monument," or "blustering out the broad, staring question, 'Madam, will you marry me?'"

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* Silent Love: a Poem by the late James Wilson.

## THE PROGRESSES OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, AND H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT, IN FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND ENGLAND.

A SERIES of 114 woodcuts of various dimensions illustrative of the recent royal progresses which excited so much interest both here and on the continent. Most of these excellent specimens of an art which has risen deservedly in public estimation of late years have ranked among the principal embellishments of the *Pictorial Times;* from the excellence of the impressions, however, we are inclined to suspect that they have been struck off previously to the blocks being used for that spirited publication. The work is handsomely got up, and is well calculated for the table of the *boudoir*, while the accompanying letter-press, illustrative of the details of the royal visits it records will, in a few years, much increase the value of the work as a book of reference, and as rescuing an interesting portion of our youthful sovereign's domestic history from the compative oblivion into which the unconnected columns of the ablest periodical must almost necessarily fall.

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## STAFFORD ON DISEASES OF THE SPINE.

A VALUABLE practical treatise which, from the high position in his profession, filled by the author as Senior Surgeon to the Marylebone Infirmary, is well entitled to the attention of every member of the faculty. These Essays were originally composed for the Jacksonian Prize, which, it is unnecessary to add, they obtained. They have since been carefully revised, and have received considerable additions. The new mode of treatment proposed for Lateral Curvature, is especially worthy of notice.